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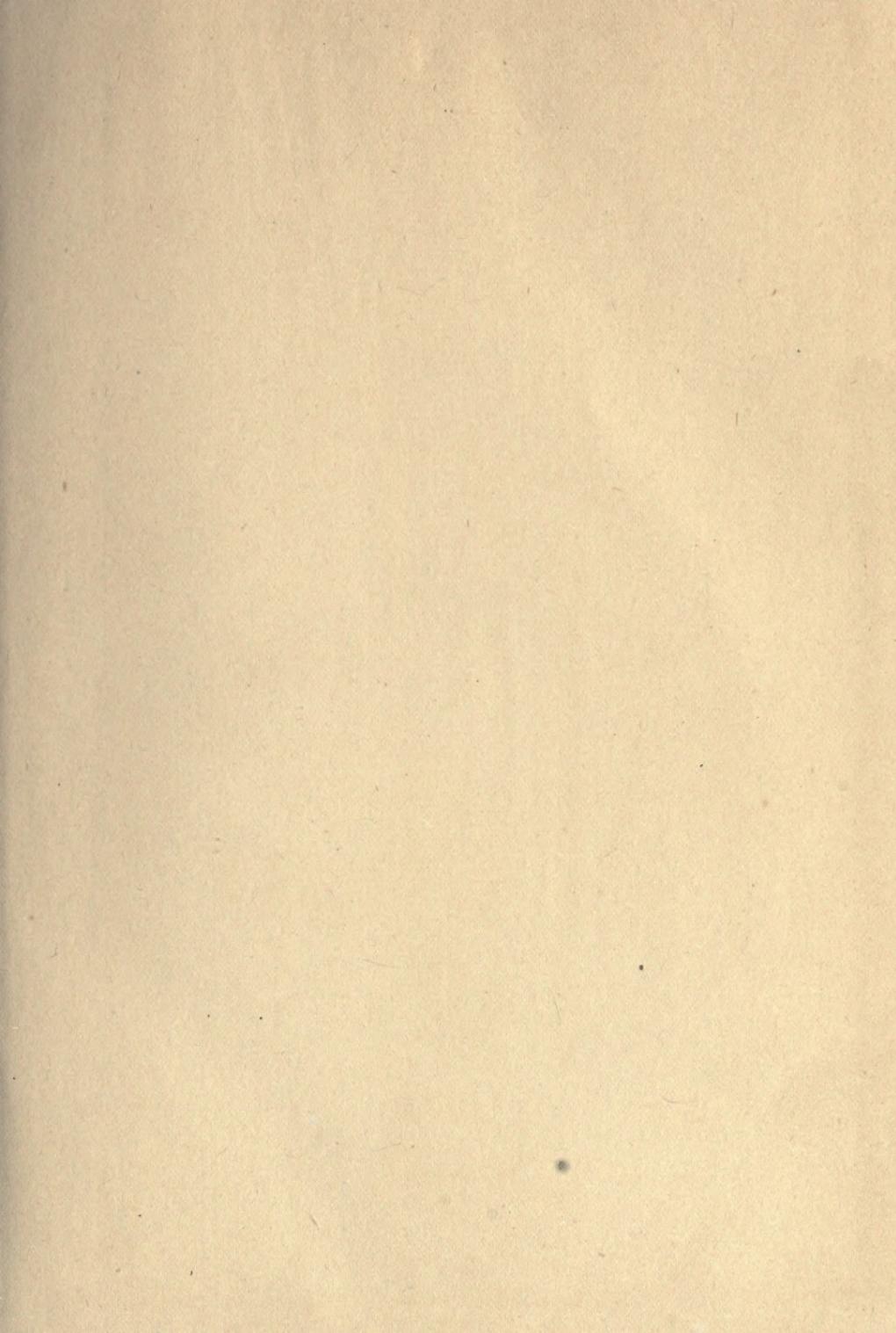
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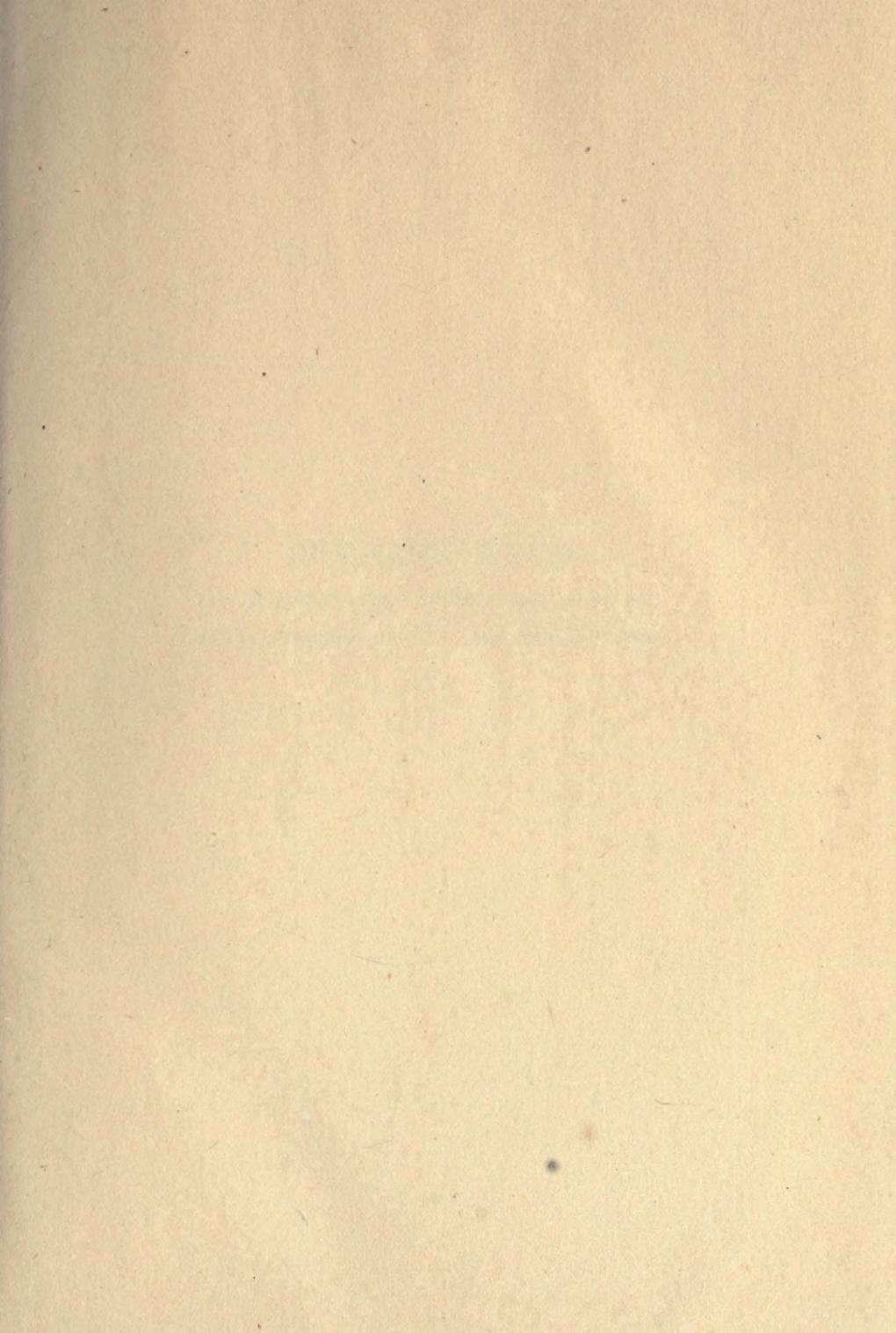
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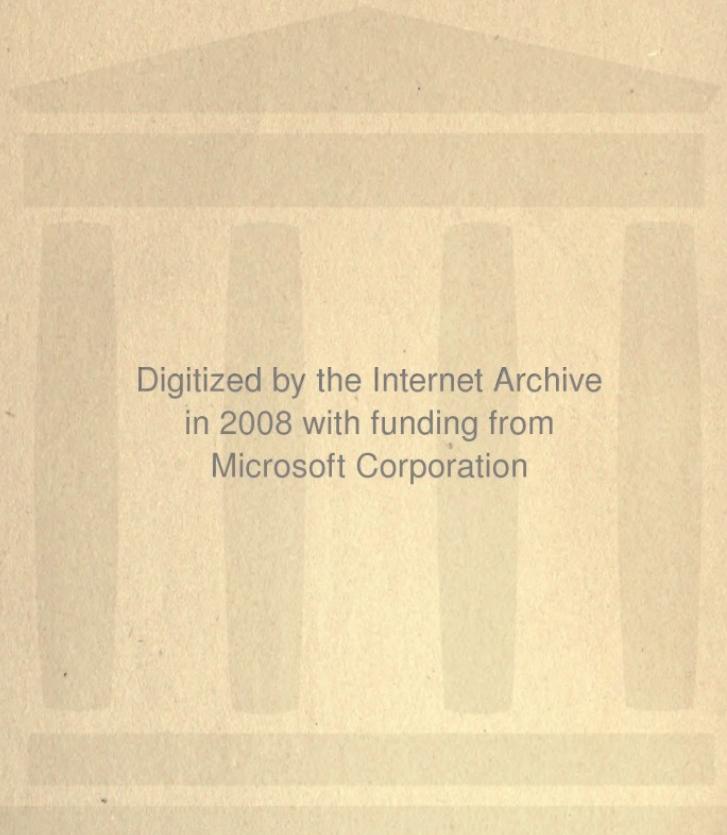
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## HERMANN KRÜSI

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J. L. Krusi.

# Recollections of My Life

BY HERMANN KRÜSI

SON OF HERMANN KRÜSI (PESTALOZZI'S ASSOCIATE)

*Late Professor of Philosophy of Education, Geometry, and Modern Languages  
at the Oswego State Normal and Training School*

Author of "*The Life and Work of Pestalozzi*"  
and "*Krüsi's Drawing Course*"

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
SUPPLEMENTED BY EXTRACTS FROM HIS  
PERSONAL RECORDS AND A REVIEW  
OF HIS LITERARY PRODUCTIONS  
TOGETHER WITH SELECTED ESSAYS

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY  
ELIZABETH SHELDON ALLING



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TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
MOST LOVABLE OF MEN  
PROFESSOR HERMANN KRÜSI



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## EDITOR'S NOTE

WHILE Professor Krüsi, in writing his autobiography, "Recollections of My Life," aimed to make a concise sketch of his educational career, avoiding all but necessary details, his "Record" books, to which he did not have access while writing the autobiography, contain many passages that serve to fill out and enliven the sketch in a way that does not interfere with its directness, and will make it acceptable to a wider range of readers. Moreover, the incidents of his life following the close of the educational period will be of great interest not only to his friends, but, for ethical reasons, to the general reader also. These incidents are abundantly supplied by the Record.

Therefore, it has been thought that Professor Krüsi's aim will not be defeated by combining passages from the Record with the "Recollections," following a plan which needs no explanation; and by supplementing the account of his educational experiences with further extracts completing the picture of his life.

Longer passages have also been selected as deserving of publication, and have been assigned to a separate part of this volume, under the head of "Essays." All these productions, except certain lectures, were originally written either in the "Record" books, or in his "Miscellany," as intellectual studies or pastimes by Professor Krüsi, solely for his own personal profit or enjoyment. But so many hours of his life were occupied with the above writings, that his friends felt it would be neglecting a duty, did they not take steps to make them available to others. Although, as Mr. Krüsi insists many times, he was content with their services to himself, a perusal of them convinced us all that they had not

reached their full usefulness — they were so full of charm and of manifold interest.

Hence, out of the nearly two thousand pages of the Record, and the sixteen hundred of the Miscellany, the small proportion here combined with the autobiography, has been chosen as giving a glimpse into Mr. Krüsi's intellectual life; and above all, to illustrate his own character, so well worth knowing.

Thus we are able to present not merely the exterior facts of his career, but, following his own notion, to reflect his inner life, showing how outward events aroused his thought and feeling, and how strongly he was influenced by a spiritual interpretation of things. The interest of the book seems to lie quite as much in its revelation of a human heart as in its historical bearing.

These remarks must not be taken as detracting from the importance of Professor Krüsi's work in the educational field. His own modesty, indeed, caused this to be unobserved by educators in general. But those with whom he intimately worked realized the more, in proportion as they had breadth of vision and keenness of insight, that Krüsi's views, his utterances, his practical work, were more absolutely to be depended upon than is often the case with an educational reformer. His influence upon the more thoughtful among his pupils and colleagues was most inspiring, as well as practically helpful. Unimpeachable testimony to these statements will be found in the following pages. Moreover, the guidance given by his philosophical mind, his cool judgment, and his special knowledge of the subject, to the Pestalozzian movement in America, came just at the critical time when it was needed, to avert errors in practice which would have been otherwise unavoidable. The full credit due to him on this score has been realized by but few — but those few were the highest authorities. Although it has been publicly acknowledged on more than one occasion, it deserves a wider and more emphasized recognition.

This memorial book has been devised throughout especially

for the pleasure of Professor Krüsi's personal friends, — for those people who loved him; and where a choice of matter or method had to be made, it has been made chiefly with a view to what they would enjoy. Still, where not conflicting with this aim, the course has also been pursued of omitting things that have not an inherent interest to the general reader. In fact, such is the character of Krüsi's narrative, that it has largely that inherent interest, greatly enhanced by his style. The editor can say, on her part, that with each revision of the matter in hand she has found an increased enjoyment of it, — from the delicate revelations of the character of its writer, the subtle reflectiveness of the style, and the richness of allusion. She does not fear to offer the book to any reader who loves Nature, especially human nature, without having the particular interest in education that would attract many readers. Thus she confidently hopes that the number of Mr. Krüsi's loving friends will be increased by the utterances of his book. He depended for inspiration and happiness so much upon the love of friends, that it seems most fitting to attune his memorial to the vibration of those chords that are strung in the heart of Love.

Guided by this motive, a certain personal quaintness in expression, not always conforming strictly to English idiom, has been allowed to remain untouched, as seeming to Professor Krüsi's old friends more natural and more vividly suggestive of the man himself. In fact, the book is intended to give a complete reflection of his life, his mind, his character. In one of the extracts quoted he suggests that the best "memorial" we can erect to a departed friend is a good painting, representing that friend at the best period of his life, — a memorial that we can have always with us, to bring our friend constantly back to us; and so, far better than a costly monument in a cemetery. It seems to me that this book may be, to Professr Krusi's friends, like such a picture, revealing not only his features, but his whole personality.

E. S. A



# **RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE**



## PREFACE

Is it vanity, or presumption, to write a biography, which may be valuable only to a few surviving friends, while the majority think only of their present concerns, and have neither time nor sufficient interest for what others have experienced in the far-off Past? However that may be, this account is chiefly written for my own gratification. It is but natural that, to a man who has passed through seventy-seven years of age, the Past is as sacred as the Present. In living, as it were, his life over again, he traverses the stages of youth, manhood, and old age, and views the transitory scenes with a calm mind, unmoved by passion and free of that partiality which at one time exaggerated the importance of contemporary events; while now he retains only those impressions which have taken a firm hold on his soul, and which have some bearing on his subsequent life.

But with all the good intention to make a biography as concise as possible, it is clear that it cannot be altogether confined to oneself and to one's nearest surroundings, considering that we are also much affected and influenced by historical, geographical, and social factors, meeting us at every stage of our life. For instance, a man who can distinctly remember facts happening sixty or sixty-five years ago, and who has lived in a foreign country and in a different state of civilization, may well be permitted to dwell on these with greater interest and with more details than on those nearer to our time, which are more generally known.

There is one more duty incumbent on the writer, who has laboured for half a century in the cause of education, and who is the descendant of a man honourably mentioned in connection with

the celebrated school-reformer, Henry Pestalozzi: it is this,— to give some space to the subject of education, in so far as it came under his own observation and engaged his mind and energies.

HERMANN KRÜSI.

*Minot, Me., 1894.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

I BELIEVE that but few people (except, perhaps, those who may have obtained a temporary celebrity by their writings, speeches, or brilliant performances) are induced to write a history of their experiences, in the expectation that it will be read after they are gone. Yet if they do (and this is my case), it is caused by the solitude or isolation to which many of us are reduced by old age or infirmity. This voluntary and rather pleasant task allows them to pass in review some bright periods of their existence, and to look even with interest on the sadder ones, which have now lost their sting, after a long lapse of time.

The present manuscript was written about eight years ago (1894–95), in the solitude of Minot, a small village in Maine, during a long winter, without outside society, which limited my operations chiefly to one or two rooms in a small farmhouse.

In reading over the manuscript after eight years, I found that most of its material is contained in my so-called “Record” books — kept in a box at the home of our son Hermann, in California — in which, however, the narrative of events is often interrupted by long descriptions, and by essays and reflections on various subjects, which interruptions I wanted to avoid in the present manuscript. All these are omitted here, and in order still more to reduce the bulk of the manuscript, *I have eliminated all the facts not pertaining to the period of my educational career* — which closed in 1887 — leaving the description of my later experiences in Switzerland and in California to the Record books.

HERMANN KRÜSI.

Alameda, Cal., 1902.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE

## CHAPTER I

### EARLIEST YEARS, YVERDON, 1817-1822

My father, Hermann Krüsi, although a citizen of Gais, in the Canton Appenzell, situated in the German part of Switzerland, had lived since the year 1805 at Yverdon, in the Canton de Vaud, among a French-speaking population. He was one of the head-teachers at the Institute of Pestalozzi, with whom he had been associated almost from the beginning of his educational labours, having joined him as his earliest assistant; and from 1800 to 1816 — including the most brilliant epoch of Pestalozzi's career — he enjoyed his love and confidence.

At last, however, there arose serious differences among the teachers, caused by the arrogant demeanour of Pestalozzi's manager, Joseph Schmid, which led Krüsi to resign his situation, and to found a private school in a building situated near the river Orbe, where I was born, June 24, 1817.

As a proof that my father's separation from Pestalozzi had not severed all the friendly relations between them, I cite the fact that Pestalozzi acted as one of my godfathers, while Niederer supplied the other — of which fact my full name given at the baptism, viz., Johann Heinrich Hermann Krüsi, bears testimony. I am afraid that the above act constitutes the only relation I had with the celebrated school-reformer, although it is possible that during the five years of my existence at Yverdon, his kind eyes may have occasionally smiled upon the half-unconscious child.

The recollection of these early years must necessarily be almost

a blank, unless I except a dim vision of my having once or twice fallen into the river, to the great terror of my mother.

*Record.* — I have a faint remembrance of my having once or twice fallen into the river, and, after escaping the danger of drowning, being placed on the large brick stove in the parlour.

This river at that time may have looked to my childish eyes like a big stream, but on my revisiting these scenes seventy years afterwards, I found but a babbling brook of small dimensions.

On looking at the venerable castle with its round towers (formerly occupied by Pestalozzi and his school) it seemed as if spirit-voices and forms of noble departed men and women were still hovering around this former nucleus of educational activity, whose influence became felt in all portions of the civilized world. At the time of my visit in 1887, the venerable De Guimps (known in America by a translation of his "Life of Pestalozzi") was alone left of the former pupils of the Institute, to tell in a trembling voice some interesting facts occurring during the most glorious era in the history of Yverdon.

Of my father's private school I can only say that it was from day to day growing in popularity, and that many parents who looked with suspicion on the condition of the Pestalozzian Institute under Schmid's direction bestowed their full confidence on the Appenzell schoolmaster, who rejoiced in receiving his first pupils from his native Canton. This appreciation of Krüsi's services led (in 1822) to an invitation from some of the foremost men of his Canton to take charge of the newly founded Cantonal school (*Kantons-Schule*) at Trogen. After a considerable struggle between affection and duty, Krüsi at last accepted the invitation — and moved to the eastern part of Switzerland with his wife, two daughters, and a son (myself) — slowly journeying in our "char-à-banc" until Trogen<sup>1</sup> was reached, where I was to receive the first rudiments of instruction.

<sup>1</sup> One hundred fifty miles distant, near the Rhine River, where it forms the boundary between Switzerland and Austria.

## CHAPTER II

### STAY AT TROGEN, 1822-1833

ALTHOUGH the school to which my father was called stood nominally under the control of the Cantonal authorities, it yet owed its foundation to the liberality of some wealthy, public-minded citizens, more especially to Conrad Zellweger, a retired merchant and manufacturer, who contributed the building — formerly used as a spinning establishment.

Neither the premises nor their situation could be called very select, the school being situated on the northern slope of Mount Gaebris, enjoying but little sunshine in winter, while the view was equally limited. Otherwise the sanitary conditions were favourable, and were contributed to by simplicity of diet, ample exercise, and absence of temptations.

As in Pestalozzi's Institute, no effeminacy was tolerated among the boys. Even during winter the dormitories were not warmed, and as for their ablutions, they had to go to the fountain (Brunnen) outside. It is true that with the thermometer at zero these ablutions may have been rather more hastily than thoroughly performed, but complaints were hardly heard, nor was there any shirking from plays in all weather, even in deep snow. In spite of such exposures, the good health of the boys was but seldom interrupted; although caps and hats were never worn during the milder season, I am inclined to believe that the number of colds was rather diminished than increased thereby.

But the main question that has got to be answered is this: was the instruction given at the school of a high order, or at least such as to give indication of the source from which Krüsi received

his inspiration? The answer can be given only partially in the affirmative. Making allowance for my being but a child when I received the instruction, and hence incapable of forming any adequate judgment, I yet see by retrospection, and applying my present standard of criticism, that the assistant teachers — who were neither recommended nor selected by Krüsi — followed either the old mechanical routine of learning by rote, or, if they discarded books, were too fond of their "hobbies." I will not say that either of these methods did not produce interest, or even emulation, but the results could hardly be anything else but superficial and fragmentary.

In regard to order or discipline there were no distinct rules, but each teacher acted according to his judgment. I am glad to say that the marking system, which I found afterwards in American schools, was not known; for if the interest in a lesson, or a good disposition, does not induce the pupil to pay intelligent attention, neither will the "high-pressure" marking system do so. I do not know whether the rules in regard to whispering and talking could be dispensed with in this country, but I know that the docility of pupils of German descent and the respect felt toward their superiors make such rules unnecessary with them, and that thereby self-government becomes a possibility. From my present standpoint I cannot quite approve the liberty granted to us boys in our free hours (more especially on Saturday afternoon) to roam about the woods and along hills, for the sake of collecting minerals, plants, insects, etc. This we did without giving formal notice to the teachers, but with the understanding that we should be back at meal-time. On Sundays attendance on church-service was expected, and, so far as I know, was never shirked.

Referring again to the matter of instruction, there was no cramming for examinations, no artificial stimulus applied. Every one tried to do his duty according to his talents or disposition; hence, as there was no marked distinction awarded to a successful scholar, there was no reason for envious comparison, and he had

to be satisfied with the reward given him by his conscience, or by the progress made in his studies.

The pupils were rather a motley crowd, consisting partly of day-scholars, and partly of boarders (*pensionnaires*) sent from different parts of Switzerland or even from Italy. The absence of distinctions made on account of standing, of nationality, or confession, caused a spirit of harmony but seldom disturbed. Although not much time or effort was given in regard to *genteel* training, the pupils' morals were well attended to, and they returned home unspoiled, with their intellect expanded and directed to higher aims.

The positive knowledge they received was of course limited according to the scientific standard existing sixty years ago. Some sciences, like Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, etc., were then in their infancy; others, like Algebra or Physiology, were considered either not important, or else not fitted to popular schools of learning.

Religion, as a moral agency, was taught rather by practice and example than by the application of dogmas or by a formal system of moralizing. At the same time, in my father's school, as well as in most other Swiss or German schools with which I became acquainted, the reading of Bible history formed one of the regular lessons of the day. Of course, I speak of the abridged Bible, towards which those that believe in plenary inspiration seem to have had hitherto an unconquerable aversion. This aversion once overcome, as it soon will be, I can see nothing but an advantage in giving pupils a connected course of history, instead of mere fragmentary portions, while imparting besides all the sound moral teaching contained therein.

As singing has undoubtedly a salutary effect on the feelings and moral nature of man, it received its proper attention. It was fortunate that at the time of our tuition we had the privilege of using the songs composed by Nägeli (a friend and former teacher of Pestalozzi), which, by their pleasing and inspiring harmony,

were calculated to produce noble and tender emotions, and hence to remove the distinction formerly existing between sacred and secular music. It is obvious that very little effect could be produced, even on children's susceptible hearts, by hearing the "Lobwassers Psalms," sung in all the churches; for, without depreciating the exalted sentiments contained in many of them, there were others tinged with the coarse, cruel, and revengeful notions of a people not far removed from heathenism.

The Appenzellers are a singing people. Their "Jodlers" and "Kuhreihens" are heard everywhere, especially during the time of haying, which operation is performed by all the members of the household, and is considered rather a pleasant pastime.

There is also no lack of patriotic songs, and it gives evidence of the musical talent of the Appenzell people to hear many of those who never received any musical education adapt correctly the second or bass voice to the leading melody. The most inspiring songs, because participated in by hundreds and perhaps thousands of men's voices, are heard at the annual reunions of the people, called "Landsgemeinden," which are alternately held at Trogen (the seat of our school) and at Hundwyl, a small village farther west, which received the honour of this selection on account of being the first to introduce the Reformation.

Trogen was considered the capital of Appenzell Ausserrhoden.<sup>1</sup> It contained, at the time of which I speak, a court-house (Rathaus) that may have witnessed the sittings and deliberations of the legislative bodies ("grosse" and "kleine" Rath) for more than two hundred years.

The council-chamber, where we trepidating youngsters were examined in the presence of some of these high dignitaries, was hung all around with pictures of all the "Landammänner" from the Reformation until now, whose stern countenances, rendered

<sup>1</sup> "Outer district," lying next the Austrian border. "Innerrhoden" (Inner district) lies within the dividing line made by the Sitter River flowing through the Canton.

still more solemn by the stiff costume worn in those days, and by the dim light passing through the painted windows, could not fail to deepen the impression. On account of the old age and the blackened appearance of this wooden edifice, the Rathhaus made but an humble show between the other aristocratic-looking stone buildings surrounding the church square (Platz).

This "Platz" was the chosen locality for the Landsgemeinde, which is held on the last Sunday of April. On that day all the male citizens of the Canton inhabiting its twenty villages are seen approaching from mountain and hill and up and down ravines, all respectably dressed in their Sunday attire, and wearing side-arms — according to old Allemannic custom — while the youngsters are occupied in the morning with firing pistols, guns, etc., in order to express their joy at this civic festival, while expecting some present in cookies (Leckerli) from the fathers or brothers on their return in the evening.

The object of this annual reunion of ten or twelve thousand citizens of the Canton is to elect anew their Cantonal (State) officers, and to adopt or reject — by an open hand-vote — the laws or regulations framed by the legislative assembly. The importance of the occasion, the appearance of the dignitaries on a raised platform, the ringing of the church-bells, the sound of martial music and patriotic songs, invest such a gathering with unusual solemnity.

At a given time (11 A.M.) the din proceeding from such a vast multitude is suddenly hushed by the appearance of the Landamman (the chief magistrate) and by the Landweibel (his assistant), both wearing mantles with the national colors, *i.e.*, black and white. The proceedings begin with a silent prayer, during which the hats of these ten thousand men are suddenly removed, revealing a striking contrast of colour by the appearance of the bared heads.

The patriotic address of the Landamman is now listened to with breathless attention, and as orderly is the next following act,

i.e., the election of State officers, and the decision made by the presiding officer in regard to the acceptance or rejection of some law or ordinance by an open hand-vote, which is never counted.

To one versed in the politics of the United States, the citizens of which are always divided into two or more contending parties — each jealous and suspicious of the other — it might appear that a decision based upon a mere “measuring” of a sea of uplifted hands by the eye might lead to bitter contentions and unseemly confusion. But the good tact of the people — trained by practice of several hundreds of years — combined with its innate peaceful disposition, have provided for such a contingency. One of the means for preserving order and quiet is the arrangement that no discussion is allowed during the transactions of the Landsgemeinde, such a discussion having previously taken place in preliminary meetings of the different communes. Another very effective regulation, by which a vast amount of time and trouble is spared, is this: to throw out from the list of candidates for election those who have a decided minority of votes, with permission to vote again, which after a time reduces their number to *two*. But as for the peaceful submission to the last decision in regard to two often nearly equal “shows of hands,” I can suggest no other reason than the *absolute confidence of the people in the honesty and fairness of their magistrates*, who were chosen on account of their merits and virtues, and to doubt whose veracity would be to stultify themselves. By these “common sense” tactics of a simple, liberty-loving people, the will of the majority is always satisfied; whilst in the United States a small but obstinate third party often gains the victory — or at least forces the majority to truckle and barter with it — with a partial abandonment of solemnly declared principles or purposes.

I need hardly say that at a Landsgemeinde, where the people shows such admirable self-government, the presence or assistance of armed police or military would be almost ridiculous.

After the business of the assembly is completed, in the course

of two or three hours, an old-fashioned oath is administered, during which the people hold up three fingers for some minutes, amidst an almost painful silence.

Then the vast assembly breaks up, dispersing in black masses up hills and down ravines, many of the voters disappearing in the numerous wayside inns, to take a much needed recreation after a tramp of from one to a dozen miles, and protracted standing on the "Landsgemeind-platz."

Such a grave political act, with the features above described, can perhaps only be realized with a limited population of the same race and creed, whose character has not been vitiated by mercenary motives. The fact that the magistrates of the Canton receive no pay, but must be satisfied with the honour conferred by the gift of the office, precludes the necessity of the wire-pulling and intrigues seen in countries where many who boast to be republican and free are slavishly bound by the dictates of their party, while their so-called patriotism is tantamount to greed for office and spoils.

The recollection of a purer state of politics, in which I at one time participated, may explain to some of my wondering friends why, later in life, I have taken so little interest in active politics, or in voting a ticket with the names of candidates suggested by a caucus, which men were previously unknown to me, not to speak of their honesty and integrity.

My recollections of judicial proceedings and their accompanying punishments are of a less pleasant character, and at the present time these would both be considered arbitrary and barbarous. The total absence of lawyers in our Canton — against whom the people seemed to have an unconquerable aversion — is to be explained by the suspicion that these men would defend the cause of their clients, whether innocent or not; while the chosen legislators (in their capacity of judges), with less legal knowledge, would at least honestly try to get at the truth, and would be supported by unbiased witnesses, who had not been previously

instructed when to lie and when to hold their tongue. Hence, in the ordinary catalogue of crimes, such as theft, murder, disorderly or immoral conduct, the judgments of these legislators were generally correct, but the punishments, according to our views, far too severe.

At the time of which I speak, public punishments were yet in order, and their sight was disgusting enough to affect the spectators with awe and terror. It was probably for this reason that the boys of the "Kantons-schule" were allowed a half-holiday on such occasions. To those whose curiosity was stronger than pity, it was exciting to see a poor wretch, with his arms pinioned behind by a cord — one end of which was in the executioner's hand — receive at every third step a cruel blow from a many-pronged whip, on his naked back. For this dismal procession a passage had to be opened through the serried ranks of the people, of whom many were women and children. The length of this passage varied, according to the guilt of the criminal, as designated by the expressions: "*langer und kurzer Gang*" (long and short course).

It is true that women were not punished thus, but rather, like the woman in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," were obliged to stand on an elevated platform, with an iron ring round the neck, stared at by a gaping and not always pitying multitude.

A somewhat more aggravated punishment consisted in the culprit being placed in a vertical cage or cylinder, which could be rapidly turned round its axis, producing effects which can rather be imagined than described. We will add that people thus punished (although their defalcations may not have amounted to more than a couple of dollars) were disgraced for life, deprived of their house, and even their innocent children or nearest relatives were partially shunned — as were those of suicides, whose bodies were denied a burial in the consecrated earth of the cemetery.

It looks almost impossible when we are told that less than

sixty years ago men were decapitated for stealing sums that in the aggregate might not have amounted to more than one hundred dollars, while now we see criminals absconding with hundred-thousands, and occasionally, by some trick of the law, enjoying them without further molestation. The above punishment was actually inflicted on one of my school comrades at Trogen, the son of respectable parents and himself not without means, who was evidently possessed with kleptomania.

Though lamenting the exaggerated severity of by-gone times, we cannot but respect the sense of honesty and abhorrence of crime which animated our forefathers; and the very fact that what was termed "*ein leichtsinniger Bankerott*" (a failure caused by frivolous living or speculation) was punished by prison and attachment of all the property — was considered an unpardonable crime — shows with what earnestness our forefathers watched over the strict restitution of every loan or money held in trust.

I will add some further remarks about my educational experiences at Trogen during a period of twelve years. Although at this early period of life my observation was limited, I could yet see that the district schools were ungraded, and the teachers poorly paid, and perhaps as poorly qualified for their task. Yet in spite of these drawbacks there were hardly any parents who suffered their children to stand aloof from the school so as not to have some knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The exaggerated value placed on proficiency in writing is attested by the fact that before Easter copies from all schools were handed to the school committee, numbered, but without the names of the writers. These were carefully examined by the above impartial tribunal, numbered again according to their apparent merits, and then returned to the respective schools. The great ambition was to see the greatest number of good copies fall to one school.

The happy possessors of the best copies (or all who wished to do so) had the privilege, on Easter Monday, to visit the houses of their friends and relatives, and receive in return some present in

money as a reward of their skill and diligence. It was a grand day for the successful children, but rather a humiliating one for the others. My father, who in his "Erinnerungen" (Reminiscences) mentions that at one time the copies of *six* of his school children were favoured with the best marks, was afterwards (when his advice on the making of a new school programme was appealed to) one of the first to abolish this foolish practice.

A far more pleasant custom was the gift of coloured Ostereier (Easter eggs) to the children, who tested the hardness of the shells by knocking with the end of one of their eggs on the corresponding end of that held by another child, and then, according to the result, either obtained or lost the prize. Such customs are probably older than we imagine, and some which I shall cite later on are probably derived from our heathen ancestors.

*Record.* — There were four or five grand festival days in the year, which broke the monotony of the school routine, and brought joy to our juvenile hearts. These days were: New Year's day, Easter Monday, the day of the Landsgemeinde (National Assembly), the Village Fair.

It was customary in our house to kindle the Christmas tree on New Year's eve, to please the little children of our family and the school, whilst the elder scholars received presents from their parents or relatives, which were opened on this occasion. This always caused a great jubilee; on these days heaps of confectionery and of so-called "Birnen-brod"<sup>1</sup> vanished with great rapidity.

Well do I remember my first watch, a common silver one, which I drew forth every five minutes, to see whether it kept pace with the parlour or church clock, which it never did — as little as those which I had the pleasure to own afterwards, a good old repeater (a relic of my father's) and a gold hunter; which seems to teach that each watch, like the mind of man, has its own walk, and is continually at variance with others; hence both have to be regulated by an appeal to eternal laws.

I must not forget to mention that I — like other little children — believed staunchly, at least up to my sixth or seventh year, that "Christ-Kindli" brought us the presents of the Christmas tree,

<sup>1</sup> Cake containing dried pears.

which were therefore always received with due reverence, without making envious comparisons, as young America is but too liable to do on his receiving presents given in a more matter-of-fact manner.

[The diary proceeds with a full description of other holidays, which are, however, also described in the Autobiography. — ED.]

Amid scenes such as I have described my early youth was spent. Our family circle received an addition of three boys and one girl during our residence in Trogen. Of Father Krüsi and his work I shall say but little here, since I have spoken about his character and educational services in my "Life of Pestalozzi."

*Record.* — Besides his labours in the school and family, my father spent much time in his garden, and superintended also the farm, whose produce (mostly grass) served to feed three cows and a horse. There was very good society at Trogen, so that we had much intercourse with the intelligent and wealthy families of Zellweger (the founder of the first agricultural school), Graf, Deacon Frei, Honverlag, etc.

My mother, who was considerably younger than my father, was of delicate, nervous constitution, a tender mother and wife, a good, careful housekeeper, to whom her husband and children owed a great deal for the care she took of the financial affairs of the household — a matter which Pestalozzi and his oldest associates were very apt to neglect. In the absence of any likeness preserved of her, she stands before my imagination as a spare woman of medium size, with black eyes and hair and finely chiselled features. Descended from poor but honest parents in the Canton of Glarus, she was — like many hundred children — forced to leave her home and parents during the storm of the French Revolution. She was received and adopted by some benevolent people in the city of Zürich, who took care of the child as one of their own. At Yverdon, in Madame Niederer's school for young ladies, she became acquainted with Krüsi, to whom she was married in 1812, receiving the benediction of father Pestalozzi. To the same school my two older sisters were sent after Pestalozzi

had departed from Yverdon, as well as from the troubles and cares of this life.

*Record.* — My mother's original name was Catharina Egger; her family dates from Notstall, a village in the Canton of Glarus, buried between high mountains, and containing a poor class of inhabitants. Her farthest recollections go to the famous retreat of the Russians under Suwaroff<sup>1</sup> over the Panix mountains, pursued by the French. You may imagine the terror of the inhabitants when they heard the mountain-walls resound from the thunder of the cannon, and when they had to feed so many thousands of hungry and brutal warriors with their scanty means. As a natural consequence, a famine broke out; and benevolent persons from the western part of Switzerland advised the poor parents to send their children away from home to some of the wealthier cities, where they would be taken care of in such situations as fate would assign them. My mother was one of the poor emigrant children, who, under the direction of a trustworthy man, were brought to Zürich and exhibited on the market place to any who might choose to adopt them. My mother relates, that when she saw a kind-hearted lady cast a smiling glance at her, she exclaimed in a fit of lucky inspiration: "Girl, I want to go with you!" — an invitation which was accepted, and which brought her into the bosom of a most respectable family, Schulthess, who were on terms of intimacy with the celebrated Lavater. When she had passed the years of her childhood, she was sent to the Pestalozzian institution for her education, and there became acquainted with my father, who, although by fifteen years her senior, was attracted by her simplicity of manners and goodness of heart, and paid for her further instruction in the establishment of his sister (at Mülhausen), after which he led her to the altar in 1812 at Lenzburg.

For my part, I continued my studies at Trogen under the tuition of my father, and of other more or less capable teachers. Although the programme of the school was not extended, it included, besides the common branches, instruction in French, Latin, Greek, and even in English, after the arrival of Mr. Sieg-

<sup>1</sup> See Essays, "Visit to the Klöenthal," p. 417. — ED.

fried, who had spent some time in England, and whose method was a great improvement upon that of some other teachers. Of these branches, English has undoubtedly rendered me the greatest service, and was possibly the cause of my visiting England and the United States. As no marks of merit were given at our school, I have no idea about my comparative standing in this and other branches. From the fact that I learned the formal part of the English Grammar (*i.e.*, its declensions and conjugations) in five or six lessons, and began at once to translate some English author; from the fact also that the first page of the Iliad, which I committed to memory, has remained there for sixty or more years — I conclude that there was no difficulty in my acquiring a foreign tongue, as far as memory was concerned. At the same time, the mathematical branches, especially Geometry, as taught by my father without a book, on a thoroughly Pestalozzian principle of development, were equally congenial to me, as was also the subject of History.

*Record.* — Of all the branches I studied, I liked always those best which were best taught, although I will not deny that my natural talent would have led me in preference to the modern languages and History. Yet there were times when I was deeply interested in the study of ancient Classics, or in Geography, or Mathematics — although in the latter I did not excel. I state this for your benefit, my son,<sup>1</sup> that you may not throw away any occasion for learning, from an ill-conceived prejudice against a particular branch, as so many do by saying: “I have no taste for Drawing, or Singing,” etc. Try first, and see whether you are able to master its elements, and if your teacher succeeds in making it interesting, and in opening new spheres of knowledge to your inquiring mind, then you have accomplished more by its study than by following a branch which your natural talents seem to render easy and pleasant, but which is badly taught, without cultivating any of the powers of your mind.

I have in this way learned, after leaving the school, to like Arithmetic and Drawing, which have become occasionally the

<sup>1</sup> This Record is inscribed to his son. See p. 153. — ED.

chief branches entrusted to my care. As long as I drew only from copies, the latter branch never presented any very attractive feature, but when I became acquainted with inventive drawing and perspective, then I saw the bearing upon Art and original conception, and succeeded in making it interesting also to others. I never was accomplished in calligraphy, as this journal will testify, partly as a consequence of unsystematic teaching, partly owing to my own impatience in giving to the paper rapidly succeeding thoughts — which would, no doubt, come out in greater elegance of style, if I gave myself so much time as would be necessary to write them in fine characters.

I have no wonderful adventures to relate, no hair-breadth escapes, no fights, etc., as I was never of an adventurous or quarrelsome disposition. My greatest failing was untidiness in dress, and a neglect of the more formal part of instruction, whilst I had imagination, memory, and discrimination enough to lay hold of its mental portion.

The effect produced by historical facts and legends was manifested in some of our games. Thus the pupils of our school were at one time divided into Greeks and Trojans, according to the predilection we had for either of the two contending parties, or perhaps rather for some of their prominent leaders, as, for instance, Achilles and Hector. I remember that I sided with the Trojans, and would perhaps do so still, while admiring at the same time the impartiality of the Greek narrator (Homer, if he had a real existence) in allowing to the enemies of his nation the same martial and moral virtues as to his own. Amongst the heroes of the Swiss Confederation, the dramatic exploits of William Tell took most hold on our imaginations. At that time we believed in the truth of the story as in Gospel, and felt perhaps happier in that belief than in the present sceptical doubts about the very existence of our *quondam* hero.

But aside from the venerable traditions of history, we were — even in our limited world — not left entirely ignorant about what was going on in the countries around us. Thus, for instance, the struggle of the oppressed Greek with the Ottoman power excited

our deepest sympathy, which was of course strengthened by the interest we felt in that nation and its language through our classical studies. At that time subscriptions were raised from private individuals and public institutions all over the civilized world, and I remember giving also my mite for this purpose.

Nor was this the only struggle of an oppressed people of which we obtained cognizance; for soon afterwards we heard of the death struggle of the Poles, and of the heroic but useless attacks of the peasantry — armed with their scythes — against the Russian Colossus, who strangled them in his deadly grasp. I can even now hear the voice of my sister singing a tune at the piano beginning with these words: “*Noch ist Polen nicht verloren,*” etc. (Poland is not yet lost), and the sorrowful remark of my father: “*Alas, it is lost forever!*”

But the throbings of liberty could not be stopped, least of all in France, which in 1830 witnessed the downfall of Charles X, during the celebrated July days. The valour of the Swiss guard availed nothing against the universal rising of the people. Some days after the desperate conflict I remember seeing some wounded Swiss soldiers hobbling along the dusty road. They told the sad story more impressively than any printed page could have done.

Neither death nor any serious sickness during all these years cast any gloom over our household. I remember, however, the news of one death from the impression it made on my mother. After opening a letter with a black seal, she burst out crying, for it told her that Pestalozzi was no more. He died in 1827.

I can imagine the feelings of both my parents at receiving this news; for although any outward communion or intercourse with Pestalozzi had ceased, owing to the Mephistophelian influence of Schmid, yet their beautiful love and attachment towards their old friend and teacher had never been on the wane. In whatever situation my father was placed, Pestalozzi’s better self, as well as the spirit of his method, were always his staff and support, and his ardent wish was to be able to show the application of his

principles of education in a position untrammelled by circumstances over which he had no control. This wish was to be gratified.

After France had issued victoriously from a successful revolution, it had also encouraged other nations to assert their popular rights for the advancement of a liberal, progressive civilization. Krüsi rejoiced to find also in his native country a stimulus given for needed improvements in public instruction. While private schools may have done some good, the public schools had received but little attention, and *the lack of trained teachers* was everywhere felt to be the chief cause of the prevailing ignorance. Hence the idea of Normal schools, which Pestalozzi in his prophetic visions had already anticipated fifty years ago in his immortal work of "Leonard and Gertrude." The plan of a small Normal school seemed feasible, even to the legislature of the small Canton of Appenzell, and the more so, as the man was already found who could do ample justice to this task, and whose patriotic heart swelled at the thought of serving his native country in a way congenial to his inmost convictions. After being elected principal of the new Normal School, located at Gais, his native village, my father took leave of the Kantons-schule at Trogen, and with his family moved to our new home.

*Record.* — About the year 1830, the subject of education took a decided start in Switzerland — at least in the Protestant Cantons — and the Governments were made to see that Normal Schools were at the bottom of all real progress. Even the authorities of the small Canton of Appenzell, with barely forty thousand inhabitants, granted a fund for that purpose, and elected my father as the Principal of the new school, without, however, providing for a building. This matter, however, my father arranged by buying a fine house in his native village of Gais, delightfully situated in the face of a high range of mountains, and so spacious that it was able to accommodate a school of young ladies, under the tuition of my sisters. . . .

I consider the days spent at this place the most delightful of my life. Many circumstances contributed to make it thus.



VIEW OF GAIS, SWITZERLAND  
From a colored photograph taken about 1891



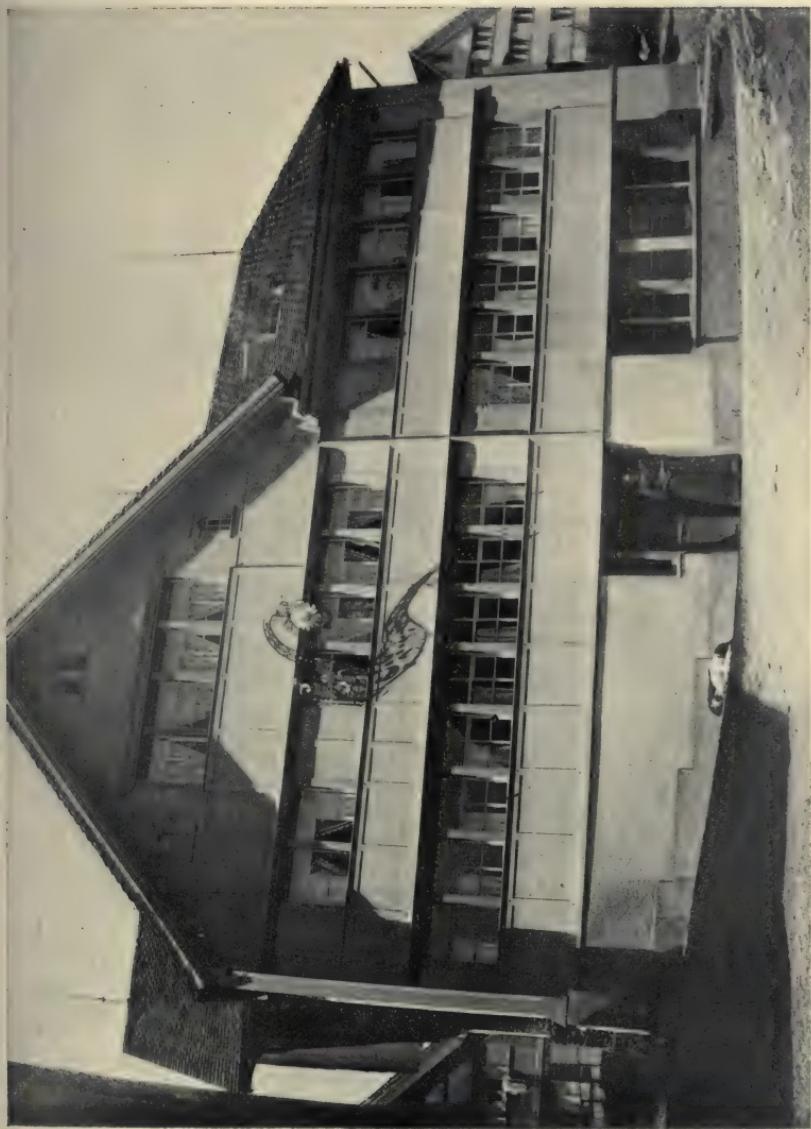
In the first place it was pleasant to see my father, now verging toward old age, but still hale and vigorous, engaged in a kind of occupation for which all his previous experiences at the side of Pestalozzi seemed to have fitted him, namely, the training of teachers; moreover, he had the gratification of seeing his two eldest daughters and myself prepared to give him assistance; besides this, it filled his heart with joy and thanks to Providence to be permitted to pass the evening of his life in his native village, embellished by so many youthful recollections, and still beautiful by its high Alpine situation, its verdant meadows, its placid cottages scattered over the valley, and especially its pleasant prospect on the mountain range, from which proceeded, even in the hottest of summer, a healthy bracing air — a place eagerly resorted to by many patients from the adjacent countries, who found ample accommodations in the three large hotels. Our house was reached from the village by a long avenue of horse-chestnut trees, continued by a pleasant path which passed by to the garden, where my father spent many an hour in inspecting his pet flowers and trees; it was flanked on one side by high poplar-trees, and backed by a high, sunny hill, which formed a part of the slope towards Mount Gaebris.

## CHAPTER III

### LIFE AND SOJOURN IN GAIS, 1833-1837 A PLEASANT HOME LIFE AND GOOD WORK AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL

WHEN I apply the term "home" to this rural village, I do it because it was such in more than one sense. In the first place, it was the birthplace of my father and his ancestors, who all were born and buried there. Secondly, its beautiful situation on an elevated plateau, in sight of the rugged Appenzell mountains, its green meadows, its rustic houses picturesquely scattered over hill and dale, not to speak of the friendly spirit of many of its inhabitants, produced a home-like impression such as I never felt elsewhere. Even when returning there on a visit after nearly fifty years' absence, almost a stranger to most people except my nearest relatives and some faithful pupils, I felt as if the mountains and hills, with their everlasting freshness and vigour, were greeting me as an old acquaintance.

What made our house still more home-like was the fact that, besides the limited number of Normal pupils, there was in it also a day-school for boys, and later on a school for young ladies conducted by my two sisters. As some of these members of both sexes boarded in the house, we formed an *ensemble* in which age and youth were represented, and which enabled us to dispense with outside society. The united schools were presided over by a fatherly teacher, who was looked up to by us all with becoming love and respect. For assistants we had, besides my two sisters Mina and Gertrude, a young man for the boys' school, while the resident minister, Pfarrer Weishaupt, gave occasionally



GASTHAUS ZUR SONNE, GAIS, SWITZERLAND

Where Hermann Krüsi 1st was born, 1775, and where he taught from 1793 to 1799



his valuable assistance in teaching Mathematical Geography, singing, etc.

This remarkable man, although his name and merits are unknown in America, yet has some claim for recognition as being the originator of the popular *Männerchöre* or the "Volksgesang." Allowing, of course, that there were operatic choruses of men's and women's voices long before his time, his services were chiefly directed towards cultivating the singing elements amongst the people, a task which was facilitated through Nägeli's compositions, which were permeated by reverent and patriotic sentiment, by inspiring pathos and power.

It was, however, evident, that the young and middle-aged men who constituted Weishaupt's pupils could not be expected at once to sing difficult parts without the necessary training, beginning with the elements. This arduous and gratuitous task he performed with volunteer classes, going with them through a course of rhythmical and melodious exercises according to Nägeli's "Tables" (*Tabellen*), which in their systematic arrangement have never been surpassed. In this way — with the help of some coadjutors in other communes — Weishaupt succeeded in uniting some hundred men in a church for a singing trial.

The effect was wonderful, especially among a song-loving people, as the Appenzellers are; and even strangers from neighbouring Cantons and countries admired on this and other meetings of the "Sänger-verein" the power, accuracy, and beautiful effect of such a chorus of trained men's voices. Hence the example set by the young minister was followed elsewhere, and the Germans especially, in their native as well as in their adopted country, have faithfully and skilfully reproduced and extended its inspiring influence.

About fifty years ago, the well-known composer, Lowell Mason, formed large classes in Boston which he taught on Nägeli's system. Like his predecessor, he was anxious to have the people sing, and in order to promote congregational singing he composed

some of the finest, most popular hymns. Financially, he was more successful than Pfarrer Weishaupt, who ended his days in poverty in a corner of Tennessee — whither he went to live with his emigrated children.

After this apparent digression, I will say a few words about the work of the Normal School, which, of course, in many respects must materially differ from what is done now after half a century, when such schools are endowed with sufficient funds, by which they are enabled to engage a corps of trained, special teachers, and are supplied with ample materials for illustration in all their branches.

In my father's school, although it was under State control, full liberty was given to the Principal as to the method and extent of teaching; as also to the admission of the pupils. I doubt whether the candidates for admission — most of whom were recommended by the minister or schoolmaster of their district — were ever rejected on account of their comparative ignorance of the common branches, more especially of spelling. As there was only one entering class, which was kept unbroken for two years, the difference between the accomplishments of the pupils was no hindrance, since all of them were to receive a course in method, consisting of systematically arranged exercises for their future use in school, and applied to different branches.

At their entrance, each pupil was required to give, in writing, an account of his previous schooling, the length of time engaged in it, his occupation outside the school, and the reason which induced him to change it for that of a schoolmaster.

This paper at the same time revealed his power or deficiency in spelling and in composition, and might be safely recommended even at the present day. For it must be stated here that, especially in a small training school, a knowledge of the character and disposition of the pupil is of as much and even more importance than merely a test of his intellectual knowledge. Based upon this idea, my father saw often in the earnest will and attention of

a much neglected pupil the promise of future success, and in this was seldom disappointed, while good talkers and memorizers often proved to be the poorest of the class.

I need hardly say that the teaching of my father was closely adapted to the principles of Pestalozzi, not always objective, as we now understand it, but never without an attempt at development.

Books (except for reading) were seldom used, but the pupils had to make their own books; *i.e.*, by collecting the subject-matter of their exercises into a manual, taking care that they should be inscribed in a neat, orderly way, with due attention to orthography and grammar.

The subject of natural history was illustrated by specimens of plants, minerals, etc., collected by the pupils themselves on their frequent excursions, and explained and classified by Father Krüsi. From his stay at Burgdorf he had preserved an intimate love for Nature and its productions, and possessed a creditable collection of both minerals and plants.

Besides the healthy exercise enjoyed by frequent walks, the ascent of neighbouring hills and mountains, systematic exercises in gymnastics were not neglected, for which my previous experience at the Kantons-schule gave me some advantage, so as to enable me to act as a teacher to my comrades, while participating in their ball games (not foot-ball) which were then in vogue.

I have already stated in my sketch of the Kantons-schule, that neither marks nor any other artificial stimulus was given for the promotion of industry or as a reward for successful scholarship. Since even the test of examinations was seldom applied, the question may be asked by what means the pupils, especially those of a sluggish disposition, could be induced to do their duty. The answer is that in German and Swiss Normal schools the pupils are made themselves responsible for their future prospects. Under the auspices of the chief magistrate and member of the Board of Education, who are present on the last day of the course,

a diploma is handed to each of the graduates — except those who are declared utterly incompetent — which specifies their qualification in each particular branch as well as in conduct, giving as a summary, that their record is *sufficient, satisfactory, good or very good*. I need not say that testimonials thus specialized are not treated as waste paper, nor looked at with suspicion, as having been given by interested or over-indulgent parties. Moreover, such a decision is, for the time, final, and any interference or protest would be utterly out of place. This does not prevent those who are not satisfied with either of the above two predicaments, "sufficient" or "satisfactory," nor with the mediocre positions to which it entitles them, from continuing their studies afterwards, so as to obtain a better certificate or a subsequent examination. In my father's school, diplomas were given only for teaching in primary schools — which needed the most attention.

As for myself, I was too young for aspiring to a situation as teacher, not having as yet received my "confirmation," an act which follows a course of religious instruction given by a minister. This instruction, according to the wish of my father, I was to receive from Dr. Niederer at Yverdon, near the western boundary of Switzerland. It was arranged that I should have lodging and board with a friend of my parents, Mrs. Näf, in whose house was also the school for deaf and dumb children. I was further to take some lessons in French, etc., at the old Château, the former seat of Pestalozzi's celebrated institution — at that time containing a private school conducted by a Mr. Rank, formerly a teacher and assistant at my father's school. These preliminaries being settled, I made, in good Swiss fashion, a four days' tramp through the Cantons of St. Gallen, Zürich, Aargau, Berne, Neufchâtel, until I reached my destination.

## CHAPTER IV

### A VISIT TO YVERDON

As this visit did not occupy more than four or five months, nor have any decisive influence on the destiny of my life, I will only state briefly its principal phases.

Since my board and lodging had been assigned to me at a school for deaf and dumb, it is evident that my progress in French was not much promoted thereby, as little as by my intercourse with the German teachers in the Château, or by the religious instruction of Dr. Niederer, which was given in German to pupils speaking that language. It is true, however, that the people in the Canton of the Vaud, to which Yverdon belongs, speak a pretty good French, so that exercise in this language was not entirely wanting.

The teaching at the Château, although professedly Pestalozzian, was of such a character as showed that some branches of learning, *e.g.*, the modern and ancient languages, Geography, Algebra, etc., had hardly received any adequate application of the principles of development.

Dr. Niederer's attempt at adapting his ideas, which were of a decidedly philosophic character, to the task of showing the unity of the Bible, and the logical connection or correspondence of chapters in the Old and New Testament, seemed to me to lack one of the indispensable conditions of true development; viz., that it should be based on the spontaneous perception and conviction of the pupil, so as to encourage a free and untrammelled expression of his views. Dr. Niederer, in his attempt at development, was often found hunting after a particular word, and the failure on

the part of the pupil to guess it promptly produced occasional symptoms of impatience on the part of the teacher, which always tend to stifle calm thought and reasoning.

The main educational results I derived from my stay at Yverdon were as follows:

(a) Some observations I made in regard to the deaf and dumb, and to their instruction. They convinced me that these unfortunates were not deprived of their voice (their shrieks and inarticulate sounds being painfully audible), but only apparently so from their incapacity of hearing and hence of imitating the speech of others. Although in some institutions of this kind the pupils are taught to express themselves with more or less distinctness — not, however, without some effort — Mr. Walder, the principal of this school (a German Swiss), adopted the sign language for the expression of ideas, with which he accomplished results — in connection with writing and composition — which excited my admiration. For instance, in trying to develop the idea of the conjunction “but” without the use of spoken language, he had to suggest by appropriate signs and by writing a certain fact, and then by way of contrast another; and thus to show how the conjunction “but” would legitimately come in. If the pupils failed to make the proper application after suggesting some sentences of their own choosing, he had to make another attempt, or perhaps several, until the victory was gained.

On the whole, I found among the older pupils some as intelligent and talented as those gifted with speech. On the other hand, there were others in the school verging towards idiocy, either by inheritance or on account of their total isolation from any educational influence — a condition usually found in poor or degraded circles of society.

(b) I must not forget to mention the benefit I received from a course in Perspective, given me privately by Mr. Walder. The interest created thereby in observing some natural laws operating in the appearance of form, and in their representation by drawing,

has had a great influence in my teaching of this branch. It is true that Mr. W's mode of development was of that singular order which indulges in questions that presuppose a previous knowledge of the science; but as he also exacted a practical application of the given rules or precepts, some useful results were obtained, which afterwards led to further reflections and renewed application.

(c) The most lasting and at the same time favourable impression I received of Dr. Niederer's ideas was through his dictation of a manuscript on the History of Creation. I suppose he did so at the request of my father, and as his ideas in this case were applied to material or concrete things, it could not but be intelligible even to a young man and set him thinking. Dr. Niederer might have been classed among the Radicals in his political ideas, yet in religious matters and in the exposition of the Bible kept within orthodox bounds, although he tried to sound everywhere its deep meaning and purpose. He hence laid no stress upon some literal expressions, such as the "*days* of creation," Adam being formed of the *dust*, and Eve from his rib, etc., but rather on the successive *periods* of creation, and of Adam and Eve being the last, and why, etc.

In speaking of Dr. Niederer, I refer to the foremost man connected with Pestalozzi, *i.e.*, foremost in the exposition of the vast bearing of his method, and in its defense; but alas! foremost also in the violent contentions in which the fierce attacks of Niederer against Pestalozzi's false friend and adviser also pierced the heart of the noble friend of humanity and of education. As this visit brought me for the first time in contact with Niederer, I had some opportunity to examine his personal appearance and some prominent traits of his character, which were not all in his favour. He was, even in his later years, somewhat hot-headed, and could not well brook opposition.

He took but a small share in conducting the young ladies' school, which was entirely under the care and control of his wife.

His time was engaged, not with writing a life of Pestalozzi or a treatise on education, as might have been expected, but with the leading questions of his period, — political, social, literary, etc., — which sometimes induced him to give expression to his views and feelings. Some of these expressions, in which he affirmed his full confidence in the people's right and capability of self-government, were almost in advance of his time, but have since been verified by fact and have become engrafted on the constitution.

The act of our "confirmation" having been completed by the consecration taking place in the church at Yverdon, my mission was at an end, and I returned, in the spring of 1834, to my beloved ones in Gais, in order to continue my work at the Normal School.

*Record.* — I had started as a boy of sixteen, and although but half a year older on my return, I was now considered in consequence of my "confirmation" as belonging to the "adult citizens" of my Canton, of which privilege I availed myself by voting at the Landsgemeinde directly after my return. At that age one can have but poor notions about state-economy and laws, but since coming to America I have found that its precocious youth does not even wait up to that age, before discussing the affairs of this commonwealth.

On my return I had to help my father in the teaching of the Normal School, especially in drawing, and gave also lessons in the boys' school, which was kept in another room.

## CHAPTER V

### RETURN TO GAIS

#### ATTRACTI0NS OF THE PLACE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

ON my return, I found both my family and the combined schools in good condition, and enjoyed more than ever the attractions of the place, some of which have since vanished.

At the time of which I speak, Gais was known far and near as a pleasure and health resort, which was visited during the summer season by hundreds of guests (not excluding royalty) from various countries, who were attracted thither by its pure mountain air, and by the healing qualities attributed to goats' whey (*Molken*) which every morning was brought fresh from the mountains. It was quite a sight to see, on fine mornings, guests in various costumes promenade on the church square (*Kirchenplatz*) each carrying a tumbler containing the greenish beverage. The big hotels surrounding the square did their best to accommodate their guests with luxurious food and drink. But whatever may have been the medical effects of the above "whey," one thing is sure, — that the physical exertions connected with walks on the neighbouring hills and mountains must have done a great deal of good, while the botanist, geologist, and even the historian found plenty of material to indulge in their favourite pursuits.

*Record.* — A fine and progressive spirit animated the members of our institution. The young men, who devoted themselves to the arduous task of becoming teachers, were mostly poor and backward in their studies, but took them up with such zeal that you would hardly have recognized them after one or two years of training. As their number was very limited (from fifteen to twenty)

it was not difficult to make appeals to their individuality, so as to form their mind as well as their feelings. The influence of my father in this respect was very great, and made up for the occasional neglect of some formal rules of order and discipline.

I must also bring a tribute to the intelligent character of the boys in the other department (which seems to be a national trait of the Appenzellers). Many excelled by their talent and common sense, and their behaviour towards teachers and elder persons was generally respectful. The girls in the training of my sister were mostly from the Cantons of St. Gallen, Zürich, and Graubündten, and boarded in our house; the remainder were day scholars from Gais. . . . Thus our school presented a pleasing assemblage of young men, boys and girls, and had in many respects the character of a family, presided over by a venerable father and friend. Many were the excursions which the assembled school made to neighbouring places, especially to those that presented a fine view. . . . On such occasions plants and minerals were collected in order to be classified at home, and no object of interest was allowed to pass unnoticed.

Speaking of historical souvenirs brings to my mind the battle "am Stoss," which was victoriously fought by the Appenzell peasantry, in 1405, against an invading host of Austrians led by Duke Leopold. A chapel near by commemorates the heroic deed of one Uli Rotach, who, in front of his hut, maintained his ground against a number of enemies, five of whom he slew, until consumed by the flames of the burning cottage.

Even without these historical recollections, a visitor could not remain indifferent to the glorious view enjoyed from this spot, over the fertile valley below (Rheinthal) flanked by the Rhine, while the towering mountains of the Vorarlberg (in Austria) form a magnificent background. But how shall I worthily describe you, beloved mountains of my Appenzell home! How many of your summits did I ascend in the vigour of my youth, the highest of them, Mount Säntis and Alte Mann, rising above the line of perpetual snow. Others, although lower, as for instance, the Ebenalp, with its far-famed "Wild-kirchli," presented perhaps as

many interesting features, although the view was not so extended. Imagine a chapel built in a cavern of a cliff about six hundred feet high, and only accessible by a narrow path along a deep precipice. Imagine further a hermit coming out to meet you from his humble quarters, with a torch in his hands, by means of which he leads you upwards through a dripping cavern of limestone, until you emerge at the top of the mountain. You are almost dazzled by the sunlight, which reveals to your eyes a majestic prospect — on the summits of the mountain-giants around or on the little green lake below, held between them like an emerald. Farther away you behold the splendid mirror of Lake Constance, which has the honour of being owned by five different countries. But enough of these scenes, which may at least help to explain the undying love every Swiss retains for his native country.

I have already alluded to the fact of the Canton of Appenzell being divided into the Protestant section of Ausserrhoden, and the Catholic of Innerrhoden. Gais, although belonging to the former, has an easy access to the latter, being only separated from it by a small river, picturesque through its waterfalls, and spanned by a wooden bridge.

But while both sections partake of similar natural features, a vast difference exists between the two populations in social respect. A stranger passing over the above bridge into Innerrhoden territory, saw himself at once importuned by beggars, mostly children, who, deprived of all education, were encouraged by their improvident parents to ply this miserable trade. Of course, there is no use in seeking for good schools, where priests and monks flourish and assure their credulous flock of rich promise of Heaven, in reward for the poverty and want which they suffer here below. It is true that poverty, dingy habitations, and the simplest food (mostly milk and bread) seem to have no depressing influence on these mountaineers, whose gaiety, good-humour, and wit have given them quite a reputation. As a specimen of it, I remember

that, annoyed by a begging lad, who followed me a considerable distance, I at last indignantly exclaimed: "Stop running always after me!" when the little fellow, without a moment's hesitation, accelerated his step, ran before me, and turning his head round with a roguish expression, retorted: "Then I will run *before* you, Sir! please give me a kreuzer!"

It may be expected, that among a mountain population, old superstitions and customs would have a longer lease of life than in the valleys and cities. Out of many instances I could give, I will only allude to one practised toward the end of February or beginning of March in the night of the so-called "Funken-sonntag."

In that night fires kindled from wood, fagots, etc., are seen on many hilltops — probably a relic of a custom of our heathen forefathers, to celebrate the advent of spring. Indeed, such relics are everywhere found, even in our Christian festivals and institutions; the early missionaries being aware that the common people strongly resist the curtailment of their accustomed periods of recreation. Thus the heathen Saturnalia were turned into the Carnival mummeries and pastimes — during which, even in our Puritanical commonwealth, dancing and a good deal of carousing were allowed. In reflecting on the singular ceremonies and customs prevailing even in this advanced stage of civilization, in connection with weddings, I have come to the conclusion that the distribution of the wedding cake, throwing the slipper, pelting the bridal couple with rice, etc., were once orthodox heathen customs, which had formerly the advantage that there was a meaning connected with them, whilst now there is none. The practical spirit of the Americans seems to have turned to advantage the invitation to the wedding-guests, who are expected to supply the wedded couple with presents; while in many parts of Europe the expense of the convivialities connected with the occasion often costs the bridegroom a considerable sum, and tends to explain the German term "Hochzeit" (high time).

But it is time to come back to my own plans, made after

having spent some more years in the study of a teacher's profession. My father, well aware that the scope of the instruction in a small Normal school did not reach several important branches of knowledge, and furthermore, thinking it well for any young man to get some extended experience of this world and its ways, corresponded with his friend Dr. Blochmann, at Dresden, in regard to this matter. The answer was a cordial invitation to send me to his private Gymnasium for my further studies, an invitation which was gladly accepted.

*Record.* — In 1838 it was determined that I should go to the Gymnasium of Dr. Blochmann, Dresden, Saxony, in order to prepare myself still further in some of the higher branches and the classics. The reason why I did not go to college, having arrived at the proper age, was probably that my father, with his numerous family, could hardly afford to bestow upon me sufficient funds to carry me through a three years' course; moreover, I had hardly as yet shown a great predilection for any of the three professions, to which the courses in the German Universities are supposed to supply the necessary preparation; namely, Theology, Medicine, and Law. Having begun to teach with some success, it was supposed that a Gymnasial course in a good German school, combined with the investigation of different methods and institutions of learning, might be my best preparation as a teacher.

CHAPTER VI  
AN EXCURSION TO DRESDEN  
AND  
STAY AT DR. BLOCHMANN'S INSTITUTE, 1838-1840

THE journey to Dresden was performed mostly on foot, which at that time was the cheapest method of travelling, but would not be considered so to-day, when the railroads permit you to make four hundred miles in one day, which distance a pedestrian could not accomplish under ten or twelve, incurring meanwhile expense for food and drink during the day, and for lodgings over night. At the same time one had more opportunity to get acquainted with land and people, and to meet with little adventures on the road. One's companions were not infrequently travelling journeymen and sometimes students, and the accommodations in the inn were not always of the best, but invariably cheap.

In Munich, which city I reached on the third day, I had the pleasure of being received by the family of a gentleman, whose office bears the formidable name of "Ober-appellations-gerichtsrath." I also had a pleasant visit with a distinguished Pestalozzian, at one time an officer in a Spanish regiment, and instructor in the Pestalozzian Military Institute, founded under the auspices of the "Prince of Peace"; but at the time of my visit, "Archivar" of the Royal Library at Munich. I had also the privilege of being introduced to the celebrated painter Schnorr, whose historical pictures adorn the walls of some of the finest rooms in the Royal Palace. All these buildings devoted to royalty and to the arts afforded no small treat to the simple Swiss, who for the first time had left his native mountains. The splendid manœuvres

of the military, and more especially of the Cuirassiers in resplendent helms and cuirasses, also excited my admiration.

In Nüremberg there were monuments and buildings of mediæval art to study, some of which revived the memory of Albert Dürer and Hans Sachs. A few more days of tramping — occasionally through mud and rain — brought me into Saxony, and a coach, to which I resorted in order to escape the bad roads, landed me in its famous capital, Dresden.

The "Blochmann'sche Institut," in the Plauengasse, was soon found, and after being cordially received by its Principal, I was installed in my room and some classes assigned to me, which I was to attend.

*Record.* — In this manner I entered Dresden, where I soon found the Blochmann Institute, was cordially received by the Director, who had been an intimate friend of Pestalozzi and my father, and was installed in a room where I could pursue my private studies, besides attending any lectures of the school which I should choose. I felt at first rather lonely, being the only Swiss amongst so many German boys — some of them belonging to the nobility — gathered in two large buildings with an ample playground and garden. Some of the elder boys, considering me a rather green specimen of the mountains, were disposed at first to make fun of me, in the foolish belief, common amongst all nations, that a man who had not the *kind* of experience which they have (although he may be wiser than they) gave symptoms of silliness. . . .

Thus began my stay at Dresden, to which I look back partly with pleasure and partly with regret; with pleasure because I learnt so much there that was new and interesting to me, because the art treasures of Dresden and the fine environs of the town itself made my eye awaken to objects of taste and beauty, and because I formed many pleasant and warm friendships amongst my elder companions.

Some words may be said here about the character of the Blochmann-Vizthum Institute. It was in the first place a private Gymnasium, attended by the sons of well-to-do citizens or by

outsiders. These pupils were arranged in six classes, beginning with the "sexta" and so proceeding until the "prima" was reached, which curriculum of six years' duration entitled them — after the "Abiturienten-examen" — to enter the University. The above pupils paid for tuition and, if outsiders, also for their board. This was not the case with those in the Vizthum establishment, which was founded by some Count Vizthum for the sons of the nobility, whose expenses were defrayed by a fund devoted to this purpose. These pupils lived in a separate building, united to the other by a passage, the instruction and meals being taken in common.

As my room happened to be in the Vizthum building, a simple republican was thus brought in frequent contact with the scions of nobility, although my best friends happened to be on the other side. In regard to the instruction given in this Gymnasium (which also contained a Realschule of much smaller dimensions), I found a great deal of time given to classical studies, especially to ancient languages, although modern languages, history, the mathematical branches, literature, etc., were by no means neglected. The best teachers were undoubtedly provided for the teaching of Latin. Four of these expressed themselves in Latin during recitations, and one of them, Herr Natusch, used it in Ciceronian style which he had acquired by translating all of Cicero's works into German and back again into Latin. I doubt whether this Herculean or, as some might call it, pedantic performance, would be repeated at the present day; but whatever the tendency of the present day may be (let us hope of a more practical character), it will always find the Germans ready to plod conscientiously through all the avenues of knowledge; and this untiring zeal and industry supplies the learned world of other countries with new materials in their respective sciences.

As for myself, I received a great deal of benefit from the classes I attended, and the more, as I had not to go through the whole curriculum, but had the liberty of choosing what I thought best for my purpose.

*Record.* — I attended some of the Latin and Greek lessons, where the explanations were given in the Latin tongue, illustrated by a great many quotations from literary and grammatical authorities, verging occasionally into the pedantic, whilst others were calculated to enlarge the mind, and to open all the treasures bequeathed to us by Antiquity. I also studied Algebra, History, and Geometry. I further kept up my physical strength by many walks and excursions, and by gymnastic exercises at home.

Neither was I subject to the disciplinary rules of the school, but had permission to visit the splendid art treasures of the city whenever it was convenient, or to make excursions with my two excellent Prussian friends to places of resort, as “der grosse Garten,” Finlaters, etc., and enjoy the splendid music always heard there on afternoons. I also attended some theatrical performances at the Hof Theatre and heard actors like Devrient and Schubart, whose acting, I believe, has not been surpassed during the past half-century.

*Record.* — In nearly all the German towns there are public places of resort, where bands are playing on certain days and hours, and to which young and old, whole families of the respectable class of citizens, resort, sitting under trees, drinking a cup of coffee or a glass of beer. To these I went occasionally with my friends on fine evenings, listening to the music or admiring the scenery. . . .

I will mention here, that in Germany public places of resort (where wine and beer is consumed) and theatres are not necessarily such low places as they have sometimes become in England and America. The reason is that the Germans want some recreation for body and mind, and allow to it a sufficient amount of time, spending an hour or two in pleasant and peaceful conversation. . . .

Dresden has been considered the “Athens” of Germany, and deserves it on account of its superior collections and institutions and the politeness and urbanity of its inhabitants, which may be said of the Saxons generally; on the other hand they seem to be less energetic and vigorous than the Prussians of the North. . . .

Amongst all the pupils in the Institute, there were none with whom I formed a closer friendship than the two brave young

men, Conrad and Hennig, both from the neighbourhood of Danzig in the northeast of Prussia. They seemed true and honest, and were free from that propensity to frivolous and immoral talk which but too often passed the lips of many of the other students. With them I made some delightful excursions. . . .

Nor did I omit to make longer excursions in the holidays, either alone or with my friends. The visit to Berlin will be long remembered, partly on account of the splendour of this royal and now imperial city, and partly on account of some interesting visits to distinguished Pestalozzians; Professor Steiner, connected with the University, and Hofrath Von Türk, residing at Potsdam.

There was a great difference between these two men: the former, of Swiss descent, still preserving the impress of his rustic education, while he had acquired a well-earned fame by his mathematical work; the latter, a nobleman by birth, possessing equal merits, chiefly of a moral nature, having abandoned early a career which promised him honour and riches, for one which showed him, as a faithful follower of Pestalozzi, the education and care of the poor as the noblest aim for his endeavours.

I was not so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Bismarck, who was comparatively unknown at that time, excepting perhaps to his fellow-students, whom he amused, and to his professors, whom he shocked, by his madcap performances.

I cannot but make a few remarks referring to a moral question, in as far as I had opportunity to view it from my narrow observatory in the Blochmann school. Its worthy Principal, whose sincerity, zeal, and active co-operation in everything good and noble was acknowledged by all, would have been surprised if, in spite of his pious exhortations, he could have heard all the frivolous, even obscene talk of some, especially the older pupils, which seemed affected by a sensuality strongly cultivated by influences connected with the court, the theatre, and the ballet. Of course these influences were not incurred in school, where, excepting in the principal's family, the sight of a young lady was

quite a rarity. On the other hand, the levity of talk, the filthiness of many of the anecdotes, pointed distinctly to an absence of moral dignity, and foreshadowed a misguided liberty of action after the trammels of school should be removed.

The musical talent, which has generally a refining influence, was well cultivated in our school, and I remember with pleasure the splendid performance of Schiller's "Die Glocke," set to music by the celebrated composer, Romberg. I also remember with a sort of pride the taste of the Dresden public in hearing a theatrical or operatic performance, when the audience, and the men in particular, showed their appreciation of it by following attentively, I might say as connoisseurs, the various passages of the piece, and applauding at the right time the parts which showed the deepest pathos and feeling. I mention this because I have seen the very opposite in countries whose prevailing materialism seems calculated to promote chiefly an appreciation of the sensational. Truly the schoolmaster in matters of taste seems to be as much wanted as ever.

This mention of the schoolmaster reminds me that my father wished me to visit one or more of those "nurseries of schoolmasters" called "Seminare," or Normal schools. One of them, under the direction of Pestalozzians, friends of my father, flourished at Bunzlau, in Silesia, by diligence about a day's journey from Dresden. An invitation to visit there and be a guest at his house reached me in a letter from Mr. Krüger, one of the oldest professors of that school. This invitation again was accepted, as it gave me the opportunity to observe, during the winter term of 1839-1840, the working of one of the foremost Prussian Normal schools.

## CHAPTER VII

### IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED DURING MY VISIT AT THE BUNZLAU NORMAL SCHOOL (PRUSSIA), 1840-1841

THE first impression is connected with the household of Mr. Krüger, a confirmed bachelor, who must at that time have reached his seventieth year. An antiquated and somewhat stupid maid attended to the cooking and to household matters in general, whose affairs were not always peacefully settled, to judge from the occasional flurries between the obstinate and somewhat impatient master, and the slow old "girl." Hence for company and diversion I had to resort to frequent visits to the Normal School, in which Mr. Krüger, probably on account of his association with Pestalozzi and his extended experience, conducted the subject of Pedagogics. He did this in an original manner, which occasionally caused some joking comments from the pupils, who, on the whole, respected the man for his good humour and honesty. I also visited the classes of other professors, and became socially acquainted with some of them as well as with many of the students.

Although my experiences with the "Normal" school had hitherto been limited to one, I was soon convinced that the reputation of the schools of Prussia and of its school organization was deserved, and entitled it to serve as a model for others: a testimony bestowed on it by the eminent Minister of Education, Cousin, and the eloquent Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, Horace Mann, who a few years before my time had visited many of its institutions and prominent men — such as Von Türk, at Potsdam. The Prussian Government, through its educational

representatives, had evidently a high idea of the office and work of a schoolmaster, and of the necessity of being scrupulous in the qualifications required of him, while giving the candidates ample opportunity to prepare themselves for their task. Hence — as later in England — they were required, before entering a Normal school, to serve as apprentices in some accredited school, receiving theoretical and practical instruction in some of the common branches. The principal, to whose care they were entrusted, received a bounty from Government, and after training these candidates up to the required standard was enabled to give the proper testimonials for their entrance into one of the Normal schools. The instruction in these was to be chiefly professional, with the exception of some higher studies, which, however, included neither the modern nor the ancient languages. After three years of such training, the graduates were sufficiently prepared to obtain creditable certificates, and to ply their vocation for many years or often for life. One of the accomplishments on which great stress was laid was music and singing, since in Prussian country towns the schoolmaster also performed the office of "Cantor," which requires him to superintend and lead church-choirs and to play on the organ. I still remember the doleful music proceeding from a number of small, very cheap pianos (*Klaviere*) on which the students were expected to practise every day.

The principal of the school, Kawerau, a man distinguished for his talents, energy, and moral elevation, had left just after my arrival for a higher, or at least better paid position, and the school laboured and occasionally suffered by the following interregnum of several months during which the supervision and important disciplinary functions were performed by the oldest two professors of the school, of whom Mr. Krüger was one. This was not a very easy task, as the school — if I remember well — counted about three hundred pupils, who were afforded far less liberty than is the case here in America. Hence it would appear

that so many young men, in the most critical period of their lives, might have been tempted to break through some of the restrictive rules. This, however, was but seldom the case, partly on account of the greater docility of German students, and partly because they were aware of the responsibility they incurred through their conduct. The fact that nearly all the young men had their quarters and meals in a large boarding-house must have greatly facilitated supervision over them. I had, however, occasion — once — to draw a contrast between the laws of equity and justice applied in monarchies and in republics.

Quietly sitting in Mr. Krüger's parlor, reading a book, I all at once was interrupted by the sudden entrance of two persons: Dr. Carow, a professor of the school and musical composer, and a pale, frightened scholar, whom he dragged after him for the sake of presenting a complaint, to be decided by Mr. Krüger, as acting vice-principal. In the course of the cross-examination, the pupil used an expression derogatory to the veracity of the excited professor, who, in a fit of blind passion, seized the pupil by the neck and pressed him against the wall, thus taking the law into his own hands. I do not know how the matter was settled by the astonished judge, but I know that afterwards a petition was prepared by a number of the students, and sent to the President of the Province, in which complaint was made in regard to the arbitrary proceedings of the above pedagogue, with an urgent appeal for redress. The answer was, that according to Prussian laws a complaint could only be received and acted upon when *handed in by a single individual, not collectively by a number of people*. Such a proceeding, of course, excluded a just and equitable verdict between an humble student and a man who wore the Cross of Honour and was otherwise known by reputation. At the time of which I speak, a student or other subordinate seemed to be as little protected from personal insult as nowadays the recruits in the German army, whose tribulations and sufferings are such as to drive many to commit suicide.

A few more reminiscences of my stay at Bunzlau — although not of an educational character — may yet serve to point out some phases of life not found on this side of the ocean.

About a mile from Bunzlau, there was — or is still — a Moravian (Herrenhüter) colony, called "Gnadenberg," a collection of buildings, of which some were intended to harbour the married couples and their families, others the unmarried males, and others again the unmarried females, while there were also buildings used for schools, work-shops, a bakery and a hotel — all being arranged in the shape of a large quadrangle, in the centre of which the church was situated.

The most scrupulous order and quiet seem to reign everywhere, even in the hotel, shunned by idlers and topers, since they were not allowed to drink more than two glasses of "Schnapps" at one sitting. Getting acquainted with one of the inmates of the place, a countryman from Schaffhausen, and a tanner by profession, I had some opportunity to make inquiries about their mode of life, the mutual relation between the two sexes, etc., and came to the conclusion that there was no question about the strict maintenance of outside decorum, temperate and orderly conduct at the place, while on the other hand the over-great restraint, to which the young especially were subjected, seemed calculated to have a depressing influence on their spirits, and even to diminish that vitality which is necessary for the battle of life. It is true that in this peaceful place no such "battle" is anticipated, and that the last resting-place, the cemetery (German *Friedhof* — sojourn of peace) is but a continuation of the peace they enjoy in life. I will observe here, that my friend, Mr. Krüger, ended his days in this quiet retreat and lies buried in the pleasant "*Friedhof*."

Somewhat south of Bunzlau is the "Riesengebirge," a long range of mountains, the very name of which suggests a supposed former existence of "giants," to whom popular imagination or tradition added other spirits or "spukes." The most celebrated

of these is known by the name of Rübezahl, the number of whose reported tricks and practical jokes is almost endless. In connection with one of the professors of the school, Dr. Schneider and his wife, an excursion was planned to the foot of the above mountains, which in regard to height, picturesque and wild appearance, are far behind those of my native land. Many details of this trip have escaped my memory. I remember, however, an accident that happened to the carriage of Dr. Schneider, who, in order to escape toll, chose a bad country road, the inequalities of which caused the vehicle to upset, dislocating a wheel and breaking a shaft, while the spilt occupants were vividly reminded of the tricks of Rübezahl, who once infested these regions.

I believe this accident was the cause of my separating from my companions and ascending an eminence (Winterberg) known for its fine view, and affording also frugal accommodations in a small hotel, kept by an old couple.

In the morning I found my bill so excessively moderate that I could not but add a Trinkgeld of some "Groschen." This "munificence" (?) caused the good people to confer together, in consequence of which I was presented with a nice wreath of mountain flowers as a mark of their gratitude. I found the same honest, contented spirit, when, on the next morning, I engaged a poor linen-weaver to carry my knapsack to a place distant about nine miles. The price agreed upon was six Groschen (about 25 cents). When I added to this a few Groschen, I received profuse thanks from the poor man, who, judging from his eagerness to earn such a paltry sum for a hard morning's work, must have had great trouble to keep his family from starving. At the village inn it was difficult to obtain decent food or drink, and my effort to sleep on one of the hard benches in the "Gaststube" was not quite successful. I hope things have improved since, but I confess that I see a great difference in the relative happiness and contentment of American operatives, who strike when their wages are reduced to one and one-half dollars a day, and the poor Sile-

sian weavers who were, or are, glad to receive one third or quarter of the above, while dispensing with the luxury of meat, cake and pies.

Even in the mining districts of Saxony (Erzgebirge), where I visited a silver mine, a similar state of poverty exists. I must, however, say that the appearance of the miners in their picturesque costume, their manners and conduct indicating a good education, their love for music and song, etc., form a strong contrast to the coarse, sensual, and ignorant class of the same kind of workers often met with in the United States.

After passing the fall and winter amid occupations and scenes such as I have described, I returned to Dresden, not to stay there, but to take leave of my friends at the Blochmann Institute, and to return to my native Switzerland by a circuitous route, which would give me a sight of the far-famed beauties of the regions along the Rhine.

*Record.* — In the spring of 1841 I returned home, after an absence of three years, during which I had enjoyed great advantages, and met with many friends. I must also observe here, that during all this time I had only to bear the expenses necessary for travelling and clothing, since neither Mr. Blochmann nor Mr. Krüger made any charges for the hospitality they had tendered to the son of their dear respected friend Krüsi.

My two friends, Hennig and Conrad, left at the same time, in order to enter college at Bonn on the Rhine, so that our way was practically the same, and would have been quite so, had I not intended to visit some of the Pestalozzian teachers and their establishments on my route. The feeling of returning to a beloved home made the whole journey a very pleasant one, where Memory likes to linger.

## CHAPTER VIII

### RETURN TO SWITZERLAND, 1841

It has been my fate, in spite of my quiet disposition, to make many smaller or larger trips and journeys, the latter caused by a strong desire to see my relatives in Switzerland, and enjoy its beautiful scenery. The description of the longer journeys and crossings of the ocean (of which there are seven) is contained in different books of my Record, and will only be briefly alluded to in this autobiography, which is rather intended to emphasize some events which had a distinct bearing on my destiny, or concerned educational work and its problems.

The home journey by the Rhine possessed many attractive features not easily forgotten. On a young man, fresh from the study of history, the view of Leipzig made a great impression, with its battle-field, where three or four great nations were once engaged in deadly conflict for several days; also the Wartburg near Eisenach, where Luther, the monk-hero, who dared to throw down the gauntlet to the arrogant Pope and a powerful hierarchy, was held in safe confinement through the protecting care of the Landgraf, Frederic of Saxony, who wished to save him from insidious attacks of an enraged and pitiless hierarchy.

*Record.* — In the old chamber, with its mouldering walls and carved buffets, I could imagine the great Reformer sitting near the old deal table in the window-recess, and looking occasionally over the vast extent of forest under his feet, a gloomy solitude for a mind agitated by many cares and anxieties; then he would be comforted again in the translation of the Holy Bible, and in the holy promises of his Lord and Saviour, and anon he would be startled at his own temerity in resisting the work of Satan, and

his vivid imagination would occasionally see the Tempter himself with his hideous appendages of tail and horns; at least we must surmise so from the fact that he once flung his inkstand towards the wall, where he imagined to see the Arch-Enemy — although it is my opinion that the ink-drops shown to this very day have never belonged to Luther's inkstand.

Nor was my interest diminished on visiting the former convent at Erfurt, in which Luther performed his humble services of a monk with exact obedience, and yet not without serious doubts about some things he saw performed in the name of religion.

In that convent — now used as a school — I saw one of Luther's descendants, a sturdy boy, whose lineaments were the exact counterpart of those of his celebrated ancestor. The presence of this boy was in consequence of a search made for descendants of Luther (on the occasion of a centenary), when a family answering the description was found in Bohemia, professing the Catholic faith, but so poor that they did not object to surrendering their boy for the sake of having him educated.

Of other historical reminiscences that made a lasting impression on the susceptible heart and mind of the wandering youth, I mention the homes of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar and Jena, situated in the midst of a scenery which, with its hills, mountains, woods and streams, must have been very congenial to their poetical natures.

*Record.* — At Frankfort I made a stay of a few days, to see the lions, the old Romer Saal,<sup>1</sup> where the Diet had its sittings, the Cathedral, bank, Street of Jews memorable on account of those merchant princes, the Rothschilds, the splendid promenades, gardens, etc., surrounding the city. I also visited another Pestalozzian, Ackermann, a friend of the warrior-poet Körner. He seemed a straightforward man, but was considered an infidel in his opinions. From Frankfort I took the steamer upwards the Rhine, to pay a visit to my friend Hennig at the University of Bonn.

<sup>1</sup> Ordinarily called simply "the Romer."

On reaching the Rhine, I gazed with admiration on this magnificent stream winding between vine-clad hills and bold rocky eminences, crowned by picturesque castles and ruins, while at their foot antique towns, surrounded with strong walls and towers, contrast strongly with others built in the modern style. All these remnants of a feudal time make now a pleasant impression, although the knowledge of the barbarous and predatory character of the former castle-owners, and the sight of subterraneous dungeons, reminds you of the vast amount of injustice and cruelty inflicted in those lawless times. It is true that poetic imagination has thrown a mantle over the sad reminiscences by peopling the castles with elegant knights and beautiful maidens, revelling in dreams of love and listening to the inspiring songs of Minnesingers, or to the sounding trumpet of the tournament; there are bright visions in the many legends of conjugal fidelity, of Christian faith and heroism gaining the victory over dragons and heathen hosts, etc., etc. Let these legends continue their sweet music, for are they not the emanations of child-like, serene, and hopeful yearnings, possessed by young nations and individuals alike?

*Record.* — I consider this trip as one of the most delightful I ever made. To float on the beautiful river, which flows near my native village, was to meet with an old friend, who had expanded into manhood; for his bed was now deep and broad, his waters flowed between vine-clad hills, on the tops of which ruins of old castles are standing, grinning with ghastly smiles through the window-holes upon the lively landscape, studded over with flourishing towns and villages, and on a happy and contented population. Nor is there any uniformity in the view, for every turn of the river displays another prospect, more charming than the former; and such scenes as meet us at Bingerloch, Andernach, Coblenz, etc., are not easily erased from memory.

Soon enough we approached Cologne, whose gigantic Cathedral was looming forth in the distance, before the town could be seen. After visiting the sights of this city, — which is yet a stronghold of Catholicism, and exhibits, as usual in cities of that faith, the splendid relics of by-gone ages, in close neighbourhood to the

filth and poverty of a priest-ridden population, mixed with the occasional fine mansion of some speculative merchant and with the shops of vendors of Cologne water,—I started to the neighbouring Bonn.

The days passed here with my friend Hennig were spent in pleasant rambles. We made one visit to the celebrated mount Drachenfels, sung by Byron, looking down upon the romantic scenery of the Rhine, and to blue hill-tops and blessed valleys on all sides, lulling any mind not lost to poetry into reveries of olden times, when knights and dragons, tournaments, troubadours, and beautiful maidens seem to form the principal actors on the stage of an era whose barbarism we do not feel, while we cherish its poetical traditions. Young men as we were, we drank the health of the Past and Present in many a bumper of Rhenish wine.

From what I had opportunity to see, I do not think that a great number of the students here are hard at work, or that they feel a great responsibility. One reason of this may be, that this University contains a great many of the richer class, whose future support does not depend on the amount of their studies. They enjoy life in full draughts, which is one of the objects of German college life, and which must be especially realized in such a residence as Bonn, where the poetry of youth receives constant impetus from the poetry of the surrounding scenery.

Leaving my friend at last, I strolled back on foot along the shores of the Rhine, stopping where I liked best, often climbing to moulderling ruins overgrown with ivy, or sitting under the shade of a tree from where a fine view could be obtained. Then, refreshed by a bottle of good wine, I pushed onward, looking at the steamers when they passed with their merry cargo of passengers, or on the gigantic rafts formed of logs which belonged to the huge mountain-pines of Switzerland, and are floated down to Holland.

In such a manner I arrived at Coblenz, beautifully situated at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine, and facing the huge modern fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, garrisoned by Prussian and Austrian troops. From there upwards the Rhine loses somewhat of its picturesque character.

I have visited the Rhine regions as a youth and in middle and old age. The scenery was always the same, but the mind, or

rather its buoyancy, has changed, hence not quite verifying the Latin proverb: "Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

At the time of my first visit there, poetry and love for an indefinite something held sway over my soul, a condition which is very apt to conjure forth life and motion from ashes and mouldering ruins. It is like the ivy covering the barren wall with its green mantle. How shall I forget the beautiful moments when, with a couple of friends, I sat on the summit of Drachenfels, emptying some bumpers of golden Rhenish wine and gazing on the glorious view below; or the walk between Bonn and Coblenz — at the side of the green rushing river, upon whose bosom steam-boats were plying in different directions, with their merry load of passengers! How pleasant to stop near some interesting ruin, explore its mysterious recesses and then rest at some rustic hotel, and sleep without any care for the present or coming day!

In passing through the interesting cities of Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, Frankfort, Karlsruhe, Baden, etc., I came in contact with educational institutions and men, especially with those who at one time had formed a part of that inspired circle which surrounded Father Pestalozzi at Yverdon. All those men gave a friendly welcome to the son of their old friend and colleague, Krüsi.

At Karlsruhe and the neighbouring little town of Ettlingen, I met three friends of Pestalozzi: Hofrat Domus, and Seminar-directors Nabholz and Stern. The former, whose connection with Pestalozzi dates from the Burgdorf period, but whose almost youthful vivacity and nervous activity belied his age, distinguished himself as Professor of Mathematics at the Karlsruhe Lyceum, and as the author of books, one on Conic Sections following the inventive and constructive principle, which made it highly attractive and instructive to myself on studying this subject.

As for Nabholz and Stern, the one director of a Catholic, the other of a Protestant Normal School, the striking fact of finding the former progressive and liberal, and the latter conservative

and illiberal, almost fanatical in religious matters, requires some comment. Similar to the chapters in the *Scientific Monthly* by Andrew D. White, "On the Warfare of Science" — a book might be written on the warfare between Liberal and Ultramontane Catholicism. Among other things it would state, that after the downfall of Napoleon, in consequence of the newly awakened feelings of independence, liberty, and educational progress, a movement arose in the Duchy of Baden, under the lead of the enlightened Bishop Wessenberg, which tended towards the abolition of sundry abuses of the Catholic church, and even of the celibacy of the priesthood. Such reforms, although not distasteful to the Protestant court, were violently condemned by the Pope and the hierarchy, and led to the removal of Wessenberg from his office, without, however, being able to destroy the liberal ideas suggested by his teaching and example. Nabholz, who had taken priestly orders about that time, devoted his life to education, as the surest way to awaken the people to the perception of its real wants, and to free it from the trammels of superstition and from a slavish adherence to idle ceremonies in the name of religion.

I am free to confess, that during nearly a week's stay in his school I did not perceive any word spoken by him and his teachers which seemed dictated by Ultramontanism, or had any other object than to enlarge and elevate the minds of the pupils, and to promote a liberal spirit of love and toleration.

How was it with Stern's school? The very countenance of the director, stern and severe, seemed to indicate that he had undertaken an awful task, which led him to look on every human soul with sorrow and suspicion. When he addressed some of the Jewish pupils of his class as: "You Hebrews!" he looked as if he considered them co-partners in the guilt of their ancestors for having crucified Jesus. I also discovered traces of an inquisitorial spy-system. For instance, the pupils were required, on a certain day, to write on a slip of paper some reprehensible practices they had discovered among their comrades, and drop them

into a box, to be opened by the director, who read their contents. I remember with what a funereal expression of countenance he commented on the contents of one slip: "A student has been heard playing a *dancing-tune* on the organ!"

*Record.* — At Mannheim I left the steamer to visit Heidelberg, a University town, situated on the Neckar, with a splendid old castle, the best preserved ruin I have ever seen, presenting yet a bold front, and looking from the bush-covered hill almost defiantly upon the pigmy structures in the valley. In its cellars is shown as a curiosity the greatest wine-cask in the world. From there I marched on the dusty road through the plain of Baden to the town of Kehl, opposite Strassburg. I had a natural curiosity to see the celebrated Cathedral with the highest spire in the world, but having to pass the frontier of France, and having no passport viséed for that country, I had to do it at my own risk. Throwing aside my knapsack, I crossed the Rhine on the bridge, and assumed the swaggering gait of a man who is going on his accustomed path, since the *douaniers* (customs-officers) are less strict with country-people pursuing their accustomed vocations. I had, however, to pass through some ordeals before arriving at the city, for one of the excise-men called aloud, in the French language, whether I had any contraband, and felt for it in my pockets. After that I passed between ramparts bristling with cannons, and arrived at a gate beset with soldiers and bayonets. Not daring to inquire my way for the Cathedral, I chose one at random, and came to an arsenal before which stood sentinels, one of whom accosted me in French with a thundering: "Où allez-vous?" (Where do you go?) I answered boldly, "À la ville!" (To town.) To which he replied in measured terms: "Aucun citoyen ne va par ici." (No citizen goes this way.)

I turned to the left, and at last got into the real city, and stood on the square, from where rises that majestic pile, whose spire reaches the bold height of four hundred and fifty-five feet. The nave of the Cathedral with its lofty columns is a triumph of architecture, but leaves a sombre impression, the light coming in dimly through the old painted windows. On the platform, where the steeple shows its carved mouldings and seems to resolve itself into innumerable small spires, there is a splendid view on the fertile valley of the Alsace and Baden.

Returning to the other shore, I marched on towards the capital of the Grand Duchy, Karlsruhe, which is built in a circle, the ducal palace forming the centre, from which start many streets as radii, whilst others cross it like secants. I visited here three Pestalozzians: the Hofrath Ladomus, a distinguished mathematician, of very small stature, but with rolling eyes radiant of intelligence; Director Stern of the Protestant Normal School, and Director Nabholz of the Catholic Normal School. Strange to say, I felt by far more at home in the latter place than at the former. I admired the calm, thoughtful, and liberal character of Nabholz, who seemed only by name to belong to the Popish religion, while his intelligent mind and benevolent heart seemed to penetrate to the real centre of Glory and Salvation. His young teachers were animated by the same spirit, so that I made friends with them. On the other hand, Stern belonged to that "select" class of Christians who bewail continually the wickedness of the world, and who profess their own great sinfulness in *general*, whilst they defend their sanctity in *particular*.

As the Duchy of Baden is contiguous to Switzerland, my journey came soon to an end, and I rejoined our beautiful family-circle at Gais after a three years' absence.

*Record.* — From Karlsruhe I entered the romantic regions of the "Schwarzwald" (Black Forest) which already remind you of Switzerland, with their high hills, dark forests, scattered cottages, and picturesquely dressed men and women, who are partially engaged in clock-making and straw-braiding.

At Schaffhausen I entered Switzerland, and crossed the Rhine, and after a short march entered again — through the romantic gorge which is formed by the Rothbach — into the lovely territory of my native village, when the long hidden mountains appear as by magic. One more hill, — our house appears, — I hear familiar voices, — I feel the tender embrace of my beloved ones, and am Home again.

It delighted my father's heart to hear me report my visits to many of his Pestalozzian friends. Of these, six were principals of Normal schools, two Hofräthe, and as such admitted to royalty, three were professors at various colleges, and one (Schnyder of

Wartensee) a musical composer. The influence of all of them must have been greatly felt in Prussia and other German countries, both in regard to improved methods and to school organization, which other countries have copied as a shining model. Considering all this, I felt that my visit had done me a great deal of good, as a means of observation as well as for my own cultivation.

## CHAPTER IX

### LAST YEARS IN GAIS, 1841-1846

#### DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND

THE last years of my stay passed similarly to the preceding ones, except that I could be of greater help to my father, both in teaching some subjects in the Normal School — as for instance Drawing — and some French and Latin in the boys' department. Although I had passed my twenty-first year and hence ceased to be a minor, the thought never entered my mind to be paid for my services; in the same way the earnings of my sisters went to the general fund.

In spite of the prevailing custom in our parts, to spend some of the evenings of the week at an inn, discussing the topics of the day, neither I nor my brothers felt any disposition to do so, since we were satisfied with the attractions of our pleasant home-life, or profitably employed in some literary occupation. I remember that about this time I had a fit for dramatic composition, and produced during some winter seasons three plays, of which one was entitled: "Der Glückliche Sturz"; another: "Rudolph von Habsburg oder: das Handwerk hat einen goldenen Boden"; the third: "Rudolph von Werdenberg und die Appenzeller am Stoss." I believe two of them have been printed, although I have never given them any thought except as youthful productions providing a healthful exercise to myself and perhaps also to the pupils of my class, who recited the parts of one of these plays.

*Record.* — I will be short in describing the remaining years, during which I stayed in my paternal village. I resumed again my lessons in the various departments of our institution, with the

consciousness that my stay in foreign parts had given to my character more independence and strength of purpose than before.

In the long winter evenings, and during leisure hours, I generally employed myself with literary exercises, which appealed to my originality and inventive power. I sketched — for the first time — a course of Inventive Drawing, which, however, I modified afterwards, by reducing it still more to the real elements. Geometry and History were also favourite studies.

Although very fond of reading some branches of literature, I always preferred studying in a self-acting manner, to a mere rehearsal of books made by others. When I had gathered a new idea or principle, I tried to make it productive. This was applicable even to poetry and dramatic writings, of which I had been fond from my early youth. As a boy of tender years, I had already admired the beautiful poems of Schiller, Goethe, Bürger, as well as some of the dramas of Shakespeare. Whatever was in rhyme or verse was easily impressed on my memory, even when I hardly understood its meaning. I was, for instance, passionately fond of the life-like descriptions of war and human nature depicted in Homer's immortal works. . . .

I soon began to try myself in poetry: the first piece was written in my thirteenth year at the death of one of my teachers; others were on "The Rheinfall," on "Leaving Home," etc. But the greatest number of poems I wrote in Dresden, partly because one feels more disposed to reveries in the absence from home, and in the recollection of one's friends, etc., and partly because I became better acquainted with the laws and form of poetical language. I will not compliment myself on having accomplished anything that may be remembered in times to come by others than my family; yet I do not regret the moments I have spent in this pleasant task. Many pieces have arisen from events connected with the history of my life, and thus form a chronological series of pleasant or painful recollections. . . .

My friends, and even some literary men, to whom I submitted my dramatic pieces, expressed their satisfaction in their perusal. One has since been printed, and, as I heard from my brother, (for I had gone to America) severely criticised by one or two reviews, especially in regard to language. My language was perhaps not worse than that of many a young Swiss writer, who can divest himself with difficulty of some idioms used in this

country. Moreover, I believe that the moralizing character of some of my poems and dramatic productions is occasionally opposed to the gushing forth of poetical feeling, and stifles those flitting thoughts which can gather honey from every flower. Still I have seen hearts moved even by my humble effusions, and it is a consolation to find that the voice of nature manifests itself without asking the critic's permission to approve or admire some passage, in spite of something wanting in language or in classical arrangement.

It seems strange that such a poetical country as Switzerland should not have more poets. It has been said, that the continual contemplation of even the grandest objects of Nature, of snow-covered mountains, roaring waterfalls, placid lakes, etc., begets a certain indifference in the beholder, which leaves him as cold in their admiration as the inhabitant of a monotonous region. This may be true, if we only judge from the words, or power of expression, with which the uneducated mountain people are but poorly supplied. But the so-called "Heimweh" of all mountaineers, who may happen to have come to a far-off level country, tells us a different story; for the eloquence of grief shows itself in the pictures which imagination conjures forth, of a happy home, amidst the free mountain heights, amongst the avalanches and waterfalls of his native country. Such recollections enter sometimes my soul. I shall never forget the mountain scenery which my eyes have beheld, — the deep valleys and gorges of Graubündten, the Bernese Oberland, or the view from Mount Righi, that jewel of a mountain.

There was an unexpected addition to our household by the arrival of an English family, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett with their four children, three boys and a girl, and a governess. The oldest of these children might have been about fourteen years, and the youngest three years old. They had all been brought up according to strict tenets of Quakerism, and the unusual sight of a Quaker family travelling over the Continent for pleasure and instruction is explained by the following facts, which indirectly attest to the powerful influence of Pestalozzi and his principles.

From lectures delivered in London by Biber, Greaves, and other enthusiastic friends and followers of Pestalozzi, Mr. Bennett,

a prosperous merchant in the tea business, had come to the conclusion that the first duty consisted in the education of one's children, which a man absorbed in a large business was obliged to leave to others or entirely to neglect. Hence he gave up the personal supervision of his business, and with his whole family started for Germany.

At Heidelberg he saw and read a pamphlet of my father's, "Meine Erinnerungen" ("My Recollections," *i.e.*, during his association with Pestalozzi), which so interested him that he directed his way to Gais, the seat of the author. I shall ever remember the strange appearance of a man in his Quaker garb, smiling and holding in his outstretched hand the above pamphlet, with one finger pointing to the name Krüsi. To his pleasure and surprise, I managed to converse with him in tolerable English, and on hearing his wishes in regard to his educational plans, and to a simple rural residence and board, we accommodated them in our own house, where they soon felt at home.

They entered into perfect harmony with our habits and occupations, and their quiet gentleness was never ruffled, notwithstanding the absence of so many things that seem necessary to English ideas of comfort. There were but few traces of that Quaker stiffness and formality which — although in their service they boast of the absence of all ritualistic forms — is yet one of their most distinguishing features, from the contrast it presents with the forms practised by the rest of the world. As an example of it, I will only mention their style of dress, their habit of keeping their hats on, even in church, and their addressing one by using the pronouns "thou" and "thee," instead of "you." The seriousness of their faces on Sundays, and attempts to keep their children from all plays, formed another contrast to our habit of considering the Sunday a day of recreation, excursions, and innocent plays.

In some respects our friends were more liberal than their brethren; for instance, in allowing the fine arts, Drawing and Music,

to become a part of their studies. Indeed, Mrs. Bennett showed remarkable skill in the first-named branch, while all attempts made to teach them singing proved abortive, probably from a long disuse of the organs necessary to its performance.

The boys and the little girl took part in the instruction given in the schools, while Mr. Bennett, besides having an extensive correspondence, found ample opportunity for indulging in his favourite study of Botany and other natural branches. Occasionally my father read with him and his wife in "Leonard and Gertrude," which, as both were of a philanthropic turn, interested them much and often moved them to tears.

I have described with some minuteness the sojourn of an English family at our mountain home, since the acquaintance with them made me familiar with many traits of English character, and increased my knowledge of a language of which I was soon to make use in the task of providing a living.

*Record.* — It was soon after my return from Dresden that I made — in company with Pfarrer Weishaupt — a trip to Italy, as far as Milan. We chose the way through Coire, where the panorama of the Rhætian mountains opens, presenting at every stage of the journey new features of interest; now we cross a pass surrounded by rocky peaks and silent glaciers; then we descend into the deep valley, where we find a roaring river, sometimes burying itself between impending precipices; yet in these inhospitable regions we find small but poor villages, and isolated cottages. We then ascend Mount Julier, on whose top lie two enigmatic pillars; and then behold the beautiful Engadine, traversed in its whole length (sixty miles) by a green mountain torrent, and adorned by a great number of thrifty villages, many of which owe their fine houses to emigrants of the valley, who have established confectionery-shops in the great cities of Europe, and then return here again, to spend the remainder of their life amongst their native mountains.

It is in one of these villages where my sister Gertrude, now<sup>1</sup> a widow, lives with her children, although she exchanges occasionally the six months of severe winter for the warmer clime of Italy.

<sup>1</sup> This was written about 1858.

It is easy to reach the latter country by several fine mountain passes. We chose the Bernina, the least commodious, and met on its icy summit with a severe snow-storm; descending afterwards into the lovely valley of Poschiavo, which, although inhabited by people speaking the Italian language, belongs to Switzerland. We then enter the Italian valley Veltlin, celebrated for its dark wine, and are soon upon the romantic lake of Como, richly adorned with fine towns, villas, convents, vineyards, slopes overgrown with chestnut trees, and affording a view of the Alps in the background.

I have no space here to describe the beauties of Milan, its marble cathedral, Triumphal Arch, Amphitheatre, hospitals, and the celebrated echo at the villa Simonetta, which repeats a whole tune with perfect distinctness, and a pistol shot thirty or forty times, or to enlarge on the great and picturesque beauties of Mount Simplon, with its splendid road and galleries constructed by Napoleon; nor can I do justice to the Bernese mountains, which we crossed from the hot-baths of Leuk by the Gemini pass; or to the wild and lovely beauty of the lakes of Thun and Brienz, of the fall of the Staubbach ((930 feet high); and many other celebrated scenes, depicted in the handbooks of travellers.

I will only observe, that on our return home, in descending over Mount Albis to the lovely lake of Zürich, we witnessed a kind of political revolution, the country people having risen *en masse*, to protect their holy religion, which they considered endangered by the nomination of a rationalistic professor (Strauss) to a vacant chair in the University. The government was overthrown, but unfortunately not without bloodshed. Revolutions of this kind are of not unfrequent occurrence in Switzerland, whose every Canton is a sovereignty in itself. Basel, Schwytz, Wallis, Neufchatel, etc., have gone through similar ordeals, which ended generally in the triumph of the popular party.

I made a similar trip some years afterwards with an Englishman, Mr. Bennett. I must mention here as a providential fact, which has influenced my movements in this world to a considerable degree, that we harboured at different times Englishmen in our family at Gais, who were attracted by the fame my father had attained as an educator and friend of Pestalozzi. The first young man who resided with us was Mr. Ronalds, a highly intelligent man, now Professor of Chemistry at the University of

Galway. The next was Mr. Rowland, a queer genius, who with an honest heart combined a mind which had led him to embrace different religious views, sometimes of an exactly opposite character. He had also tried emigration to America, but without success, and now prepared himself with my father as a teacher, in which he did not succeed better, from an inherent stiffness or inflexibility of thought and action.

During the trip with Mr. Bennett, we arrived in a valley hardly ever visited by travellers, and peopled by inhabitants who speak the so-called Romanic language, and exhibit, in their habitations as well as customs, the traces of great antiquity. They call water "ava," butter "panch," church "baselg," white "alb," house "maisa"; their language shows a relationship with the Latin and French, but the names of their villages, mostly terminating in "is," show that the original language of their ancestors, the Rhaetii (of whom Livy and Plinius speak), must have been entirely different from Latin.<sup>1</sup>

We crossed the Panix pass, and descended into the romantic valley of Glarus, the birthplace of my mother, which is buried between immense mountains, of which several, as Mount Dödi, are 12,000 feet high; yet there is much wealth even in these valleys, as there is wherever Protestants are found; but amongst the Catholics, to whom emigration seems uncongenial, and who are contented with the poverty of their home, we find occasionally a hereditary race of beggars, who annoy the tourists to such an extent that some of these believe the Swiss in general to be a poor people, in which they are greatly mistaken. They are in the aggregate wealthier than the neighbouring nations, chiefly by industries to which especially those parts devote themselves that have been denied the production of corn, fruit and wine, as for instance the inhabitants of the Tara mountains, of Appenzell, the Engadine, Glarus, etc.

I could fill a volume in describing my excursions, and the occasional adventures I had. I was present at three grand reunions of Swiss Shooters (*Schützenfeste*) where some two thousand men, armed with their carabines, come together in some town, to practise target-shooting, and to draw the prizes offered on such occasions. As there are generally many thousand visitors from all parts present, it is considered a national festivity, where a

<sup>1</sup> For further items on this point, see pp. 99, 262, and 408.

great many patriotic speeches are delivered, and, amidst singing and jubilee, innumerable bottles of wines are emptied for "the honour and welfare of the country."

A festivity of a nobler character is found in the so-called Sängervereine (singing reunions), where as many singers or singing companies unite on one spot, and raise their voices in one majestic chorus, and after this in separate bands, in order to win the prize of honour.

Not less interesting and meritorious is the National Turnerfest, or the gathering of the best gymnasts in one place, where they perform the most difficult feats, presenting as fine an array of young, muscular men as it has ever been my fate to behold. The prizes are not in money, but consist of elegant work made by the hands of ladies, which is a more dignified kind of reward.

It was on such occasions especially that I visited also many of the historical places of Switzerland, the battle-fields of Sempach, St. Jacob, Morgarten, and that memorable nook near the "Lake of Four Cantons," the Grüthi, where the first step for the liberation of our country was taken.

Whilst passing the battlefield of Morgarten, and reflecting whether some of the virtues of the valiant forefathers had come to their descendants, I found a specimen of a man to whom the testimony of honesty and conscientiousness could not have been denied. I inquired of him the way to cross the Albis mountain, in order to descend to the shores of Lake Zürich. He kindly informed me of it, and sent his little son to accompany me part of the way. According to the custom of little children, the boy went with me for a mile, and then explained in a kind of innocent gabble, that with yonder beech-tree I had to turn to the right, till I came to a huge pine-tree, and from thence to the left, where I should find some cows grazing, etc., etc. As might be expected, I was soon out of the right path, and being now two or three miles from the village, where I had engaged the boy, I was unwilling to return, and in that uncertainty sat down with the indifference of a traveller who is sure to find some shelter under the blue heavens. All at once I hear a voice, which seemed to call for me, and behold my honest informant, the father of the boy, who, seeing his son return so soon, was afraid that he had not given me the right directions, and being unable to bear the thought that an unknown traveller might lose his way from that cause,

had started in pursuit of me for nearly three miles, up the mountain, in order to tell me that I had gone astray, and to lead me farther, till I could not miss my way. He even refused all remuneration.

These honest people, whether they are Catholics or not (and he happened to be one) living between or on their inhospitable mountains, are so very adverse to leaving their homesteads that we often find families whose ancestors for one or two hundred years back have lived and died in the same house. They are even unwilling to leave their native village, when impending dangers seem to force them to do so. An instance of it was furnished by the inhabitants of Felsberg near Coire. About the year 1842, an immense rock, several hundred feet in height and breadth, and of proportionate thickness, threatened to detach itself from the mountain-side directly behind the village. Impelled by curiosity, I had climbed up myself — for weary three hours — to see the yawning gulf, which seemed to widen by slow degrees. Occasionally huge fragments came thundering down, by day and night, chasing the inhabitants away, panting and shrieking from fright. The authorities of the Canton, or rather of Coire, advised them to move, and offered them *gratis* land for the purpose; contributions were collected and houses were built on that land. But although these houses looked neater than their old ones, they remained in their native village, preferring an indefinite danger to a definite separation from old and cherished associations: and there they are still — and so is the mountain.

From these reminiscences, which are rambling in more than one sense, I must return again to my home, where my father, although nearly seventy years of age, was still presiding in the fulness of strength and health over the united institutions.

The relation of sons and daughters, with regard to the allegiance they owe to their parents, is somewhat different on the European Continent, and in the rural portions especially, from the custom which seems to prevail in America. Although two of my sisters and myself had passed the age of twenty-five, we never thought of taking an important step without the advice and consent of our parents; we aided them, and earned money separately, but we gave it cheerfully to the common fund, and were satisfied with clothing and board, and occasional sums of money for our pleasure trips, etc., which were never refused. On the

other hand, we had money placed in the savings-banks, although this was done in an impartial manner, about the same sum for every child. We had been brought up in an unselfish manner, had received a good education, which possibly prevented us from being selfish in return, especially when we considered how favoured we were in possessing such parents, particularly such a father, whose whole life and work had been an ornament to his country, and whose countenance, which was ever beaming when he saw the beauties of nature, or moral fruits of virtue and simplicity, bore the stamp of manly honesty combined with high intelligence. I for my part was determined to stand with my father till his death.

The time allotted by Government for the duration of the Appenzell Normal School was drawing to a close. It was apparent that twenty villages with about one hundred schools were nearly or quite supplied with the requisite teachers. My father was approaching his seventieth year, and although still hale and vigorous could not expect a much longer lease for active labours. The year 1844 was destined to cause an important change in our family. It was on the last Sunday of April that my father with his grown sons visited for the last time the Landsgemeinde at Trogen. On account of exposure during a wet day, he contracted there a serious disease of the bladder which went on aggravating until there was no hope for his recovery. The last scenes on his death-bed were both touching and elevating; for a devoted labourer in the vineyard of education, a loving father, and faithful citizen went to his well-deserved rest. A numerous crowd of friends — some of whom had been his pupils more than fifty years ago — joined in the funeral procession to the rural cemetery of Gais, which holds his remains. While I write this (July 25, 1894) just fifty years have elapsed since our father's death, and there are yet four out of eight children left, who will remember the solemn day.

*Record.* — In the last year before his death he celebrated a day which hardly one of a thousand teachers ever lives to see, namely, the fiftieth anniversary of his career as a teacher. Nearly all his former scholars, and a great many other teachers, assembled



HERMANN KRÜSI, 1ST

Director of the first Appenzell Cantonal Normal School, 1833-1844



on that day, to offer him a tribute of their appreciation of the great work he had achieved. One of them, in an appropriate speech, presented him with a silver pitcher, bearing an inscription. . . .

In order to show the youthfulness of his disposition, and the possession of his faculties up to the last two months of his life, I will mention that he attended to his lessons till sickness overcame him, and continued working on his last manuscript. . . .

The sad day, which deprived us of the Sun of our family, which had shed its rays so peacefully and calmly for many years of happiness, was the 25th of July, 1844. I have described in another pamphlet (annexed to the edition of Krüsi's poems) the cause and circumstances connected with the death of our beloved father; as also the day of his funeral, which was one of the most solemn which Gais had ever seen.

His death was in many respects a sad blow for us, and especially to my good mother, with whom he had lived in happy union for thirty-two years. Although we were not entirely unprovided, it was evident that a separation of the family would be indispensable; not, however, at once, for the three years' course of the Normal School not being yet terminated, I still continued to draw my salary for a year longer; moreover, my sisters' school was still in a satisfactory condition, although not very large, as was also the boys' school. But as the name and reputation of my father were essential to the maintenance of their schools, especially of the Normal School, we were prepared for a change, and expected it with a calm resignation, which we seemed to have inherited from our revered father, whose motto had constantly been: "God will show the way to those who trust in Him."

After my father's death, as the eldest son, I became in some manner the head of the family, although in matters of domestic economy and in accounts my mother did the principal business, being of a far more practical stamp than myself. Of her character I will say a few words here. By nature she was very different from my father, but fortunately had some useful qualities which he possessed in a less degree; namely, order, system, and good economy; it was to her especially we owed the money savings for the children. Her principles of physical education were good, and she always showed herself a loving mother to her children, especially to those whom Nature seemed to have most neglected.

On the other hand, she had but little taste for abstruse science, and had rarely communion with my father about educational matters. I do not believe that she felt a great interest in the institutions which he had under his direction; for as she was of rather weak health, and of a nervous disposition, the cares connected with them were not congenial to her, and any noise and turmoil, if it proceeded not from her own family, did not sound musical in her ears. She never, to my knowledge, took part in the teaching of other children but her own. She loved my father tenderly, as he deserved, although she grumbled occasionally at his expenses in books, or at his liberality to the poor, and to unworthy supplicants — who never went away with empty hands: but all this was done for the good of the whole, and my father was wise enough to respect her intention, and never showed any ill-humour. As for myself, I incurred her displeasure as a boy especially on account of my untidy ways, and occasional forgetfulness. But after my father's death she treated me with all the deference of an elder friend towards a younger one, and we went on together in the best harmony.

With regard to the other members of our family, I must remark that some of them had already left home, and were provided for, or were on the way of earning their own bread. My eldest sister, Mina, had married a worthy man, Doctor Küng of Heiden, a man distinguished in his profession, and not without means, although the great fire which consumed the village of Heiden in . . . had bereft him suddenly of all his hard-earned property. Brother Gottlieb was then at Berne pursuing his studies in medicine at the University, and brother Jacob was engaged as an apprentice of the Pharmaceutic business at Schaffhausen, and later at Biberach. There remained with us sister Gertrude, a person of excellent heart and simple, unassuming manners; Charles, a tall-grown boy, with blonde hair and blue eyes, resembling none of the family, either in person or in character, being of an abstruse disposition, full of talent, especially for languages, bad of hearing and therefore often absent-minded, looking exceedingly green and crestfallen when he appeared in company. Sister Elisa was more developed in flesh than otherwise, showed talent for some things, was not over-fond of study. Mary, the last born, was hard of hearing and, therefore, slow in learning; yet, strange to say, she showed most talent in music,

and learned the first piece at the age of four years, merely from hearing others play it, and then trying to do it herself. She was of a loving and confiding disposition, and proved the care and consolation of her anxious mother on her last days, under whose guidance she remained till death separated them.

After the death of Father Krüsi, it became necessary for Pfarrer Weishaupt, myself, and another teacher to bring the last term of the Normal School to a close by supplying the necessary instruction.

*Record.* — The last year I spent at Gais was not without its interesting features and events. First, there was the close of the Normal School, which had, during the ten years of its existence, formed more than one hundred teachers; a supply which was more than sufficient for the twenty communes of Appenzell. Then, there was the one-hundredth anniversary of Pestalozzi's birth, which was celebrated throughout the principal towns of Germany and Switzerland. The schoolmasters of Appenzell had the more reason to do honour to the memory of this day, as the first three assistants of Pestalozzi, Krüsi, Tobler, and Niederer, had been of their number, and would have hailed this day with joy, had they not, by a strange dispensation of Providence, left this world the preceding year: — they, nevertheless, received their share of grateful memory.

But the end of the young ladies' school was also approaching, on account of the proposed marriage of my sister Gertrude with a wealthy merchant from the Engadine. All these changes and removals would, of course, cripple our means of income, especially those necessary for the support of my mother and her two young daughters; for as concerns myself and two of my brothers (who had nearly completed their studies at college, etc.) we were expected to strike out for ourselves after the breaking up of our household.

Fortunately, the maintenance of my mother and her two daughters was secured by an arrangement of our new brother-in-law, which was to supply them with another home in the beautiful village of Heiden, in the house of one of her sons and

near the family of my eldest sister, who had married Dr. Küng. With these cares removed, we spent the last year in Gais in comparative peace and happiness, although constantly reminded of the severe loss we had sustained by the death of our dear father. This recollection was intensified by a task to which I devoted my leisure hours.

A year before his death my father made a collection of the poems composed by him at the request of his friend, Pfarrer Weishaupt, who wanted them for many of his musical pieces. These poems, classified by him under the title of "Family, Country, Nature, and Religion," I concluded to publish as an act of filial piety — with an introductory biographical chapter which I thought might interest his numerous friends, and the more so as I could add to it some unprinted documents from the period of my father's connection with Pestalozzi. I added to the above collection of poems some of my own, mostly referring to some shining facts in Swiss history or its scenery. It is not for me to speak of the merits of these poetical productions, and as for my own, they need hardly any more severe or impartial critic than myself, judging from the feeling they now produce in me. Poetry, in the first place, is, or should be, the outgrowth of pure elevated feeling — but its adequate expression requires the assistance of a cultivated intelligence, and some knowledge of the rules of metric art. Although in youth some feelings, like those of love, may be excessively strong and, so to say, permeate your whole being, yet a time may come, after the illusion has been dispelled (which temporarily kept reason captive), when the effusions of a youthful imagination may cease to give any pleasure to their author. This is even more the case when many poetical productions have been chiefly the means for performing "mental gymnastics" as a pleasant and not unprofitable task at the formative age of youthful existence. As many of my poems belong to this category, it is not to be wondered that I hardly ever read them now, and that my most intimate friends know nothing about their existence.

I make, however, an exception with a few of my poems, which were dedicated to the memory of my two departed daughters, Minnie and Gertie, which have at least the merit of being the outgrowth of deep, sorrowful feeling. These dear children having been taken away in the springtime of life, crowned with all the graces of love, innocence, and simplicity — no illusion can ever arise to dim the recollection, but, on the other hand, a fond hope for future reunion or assimilation.

But to descend from poetical dreams and aspirations to stern reality, the problem to be solved — in the fall of 1845 — was, what place in this wide world would offer to *me* some employment and at the same time the means for further cultivation? Through an old friend of my father (Pastor Appenzeller of Biel) I was informed that he had the means of procuring for me the situation of tutor in a wealthy family in Liefland (Russia). This I decided not to accept until I had heard from Dr. Mayo, Director of a private school for boys, at Cheam (England), to whom I had made application. The answer came from his widow (Dr. Mayo having but recently died) and was favourable to my request.

My decision was taken, for the prospect of a sojourn in England, which offered means for interesting observations on social, industrial, and political matters under the protection of constitutional laws, was preferable to one in a secluded country-seat in the German part of Russia under the “paternal!” rule of the Czar. My trunk was soon packed, and after taking leave of my family and other relatives and friends, I could exclaim with Byron, although with no bitterness, “My native land, farewell!”

## CHAPTER X

### MY EXPERIENCES AT CHEAM, ENGLAND, 1846

I NEED not say much of my journey to England, partly because most of its details have escaped my mind, and partly because my journey through Baden and down the Rhine offered no new features. In Belgium, however, the romantic scenery and thriving cities presented some new attractions; and at Ostend I enjoyed, for the first time in my life, the sight of the ocean. After a four or five hours' ride on the steamboat, the white cliffs of Albion came into sight; and soon after, I set my foot on its soil at Dover, where many new objects met my observing eye.

In other countries of Europe there is always a gentle transition from one country to the other, both in regard to physical features and people; but on an island such as England, which has developed a civilization of its own, the changes are more abrupt. What struck me among other things were the many windmills on the hills, and the solid character of the buildings. Arrived at the station and taking a seat in a third-class carriage, I found a marked difference in the appearance of the dress of the people, by which in most parts of the Continent you can distinguish the different classes of society, and more especially the rural population. Here everybody seemed to be well dressed.

After a ride of several hours through a fine country, in which fields planted with hops formed a principal feature, I could discover through the hazy atmosphere the dim outline of an immense city (London).

I was not unmindful of the dangers which beset an unwary stranger on being left to find his way alone in such a labyrinth

of streets; and hence was glad to find a tolerably good hotel, from which I could make further inquiries.

*Record.* — At last I saw a sea of buildings loom out from the distance. With a beating heart, I approached that far-famed, and in many respects ill-famed city, — London. One of my first cares was, where to put up for the first night, since I should not have time to make use of my letters of introduction. Arrived at Bricklayers Station in the suburb of Southwark, and two miles from London Bridge, I inquired for Kings Arms, an inn which a fellow-traveller had named to me. A man with a wheelbarrow offered to transport my things there. I walked with him, but as he seemed to take a long time to arrive, my imagination conjured up within me some stories of travellers having been enticed to the dens of robbers and worse, and I got somewhat nervous. A man informed me that we had passed Kings Arms, and pointed it out to me; my porter denied that it was so. I went myself into the bar-room, and asked in an excited manner, whether this was the inn mentioned, to which they replied in the affirmative.

I was somewhat relieved, though not at ease; for, in accordance with English customs, I was shown into a lonely, sombre-looking room, and was then asked what I should like for supper. This was a very simple question, but rather embarrassing for one who does not know well the language of the country, and least of all the particular terms for certain dishes or the measures used in giving out food and drink. For instance, when I was asked about the latter, I decided for "ale," having heard that such a beverage existed. Then came the question, "*What ale: Burton's or Bass' or Scotch ale?*" Here the choice was more difficult, for I knew neither, and hence chose "the Scotch" at random; but I was not yet to get it, without being asked how much of it I wanted. This was another poser, for since I had never in my life heard the name and meaning of a "pint, quart," etc., I could name no particular measure, but said: "Bring me a bottle." This was brought, and I enjoyed the strong ale hugely after having fasted nearly the whole day. But now I made another mistake, from ignorance of the quality of the beverage, of which in Germany it is customary to drink several bottles at one sitting. I did the same thing now, which could not fail to affect my head considerably so as to make me retire to bed rather early. I mention these

trifling things merely as an instance of the difficulties a newcomer has to overcome in a country where everything seems to be managed after a set mould and fashion, which the natives expect should be understood and imitated at once, without troubling themselves to explain it.

On the next day, I happened — as by accident — close by London Bridge, to discover the name of the firm “Bennett and Brown” over a tea-store, which belonged to our Quaker friend and his partner. Mr. Bennett and family being absent, I introduced myself to Mr. Brown, with whom I found a friendly reception and good advice for my further plans. As I was bound for Cheam, I did not see much of London, except its general features, of which the most prominent was the perpetual roar and thunder of thousands of wagons and carriages traversing the main streets; also the immense amount of shipping on the turbid river Thames. The numerous shops with their gorgeous inscriptions also attracted my attention, as well as the vast multitude of passers-by — the gentlemen with stove-pipe hats — all hurrying to and fro in the pursuit of wealth and comfort. It was quite a relief to escape this turmoil for some moments by entering St. Paul’s Cathedral, although even there a subdued roar came to your ears as of mighty rivers.

As Cheam was not on the line of a railroad, I reached it by one of those coaches which now have become rare, and which presented to me a novel feature in the seats on the top for so-called outside passengers, which may be very pleasant on fine days, but decidedly unpleasant on rainy or wintry days, to which in England one out of every three or four has to be counted.

There can hardly be a more pleasant country for the eyes than some of the rural parts of England, with their green hedges and magnificent park scenery. Hence I got rather a favourable impression of my future residence when the coach stopped before a fine-looking mansion, the Mayo Institute. As I had arrived a few days before the end of the vacation, I found neither the

Principal, nor his teachers, nor any of the pupils present, but only the servants. Hence I had time to look at the premises of the school, which were surrounded by a high wall and contained also a beautiful lawn with playground. The main building, which contained also the dormitories, had a genteel, cheerful appearance. I cannot say much in praise of the schoolrooms, which would not have passed muster in any decent American school building, while the furniture was poor and sadly mutilated.

By and by the inmates arrived, and I was introduced to the Principal, the reverend Mr. Shepherd, his wife and sister, the widow of Dr. Mayo, who probably enjoyed a rich income from the school. Mr. Shepherd, somewhat haggard, and lame in one foot, was a mild-mannered and well-disposed gentleman, whose religious tendencies were somewhat similar to those of Pestalozzi's Pastor, "Flieginhimmel," in "Leonard and Gertrude." The ladies seemed kind, although neither my two fellow-teachers, who lived in the house, nor myself, came much in contact with them. Said teachers had enough to do, to keep some fifty or sixty ungovernable boys in order, and to try to impart to them an unpalatable mental food by a method which may be called a relic of the mediæval age.

I would say here, that the boys sent to this school all belonged to parents connected with the aristocratic or moneyed classes of society. It is a melancholy fact, peculiar to these classes — at least in England — that the teachers selected for their children, whether as governesses at home or as "ushers" in schools, are considered merely as "wage-earners," and hence not admissible to genteel society. The children soon inherit this sentiment, and the consequences, of course, are insubordination and a tendency to disorder, which cause the teachers a great deal of trouble and make their task an unthankful one. The discord is aggravated, as I have already hinted, by the unpalatable mental food the children are obliged to swallow. It seems singular that this should be said of an institution which in its prospectuses assumed

the title of "Pestalozzian" as a good recommendation, since this foreign-sounding name was meant to give indication of new and startling methods and results.

It is possible, that under Dr. Mayo's direction the school deserved the above title more than at my time.<sup>1</sup> But even the learned doctor, a friend of Pestalozzi, as soon as his school became patronized by the Aristocracy, could not emancipate its teaching from the trammels imposed by the old routine supposed to be necessary for the training of an English "gentleman." For the *élite* of that class hope to become members of the British Parliament, or the recipients of some lucrative office after a course in one of the fashionable universities, Oxford or Cambridge. The curriculum of these required a vast amount of drudgery in Latin and Greek, and some knowledge of mathematics, generally taught by the usual mechanical method of memorizing. It was such a programme that I found marked and carried out at Dr. Mayo's school, and I have often wondered how a practical people — as the English are supposed to be — could consent to sacrifice English composition and literature, the physical sciences, modern languages, etc., to the Moloch of classical learning.

I believe that at Dr. Mayo's time, with the assistance of his gifted sister, object lessons were given to the youngest pupils of the school; for instance, lessons on shells and other natural products, but I saw nothing of the kind.

As for myself, I had the subject of Geography allotted to me. In my first lesson, I derived but little encouragement from hearing the pupils shout this or that, leaving their seats, etc., hardly paying any attention to the teacher: from which I concluded that they never had been accustomed — at their homes — to listen as a class, but had always received individual attention. I saw at once that their attention had to be diverted from each other, and their hands occupied, and set them to drawing maps, which was

<sup>1</sup> Barnard's American Journal of Education contains a full account of Dr. Mayo's school: Vol. IX, pp. 429—487.

partially successful and allowed some further application of the subject.

I take occasion here to allude to one of my colleagues, Mr. Reiner, who, under equally unfavourable circumstances, in the subject of Mathematics did excellent work, so as to obtain a reputation which in later years led to his being employed as tutor to the princes of the royal family. Mr. Reiner, a German, had been a pupil in Pestalozzi's Institute towards its close, when it was in the hands of Schmid, to whom Mr. Reiner was undoubtedly much indebted in regard to the method of teaching his subject. Yet he too had to follow — according to general routine — the books of *Euclid*, which name for ages has stood as the representative of "Geometry." To study the latter, in England, was "to study Euclid." This, however, did not prevent him from trying to develop independent reasoning with his pupils, many of whom gained a favourable record in their examinations at the University.

Mr. Reiner lived in a separate house with his wife and four amiable children (three girls and a boy) to whom I became much attached, so that I went there nearly every afternoon, and never without receiving comfort and encouragement of which I was often in need. As I have already stated, Mr. Reiner occupied a prominent place at the school and was universally respected. Hence I was astonished to hear Mrs. Reiner tell me that in their five or six years' residence at Cheam *she had never seen* or been invited by Mrs. Mayo, who, as the wife of an eminent clergyman, and as a wealthy lady, may have shared those aristocratic views or practices which in other countries would be considered ridiculous or even rude.

I need hardly say that an Institute of the kind I have described was kept totally aloof from all contact or association with the neighbourhood, and that the boys, some of whom had reached adolescence, were kept entirely ignorant about the social and political events of the country, in spite of the fact that they were meant to be its future legislators, or at least, as landowners,

bankers, etc., were destined to have some influence on its progress and welfare.

I suppose, however, that our good "Shepherd," the Principal of the school, was considered to have done his duty when, in the morning and evening prayers, amidst genuflexions, etc., he made abstract reflections on Christian life and divine example. He may also have been consoled by the belief that his boys were trained to be "gentlemen," which name seems to designate a compound of all virtues consistent with propriety and honour. A practical illustration of this kind of Machiavelian ethics may not be out of place. A window having been broken by a stone thrown from the playground, the whole school was examined in order to find the perpetrator; but all the boys without exception denied having any knowledge of it. At last the Principal said that pending further examination he would be obliged to take away the half-holiday promised to the school. On hearing this, there was much whispering and beckoning in the direction of one boy, who at last stepped out of the rank, saying, "I did it," and thus his honour and that of his playmates were satisfactorily vindicated(?)!

In regard to the above half-holiday it must be stated that this favour had been granted at the request of a titled visiting father or relative of one of the boys, — a not unusual occurrence, to be explained by the working of aristocratic patronage, against the arbitrary, senseless application of which even a principal imbued with piety did not dare to make any objection on moral and educational grounds.

But enough has been said to show that I, a republican of free Switzerland, too proud to be looked down upon by the spoilt sons of a decaying aristocracy, and imbued with educational principles which require freedom of development, could not feel satisfied with my surroundings, and hence longed for a speedy release after one term's experience. My resignation having been tendered and accepted, I was ready to return to Switzerland. I made no other application for a situation, fearing that it would lead to

no more satisfactory results, at least in one of the hundred private schools. A public school system hardly existed at that time, and those schools that came nearest to it were under the control of some religious denomination, and hence subject to many restrictions.<sup>1</sup>

If, in spite of my determination, I was prevented from carrying out my plans, I attribute it to a kind Providence — or whatever you may call it — which has often in life assigned me a task not of my seeking, but one for which I felt very thankful afterwards. I left Cheam carrying with me a letter of introduction to Mr. Reynolds, the governing patron of the Home and Colonial Infant and Training schools at King's Cross, London. There I went, and, as the sequel will show, there I stayed.

<sup>1</sup> It should in justice be remarked that the facilities and characteristics of the English schools have changed enormously for the better since the date referred to here. The influence of Dr. Arnold and other reformers was already showing its effects at that time.

## CHAPTER XI

### MY EXPERIENCES AND WORK IN CONNECTION WITH THE

HOME AND COLONIAL SCHOOLS IN LONDON, 1847-1852

ON entering a large though not very prepossessing building in Gray's Inn Road, I was introduced to Mr. Reynolds, an elderly gentleman of aristocratic mien and demeanour, which at once stamped him as a man of business and one accustomed to command. After a long career as secretary to a former Prime Minister, enabling him to amass a sufficient competence, he was inclined to devote himself to some work by which he could benefit mankind. In time, he became interested in a movement which contemplated the education of infants or very young children of the poorer classes, who were unable to give any attention to the education of their offspring: the name of the organization being "Infant School Society."

By the fortuitous co-operation of some English Pestalozzians (more especially the Mayos) a system had been introduced which was based on "object lessons," and aimed at a proper development of the human faculties in all branches of training. Such a system, of course, necessitated the founding of a "Training School," and the enlargement of accommodations, to make room for classes of a higher grade.

In the absence of any funds provided by Government or by the city, it was very opportune for the Society to get the gratuitous services of a man like Mr. Reynolds, who could devote all his time to the interests of the school, and who, on account of his aristocratic and commercial connections, was able to get many

subscribers from the above classes. As the subscribers became in some respects also the patrons of the school, it may be surmised that its conduct and government were subject to many irregularities, unpleasant intrusion, and arbitrary measures. But in spite of these unavoidable drawbacks, Mr. Reynolds, to all appearance, had managed — by diplomacy, firmness, and unwearied efforts — to get most things under his control.

As he did not, however, profess any knowledge in matters which belong to the philosophy and art of teaching, he had the good sense to procure the services of a Scotchman (Mr. Dunning) of earnest will and deep penetration, to supervise the methods and arrange the programme of the school.

In virtue of his position, Mr. Dunning could also place himself in sympathetic communication with his teachers, of whom one, a converted Irishman, Mr. Coghlan, superintended the model school in a very creditable manner. I have no doubt that in their conferences a great deal of attention was given to the work of Pestalozzi and his associates. Hence the name of Krüsi (my father) was already known, and the visit of his son may have produced some stir among the teachers. At any rate I was heartily welcomed, and I found amongst them a pleasing spirit of inquiry, and an ardent desire for help and improvement.

On the evening of my arrival, the teachers and myself were invited to the elegant residence of Mr. Reynolds at Hampstead; which invitation, I suppose, was given in my honour, judging from the many questions and inquiries put to me. To speak the truth, these kindly faces, some of them belonging to good-looking, intelligent ladies, formed a pleasant contrast to my surroundings at Cheam, where my fellow-teachers at leisure hours were mainly complaining of the disorderly conduct of the boys under their care. Hence, seeing before me more chances of congenial, productive work, I gladly accepted the offer made to me the next day by Mr. Reynolds, to become one of the instructors at the school with a salary of one hundred pounds. After establishing

myself in the room assigned to me in Mr. Dunning's residence (which was intended to harbour the Dissenters, *i.e.*, Non-Episcopalian of the Faculty) I began my operations.

At the time of my arrival, the institution consisted of four departments: (*a*) the Normal School, (*b*) the Infant School, (*c*) the Model School, (*d*) the Juvenile School. The three last-named were appendages to the Normal School, as affording to the students opportunity to try their skill in teaching under proper superintendence.

If I remember well, the subjects I had to teach were connected with Arithmetic and Drawing, and included some pedagogical lessons. Although I treated them according to Pestalozzi's principles and partly according to a course suggested by my father, I yet had to supply some originality in the selection and order of exercises. This was especially the case in those of Inventive Drawing, the success of which, when introduced into the primary classes, excited general surprise; for these poor children, coming from humble, unadorned homes, showed distinctly that the faculty of taste could be developed from inward intuition, through a logical combination of the elements of form under given conditions.

The lessons in Arithmetic I gave to the young ladies of the Training School, who sat before me on raised steps, without any support to their backs, which was also the case with the children of the elementary department. The young ladies proved, if not quick, yet very willing scholars; and an appeal to discipline, which in Cheam was the constant need, was hardly required here.

In spare hours I witnessed the teaching in other classes, especially that of Mr. Dunning in Philosophy of Education. Whenever asked, I gave advice, and, on the whole, stood on good terms with pupils and teachers. With Mr. Reynolds, I had but little direct intercourse, but I observed soon, that under an administration like his there were not wanting little intrigues and jealousies, combined with some arbitrary acts.

The so-called reserved politeness, on which English gentlemen sometimes pride themselves, is not generally practised towards those of inferior rank. For instance, I have often seen Mr. Reynolds hurry through the class-rooms, interrupting the teachers and addressing them simply by their names, as Tucker, Sunter, Jones, etc., without the title "Miss." On the other hand, he (Mr. R.) laid great stress on religious observances — not of the High Church, but of the so-called Low Church, which indulges in long, extempore prayers. This was also witnessed in the annual Society meetings, the chief business of which seemed to consist in self congratulatory addresses and pious reflections on "the godliness of God, the virtuousness of Virtue, and the sinfulness of Sin." Presided over as these meetings were, by some "noble Lord," it was useless to expect any educational remarks or suggestions suitable to the occasion.

I need not say that such a compound of proud-humble-sanctified-worldly confessions and practices was not altogether congenial to my mind. It is true that personally I was never questioned nor interfered with in regard to my belief or opinions, although I have no doubt that on account of my liberal opinions some may have classed me among the radical sceptics, who at that time were in a decided minority.

With all the faults of management operating on our school, it had at least the advantage of following the lead of distinct educational principles, which can hardly be said of the schools conducted under the "Monitorial" system, or those under the control of the National-School Society, in both of which a dead mechanism seemed to stifle or supersede the organic work of the mind. The enlightened Inspector of Schools, Mr. Cook, perceived its excellent features, and did justice also to my instruction; moreover, a greater number of our scholars passed the graduating examination than in other schools.

Perhaps the best part of the institution was the "practical instruction" which the students obtained through their attendance

in the Model school, or through pedagogical lessons and so-called lessons on "criticism," where a class had to criticise the performance of one of their fellow-pupils. I profited, myself, a great deal by being forced to consider all the exercises of instruction with regard to their capability of developing a power of the mind. I also was favourably impressed by the presentation of many *objects* of illustration in the Infant school, which were able to appeal to the senses of the children, and were handled in so-called "object lessons." The children, as a whole, did well and proved the excellence of Pestalozzian instruction,—wherever they were *well* taught,—which, of course, was not always the case.

## CHAPTER XII

### FRIENDSHIPS FORMED IN LONDON

OUR school did not lack visitors, of whom a portion may have been attracted by its reputation. I mention in this connection more particularly three or four of my countrymen, with whom I ever afterwards maintained friendly relations. One of them, Mr. Pestalozzi of Zürich, announced himself as the great-grandson of the noted school-reformer, and was doubly welcome, both as such and because of the amiability of his temper and his bright intellect. He had come from Paris, where he had looked after the affairs of his recently deceased uncle, Joseph Schmid, the evil genius of Pestalozzi. We spent a pleasant evening together at Miss Mayo's, where we were invited to take tea. After more than forty years we were to see each other again in his native city, where he occupied the chair of Engineering at the Polytechnicum, and where he died some years afterwards — the last of the lineal descendants of Pestalozzi.

Another visitor, Mr. Ryffel, had once occupied the important post of President of the Board of Education of the Canton of Zürich during an interregnum of the Aristocratic or Conservative Government, which had superseded the radical régime, by which the ultra-liberal Professor Strauss had been called to the University. But the Liberals coming again to the front, Mr. Ryffell, after losing the greater part of his property, came to England, where he gained a precarious living for himself and family by private lessons, seeming somewhat soured in disposition through his losses and trials, but otherwise a true, generous friend and companion.

But the best and most constant of all my friends, although unknown to fame, was Mr. Blumer, of Glarus, Switzerland, whose loving, careful disposition had marked him out as teacher for those unfortunates who were bereft either of intelligence or of one of the important organs of speech and hearing. As such he was actively engaged in the Idiot Asylum, situated at Highgate. To see and speak with him was to love him at first sight. In my case it led to a great number of visits at his residence, where I was also introduced to an interesting family, with whom he was very intimate, and who gradually transferred a part of their affections to me. The family consisted of Mrs. W., one grown and two younger daughters.

I mention these visits to Highgate, not without many pleasant reminiscences of beautiful walks in the neighbourhood, for instance the cemetery, from which a grand view of London is obtained, or at least of one part of the immense city, since the greater part is generally covered by smoke. My friendship with my former companion has never ceased, and several times have I renewed our old acquaintance at his villa, near Lausanne, in which he resides with his wife and some interesting daughters, and which overlooks Lake Leman (Geneva) and the glorious mountains beyond. Nor did his departure from London break my connection with his former friends at Highgate, who, after moving to London, invited me to take lodgings with them, thus offering me a home, after I had changed five or six times my bachelor quarters in Islington, one of the suburbs of London.

This immense city, with its four or five millions of inhabitants, would, under certain circumstances, be but a dreary place to a homesick foreigner, who would feel his solitude in view of the many happy homes shut to him. This would especially be the case on some festival days, like Christmas and New Year's, when the heart craves for love and companionship.

I was fortunate in never having to suffer this experience, since at the first Christmas of my stay in London I was invited

to the family of a friend, Mr. Ronalds, who, after sojourning for some time at our home at Gais, and finishing his studies at a college, had obtained a Professorship of Chemistry in an institution in London. As for the Bennetts, who were endeared to us all through our familiar intercourse at Gais, they too opened their arms to welcome me at their country-seat in Ross, in the west of England. With them I stayed during the New Year's vacation, and while I enjoyed the recital of our mutual experiences, I could not but be saddened in witnessing the mental prostration of father Bennett in consequence of the loss of their most promising little boy, during an absence in America, whither he and his wife had gone in order to study the negro problem.

Of other friends, with whom I was less intimate, yet who showed me much kindness, I mention the Martineaus, relatives of the celebrated writer, Miss Martineau, and of the hardly less known doctor of divinity and strong pillar of Unitarianism, bearing the same name.

My most singular friend was undoubtedly Mr. Rowland, who also had been an inmate of our house at Gais some years ago, for what purpose I never could quite understand, as he had no qualification for a successful teacher, although there could be no fault found with the solidity of his character. When I saw him again in London, he made his living as a book-agent, tramping along all day and choosing for his night quarters some garret, where, on one of my visits, I found that cats and rats enlivened the scene. Rough and unpolished as he was, he yet could give me practical advice on many matters, except, perhaps, on the marriage business, where I did not choose to follow him. The poor fellow, unable to captivate some fair lady's heart, conceived at last the desperate idea of advertising for a wife, stating his conditions. The answers he received, the *rendezvous* given to him, and the woeful failures and disappointments he encountered, made me hold my sides with laughter, although I pitied his lonely situation.

Another friend or acquaintance of mine, of whose life and doings I would like to forget some chapters detrimental to his reputation, I must mention here, as I owe to him chiefly my resolution to emigrate to America. This young man, Whitacre by name, was then engaged in a school in one of the poorest districts of the city. On a visit to the Home and Colonial schools, he was greatly pleased with my course of Inventive Drawing and admonished me to have it published at the expense — as he suggested — of one of his patrons. If I had known at that time as much of his sanguine, visionary temperament as I did afterwards, I would not have trusted his proposition. It had, however, the effect of causing me to construct carefully a graduated course, which afterwards was published by a bookseller of my acquaintance, in which shape I suppose it met the eyes of a few men interested in art education. I was more favourably impressed with the wife of Mr. Whitacre, whose manners, speech, and conduct gave evidence of a good education and refined nature, while her husband, in spite of many generous impulses, showed symptoms of an immoderate vanity, which only required some worldly success to burst out in full bloom. For a time I lost sight of them by their being transferred to another school in Birmingham.

As for the Inventive Drawing, it did good service, and even procured an admission to a family of high social standing, that of the Honourable Mr. Strutt, whose wife was the daughter of the Bishop of Norwich. I suppose Mr. Heldemayer, a former pupil and teacher at the Institute of Pestalozzi, and now the director of a successful private school at Nottingham, had recommended me to the above family as a fit person to occupy their children in drawing. On entering their elegant mansion near Hyde Park, I found there three pretty, well-behaved children, to whom it was a pleasure to show what could be done by simple combinations of geometrical forms. They were equally interested in their work, as will be shown by the following incident. One morning when they were engaged in the above exercise, the

Baronet's wife entered the room in all the splendour of her court dress, being about to go to the Queen's Drawing-room as one of her "ladies in waiting." Her neck and arms were sparkling with gold chains and precious jewels, and her cumbersome dress of rich material, and provided with a long train, was quite a sight to behold, but not a prettier one than that presented by her handsome, kindly face and cheery voice, with which she said: "I came here because I thought my children would like to see their mamma in her grand costume." The children, thus appealed to, looked up for some moments without any particular sign of pleasure or appreciation, and then bent their heads down to continue their little drawings. "Oh," said the mother, smiling, "I see you like *your own* designs better than those you see on my dress, and so I had better take my leave."

From this little incident I drew a conclusion, which I have seen verified in many situations of this life, that we enjoy the products of our own labour and ingenuity, humble as they may be, in preference to outside representations of wealth; for the former is a capital which we can fully appreciate, and which ennobles our heart and reason, while the latter appeal only to our senses and lower instincts. This thought is calculated to shed radiance on many a humble cottage of the poor, which the taste of the cheerful housewife has rendered attractive by a pleasant arrangement of objects obtained through united savings, the result of industry and perseverance.

In paying this tribute to the memory of my English friends and acquaintances — most of whom may have passed away — I offer my testimony to the fact that remembrances which appeal to the heart dwell longest within us, while the wonders supplied by art and civilization may gradually fade away. Hence the description of objects which once obtained my attention — whether of churches, historical buildings like the Tower and Westminster Abbey, of palaces, parks, bridges, monuments, etc. — will find no room here, because these objects are not individually con-

nected with myself, but are common property, and as such are found in geographies and guide-books.

It is somewhat different with excursions I have made in England, which afforded me an occasion to study both the land and the character of the people. Of these I will mention a few, although not in their chronological order, but as they presented some characteristic features, or made an impression on my feelings.

## CHAPTER XIII

### JOURNEYS IN ENGLAND

THREE excursions, the first to Wales, the second to the Isle of Wight, the third to the home of Mr. Claydon, near Cambridge, stand out very pleasantly in my recollection. . . .

[Mr. Krüsi devotes some pages to a description of these trips, most of which, however, is here omitted, in favour of matter of more direct interest, at other points. — ED.]

My holiday excursion to the Isle of Wight was one of great interest and pleasure. Stopping first at the town of Cowes, near which the royal palace (Osborne House) is situated, I traversed the island on foot — taking a look at Carisbrooke Castle (made memorable through Mary Stuart's incarceration) — and then emerged on the southern coast of the island. It is there that the finest scenery presents itself, either when you look toward the shore lined with beautiful villages and country seats — when you gaze on the green lawns, beautiful parks, and ivy-covered walks — or when the waves of the ocean roll to the shore with a solemn boom, carrying with them the sand and pebbles, which slide back with a kind of sighing sound — when at the extremity of the island the "Needles" come in sight, with their tower-like forms, near which are huge gates and caves hollowed in the rock by the furious inroad of the floods. If you are favoured to enjoy these beauties under a blue sky, as I did, you may picture to yourself a fairy-land, where it would be pleasure to tarry or to ramble about, communing with Nature and its God, and forgetting the petty cares and troubles of a sinful world.

It was very pleasant to walk on the downs or along the road,

with the sparkling mirror of the sea on one side, and on the other fields of wheat, which, bending and rising under the wind, presented a wave-like appearance. It was pleasant to stop on the way, wherever any beautiful sight met your eyes, and then, when the shades of night came, to enter some pleasant inn, where — in England — you seldom miss substantial food and respectful attendance.

In summing up the benefit derived from my excursions, I will say that they afforded in the first place a pleasant diversion from the noise and bustle of London life, and secondly were the source of many new and interesting experiences. But nevertheless, I would hardly have preferred a long residence in the country to one in London with all its advantages and means for intellectual culture and social intercourse. Even in the best rural portions of England, where the population is divided into a so called gentry and an agricultural, working class of lower tastes and habits, it is somewhat difficult to find either introduction or congenial associations, unless those which an educated mind can conjure up for itself. Even in an English University town — provided one does not constitute one of its members — the social forms and restrictions are such that an introduction to society and its intellectual circles is a matter of by far greater difficulty than among a people governed by democratic institutions.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A VISIT HOME

*Record.* — In the memorable year of the great Exhibition of all nations (1851) I determined to pay another visit to my native country. I passed again through Belgium and up the Rhine, through well-known yet always lovely regions. At Heidelberg I determined to get out of my usual route by going up the Neckar towards Heilbronn, from which place I reached the capital of Würtemberg, Stuttgart.

I cannot forbear mentioning my travelling companion, a young Austrian returning home from the London Exhibition, with whom I was soon on the best terms. We had everything together — meals, bedrooms, etc., and he, like a true Austrian, was never happier than when he sat at his second bottle, with his inseparable pipe in his mouth. It has been remarked, that wine opens the recesses of your interior; some people get excited, others quarrelsome, if such is their nature; a true Austrian becomes only the more amiable, and swears eternal friendship to you.

At Ulm, a city with imposing cathedral, my friend ought to have left me, in order to reach his home, but he said candidly: "I cannot yet leave you, but will proceed as far as your home." And thus he kept with me two days longer, when I was able to be his guide in showing him all the delightful spots in Heiden, the home of my sister.

This time I resolved to visit my second sister in the wild mountain-recesses of the Engadine, where I found her, rich and respected, with her husband and two lovely and lively boys. . . . The music of mountain torrents, the bellowing of cows, the tinkling of their bells, and the bleating of goats, are sounds which you hear everywhere; in winter and spring the thunder of an avalanche may rouse the inhabitants, living in thick-walled houses that are half hidden in the snow.

Owing to certain circumstances, there is great wealth in the

valley, not, however, drawn from its own resources, but rather gathered in foreign parts by industrious emigrants, who have earned a good name in the confectionery business by their honesty and industry. Yet let a man get ever so rich, he will return to his wild mountain home, build him a comfortable house, store it with rich furniture, and then pass a social and contented life. Of course the people are very simple in dress and manner, and many a man drives a cart of hay here or performs some manual labour in the field, who owns property worth one hundred thousand dollars in some residence of France, Spain, Italy, or Germany. Such a man, for instance, was Mr. Andrea Gilli, my brother-in-law, whose outward appearance gave you at once the idea of great energy, and of mercantile shrewdness. Although his hair was white as snow (which in Italy is often the case with persons not more than fifty) he possessed yet a vigorous frame, and seemed to enjoy his wealth.

He owned a fine spirited horse, which had, however, never been broken, which he lent to me and two of my friends, in order to take a drive towards the glaciers of Bernina. On one occasion we were in considerable danger. Left-hand of us was the River Inn, with its green deep waters; to the right, a steep rock. All at once the horse got frightened and turned towards the river; we, of course, jumped out of the vehicle, and succeeded in stopping his destructive career. He went on, looking wicked and rebellious all the time, so that we put him down as an animal of very suspicious character, which he indeed proved to be.

After passing some pleasant weeks at my brother's, doing full justice to the delicious wines stored up in his cellar, I proposed to make a visit to a cousin of mine, Miss Neidhard, living in a small town on the Rhine called Thusis. In order to try whether I possessed yet my old strength, I proposed to make the forty-five miles<sup>1</sup> intervening between that place, on foot, and within one day.

On a beautiful morning I ascended the steep sides of the Albula pass, gazing with admiration upon the snowy pyramids, rising some thousand feet higher than the elevation of the pass (7200'). Descending again, I followed the windings of a white and foaming

<sup>1</sup> This estimate is not correct. It reckons three miles for every hour, which is the rate possible on level ground. My trip required about fifteen hours' continual travel.

mountain-torrent, which formed continual cascades; sometimes the road wound along a precipice of some hundred feet, which it crossed occasionally by bridges. When the gorge opened, I beheld endless dark-looking forests covering the lower slopes, the abode of bears, etc. In the midst of such a wilderness of rock and forest, suddenly a village came to view, which made you reflect about the awful solitude to which the inhabitants there must be doomed during six months of winter, with hardly any sun to enlighten the gloom of the day.

Now we are at the bottom of the valley, and another ascent begins. On a narrow and uneven road I plunge again into other wild scenery. Another torrent roars in the deep precipice. I lose sight of human habitations, till I see again some poor-looking huts, in one of which I find needed refreshment. But I have to trot further on, before the night sets in. At last I see the town of Thusis in the broad valley of the Rhine, amidst cornfields and fruit-trees; but I have yet to make a steep descent, and it is a pretty hard task — with legs that have paced during twelve hours — to engage in a running trot towards the end of your journey. But I arrive at last, not over-tired, and am soon in the arms of sleep. . . .

I next went to Coire, where I met with the same hospitality amongst my numerous friends, which I believe is a hereditary virtue of the inhabitants of the Grisons, a strong, healthy, and enterprising race, very different from the remaining portion of Switzerland. They possess yet their old customs and manners, which differ in every valley, as well as their language.<sup>1</sup> Reichenau, for instance, is a German place; in three miles you pass Ems, where the people speak the Romanic language, similar to the Italian; and in three miles further you are again amongst a German population.

Of my return to England there is little to say. On my arrival there I was startled by the news of the violent death of my brother-in-law, Mr. Andrea Gilli, whom I had left in the height of health and happiness. It seemed that he had been driving a cart with hay towards his meadow, across the river. The horse (the same that played his trick with us) got shy and began to gallop down the lane. Mr. Gilli, wanting to jump up, got entangled in the ladder, and was thus dragged (after the wagon had upset) on the hard and stony ground. He was carried home nearly insensible.

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 67, 262, and 408.

The flesh-wounds healed in a short time, but the concussion of the brain had been so violent that fever and delirium set in. Thus the strong and enterprising man had found his untimely end, leaving my good sister a widow, although well provided for.

## CHAPTER XV

### SOME HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE PERIOD, 1846-1852

ALTHOUGH mostly concerned in educational labours and problems, I have always followed with keen attention the political moves and struggles going on in the country of which I was a resident, as well as in other nations. The politics of England are particularly interesting, partly because of the freedom of speech, which is the most effective weapon for progress and constitutional rights. This battle is ably fought in Parliament, as well as in the large influential newspapers; hence the interest in legislature and its representatives (many of whom are respected names) is generally well kept up. At my time it was not an easy task to get access to the Parliamentary deliberations, since it required a permit from one of the members, and because the space allotted to visitors in the House of Commons was ridiculously small.

I was fortunate in obtaining such a permit through the kindness of Mr. Martineau; but as it sometimes happens, there was a sad falling off from the preconceived majesty and dignity of the House, in the reality. Not to speak of the negligent attitude of the members, some of them keeping their hats on, there were expressions of impatience or dissent manifested, which reminded one rather of the habits of wilful children than of staid legislators. It is true I was not present on one of the great occasions when some distinguished member of one or the other party captivated the attention of the assembly, either by the force of his argument or by flights of impassioned eloquence.

It was my fortune, during one of my visits to Westminster, to have pointed out to me the two most distinguished men of the period, viz., the Duke of Wellington, walking arm-in-arm with

Robert Peel, Prime Minister, both of whom soon afterwards were taken away by death, the one from old age, the other through an accident. Wellington at that time still held the post of commander-in-chief, and his far-seeing yet cautious mind was admirably adapted to devising the proper means for protection in the so-called "Chartist troubles," and to prevent strife and bloodshed. Precisely what the demands of the Chartists were, I am not able to state, except that they tended towards a better popular representation, not by means of threats or strikes, as is the fashion nowadays, but by way of petition. Indeed, to give more emphasis to their demands, they got up a monster petition, nominally signed by some millions of names, of which many, or the majority, were spurious.

What gave some uneasiness to the citizens of London was the threat to have the above petition carried to Parliament accompanied by some hundred thousand or more men. To avoid this contingency, and to prevent possible depredations by a hungry mob, appropriate military precautions were taken by posting companies of soldiers near the approaches of Westminster Bridge, well provided with arms and ammunition, but not visible, so as to avoid a collision with the mob. At the same time special constables (consisting of thousands of volunteers from all classes) — the future emperor Napoleon amongst the number — were placed on duty, in order to guard the principal streets and buildings. I had the curiosity to wander through the streets as an unconcerned spectator, but, excepting a visible stoppage of trade and business, I could perceive but little excitement. Indeed, the whole thing proved to be a fiasco; for when the monster petition was moved in a cab towards the bridge, accompanied by a few thousand seedy-looking men, the order was given that only a deputation would be allowed to accompany it to the House of Parliament. This was done — and the petition, as was to be expected, shared the fate of most productions of the same kind, *i.e.*, being "laid on the table."

About that time (1847) the little republic of Switzerland attracted the attention of Europe by the warlike attitude of the two parties: the Ultramontane, and the Liberal (mostly formed of Protestants). The latter, by a majority of votes in the National Diet, had decreed the expulsion of Jesuits. The leaders of the Ultramontane faction, in their wrath about what they termed an illegal intrusion into their religious affairs, succeeded in forming a separate league (Sonderbund) of seven Cantons, which, if it had been suffered to remain, would have split Switzerland into two hostile sections, an easy prey to foreign invasion. In this condition of things, which was commented on by the public press, I cannot but mention the singular attitude of one of the most influential newspapers in the world, the *Times*, which shows its subserviency to a distinctly expressed public opinion or to any *fait accompli*, after it may previously have advocated the very opposite.

Faithful to this principle — or rather lack of principle — it extolled to the skies the bravery of the Roman Catholic descendants of Tell and Winkelried and their impregnable fortified position, which would be a match for the attacking hosts of the other part of the Confederation. It forgot to consider that this “other part” comprised two thirds of the population, besides possessing an immense preponderance in wealth, culture, and education, not to mention the advantage conveyed by carrying out the decree of a regularly established government. It also possessed eminent military leaders, like Dufour, who were able to direct several army corps from different quarters towards the capital and stronghold of the rebels — Luzern. And thus it came to pass that the versatile *Times* was compelled to chronicle the victory of the Liberal army — by a campaign of a few days and after *one* not very sanguinary battle. This was done in some articles which declared the result as one easily foreseen, and very propitious to the further development of liberal institutions.

It was to be feared that some of the foreign powers would

put in a strong — and perhaps armed — veto against any change in the constitution of Switzerland, which had been framed and guaranteed in 1815 by the Congress of Vienna. But it so happened that the revolution in Paris — following soon after in 1848 — which expelled the monarchy under Louis Philippe and exercised a thrilling influence on the popular aspirations of other countries, obliged the governments of Prussia and Austria to leave Switzerland alone, and to protect themselves against their dissatisfied and partly revolting subjects.

The news of the Paris revolution came like a thunderbolt, and caused a stir among the generally calm and passive English population. I remember how, sitting in a coffee-room at the receipt of the news, I heard for the first time the customers talk with each other across the partitions of the compartments. I myself was highly elated in reading accounts of the heroic attitude of the fighting citizens of all ranks, against the regular soldiery; and I found myself sometimes humming a verse from one of the national songs made for the occasion :

“Par la voix du canon d'alarme  
La France appelle ses enfants;  
Allons! dit le soldat: aux armes,  
C'est ma mère, elle nous attend,  
Mourir pour la patrie,  
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.”

Grave and startling events followed each other in quick succession. In 1851 a great popular enthusiasm was produced through the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who had, through English influence, been released from his temporary imprisonment at Kutujeh. The man whose inspiring eloquence had produced a majestic rising of the Hungarian nation, which was followed by a series of victories over the Austrian armies, until Russian assistance restored the sunken fortunes of the Hapsburg dynasty — such a man was sufficiently known in England to be sure of a most enthusiastic reception.

I was present at the great procession, of which he was the centre of attraction, which moved through the Strand to the City Hall. All business was at a standstill, and the street was completely filled with people enthusiastically cheering the great Magyar leader. He was then in the prime of life, although the crown of his head was streaked with white hair; in his noble countenance, high intellect was blended with a pleasing expression of kindness and benevolence.

In his many addresses he gave to the English public specimens of eloquence such as they had never listened to before. With his memory yet full of the trials through which he and his nation had passed; with a heart burning with pure patriotism and hope in the justice of God and in the ultimate success of a good cause, he poured forth streams of impassioned eloquence, of oriental style and character in its simple symbolism and poetical fervour.

One day he spoke in an open field outside of the city on the invitation of labour societies, which poured in serried ranks by the tens of thousands, until there assembled a countless multitude, the majority of whom the words of the speaker were not able to reach. Standing on a wall in company with a young lady of my acquaintance, I enjoyed the scene, although I could not hear the speech. The wonder was that Kossuth could stand the strain of all these addresses, in which he displayed a wonderful mastery of the English language, and a thorough knowledge of local and historical facts. He has made many more speeches, for instance in the United States in the following year, and again in England in 1859, during the war in which Austria, Italy and France were engaged; and there was some hope for Hungary in the promised assistance of Napoleon and the sympathy of England. Although a late writer (Boutwell) considers these latter speeches as the most vigorous and pointed on account of a "strong faith in the realization of his plans for the liberation of his country" — I consider his first speeches as the ones tinged with the most fervour, solemnity, and admiration for the bravery of his countrymen, for instance

the Honveds (peasantry), of whom he says, after mentioning one of their deadly assaults: "And thus they fell by thousands, *the unnamed semigods.*"

He did not live to see the separation of his country from the Austrian rule, but at least its gradual emancipation and its equal participation in the legislative councils of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It is true that its Government did not dare to offer hospitality to the *living* old patriot, in spite of his ninety years, but it could not refuse it to his corpse, which was received with grateful tears by an immense concourse of the Hungarian people — and now sleeps in native soil, while his memory *lives* forever.

In concluding these historical recollections, I cannot but allude to some that affected me more deeply, although they belong to the narrow history of our family. It was during my absence in England that two of its members died, first our dear mother, not yet old, but greatly weakened by a constitutional disease. She was fully aware of her approaching end, and — like old Catherine in Pestalozzi's immortal novel — was calmly making her last dispositions, her greatest care being her youngest daughter, Mary, who she foresaw would always require the assistance of her other sisters and brothers, to whose kindness and forbearance she recommended her.

The other member of our family who went to his eternal rest before he attained full manhood was brother Karl, who differed physically from the rest of the family, with his blue eyes, blonde hair, and lank body, but whose good moral conduct and intense love for reading and study made him beloved and respected by all. He fell an early prey to enlargement of the heart. He rests in the cemetery of Heiden, where, besides mother, a brother and sister were destined to follow him. One enjoys a splendid view from that cemetery, over Lake Constance and the surrounding cities and landscape — a fit symbol of the view we hope to enjoy soon on the shores of our eternal home.

## CHAPTER XVI

### FAREWELL TO ENGLAND, 1852

AFTER this apparent digression, I return once more, although briefly, to my experiences in school, which were, on the whole, pleasant and instructive, even if my income was but moderate nor likely to be raised, owing to the constant financial pressure connected with schools that are maintained by patronage.

In my opinion, a young man, especially a teacher, who has not to provide for a family, ought to make the money question subordinate to other interests, which enable him to gain experiences and lay the foundation for future success. As my lessons at the Home and Colonial schools were somewhat scattered, I made an arrangement by which I could concentrate my work there to three days, leaving the other three for private lessons. In this latter field I was not very successful, not having the advantage which my friend Mr. Reiner enjoyed, in having aristocratic or wealthy connections.

During the years of which I speak (1851–1852) my thoughts began to turn in another direction, *i.e.*, to the United States, owing to a communication from Mr. Whitacre, who with his wife had emigrated to that country, and gave very favourable reports about educational conditions in the State of Massachusetts. Reflecting on these matters, and thinking it fair — before coming to a decision in regard to a new sphere of operations — to see what chances would present themselves in my own native land, I decided to leave England, return to Switzerland, and — if I did not settle there — to have at least a good visit with my friends and relatives.

My decision being made known to the school with which I had been connected for nearly five years, created quite a commotion among my fellow-teachers and many of the students, so as to make me feel that I had been successful in securing a place in their hearts and a grateful remembrance.

*Record.* — [Following the description of various evening pastimes.] During the last two years of my stay in London, I got more and more tired of those sights and sat at home, reading and studying. London had lost its novelty for me, and after moving five years amidst its walls and crowds, I began to think of making a change.

When I have come to the conclusion that I have accomplished the object which brought me to some place, or that I cannot accomplish it to my satisfaction, I take a sudden resolve to leave. This resolve I keep for myself till nearly the last week, not liking to discuss the matter with my friends, who might oppose it.

I may truly say, that the announcement which I made in the spring of 1852, of my intention to leave, caused some sensation amongst my friends. I shall never forget the parting scene at the Home and Colonial, where Mr. Dunning had assembled the whole school, and addressed some farewell words to me. There was a general sobbing; some ladies and even gentlemen burst out into loud crying such as I never would have expected of sober Englishmen. I found that I had not worked in vain, and felt really sorry to part with beings who felt so much confidence in me. The teachers and managers presented me with a fine spy-glass of Dollond's manufacture.

And now, before leaving England and its people, I will state some of my impressions in regard to the latter. To delineate correctly the character of a nation is always a task of great difficulty, considering that it is often judged from an individual standpoint, and that the criticism may refer but to one particular class; while England, more than any other nation, presents many shades of society, owing both to rank, and to diversity of occupation, of residence — in town or country — etc.

With all these apparently divergent factors, there is one feature

that strikes almost every visitor coming from the Continent; viz., a certain seriousness, lack of animation, and often a retiring disposition. At the same time he will also find much individuality, a strong home feeling, and a spirit of independence, which implies frankness and honesty of speech and — generally speaking — a dislike of subserviency and formality, and hence an absence of the polite or unmeaning phrases so common in many countries.

In regard to our first statement, it is possible that the climate, with its misty atmosphere, frequent rains, and absence of sunshine, may have contributed to dampen somewhat the cheerfulness and buoyancy which is so characteristic of southern nations or of others that are socially inclined. This absence of sociality amongst the English, and their aversion to mix with people with whom they are not acquainted, or to whom they have not been introduced, is, to foreigners, a striking fact, which consigns the latter occasionally to unpleasant solitude. A characteristic example of this is seen in the stalls in coffee-houses and restaurants, the walls of which separate you from your neighbour; and in the high-backed pews in the churches. Again, the so-called *tables d'hôte* are nowhere found, and many a lonely traveller is obliged to take his meals in a private room of a hotel in solemn silence. There may be something aristocratic in this seclusion, which is carried to an extreme in the country-seats of the nobility and gentry, surrounded as they are by an impenetrable wall, hiding from an outsider the very sight of all the beauties of the domain, and securing to the inmates tranquillity and immunity from intrusion and observation.

But aristocratic sentiments are entertained also by other classes of society. A man who lives on his rents may look down on a trader or manufacturer, and the latter on a poor workman or labourer. It is perhaps for this reason that little or no communion exists between the respective parties. As a natural consequence, the children of those who lay claim to respectability are kept apart from those who belong to a lower class of society. This seclusion undoubtedly tends to render the family relations closer and more

intimate than seen elsewhere, and explains the peculiar charms of English domestic life, at least of the middle classes. What prettier sight can there be than that of the family all assembled in the evening at the fireside, engaged in cosy conversation, without the presence of "Mrs. Grundy," to divulge all its secrets. If a stranger is admitted to this sanctuary, he is treated as a friend, on whose account none of the usual domestic exercises are omitted. Hence, after the customary family-prayers have been read by the "paterfamilias" the children kiss their parents and whoever happen to be present, and go to bed. Speaking of children, I have hardly seen finer specimens of health and beauty — with more natural, confiding manners — than in England.

As for the English ladies, their natural timidity makes them appear first as cold and retiring, but on nearer acquaintance the "ice" thaws up, and there is a pleasing effort on their part to render you comfortable. For this reason, and on account of their domesticity, they are also said to be good, faithful wives. In matters where imagination, quick mental operations, and taste are concerned, they stand behind their American sisters, and their progress toward social and political emancipation will hence be somewhat slower. But in spite of the absence of brilliant qualities, I believe that the attribute of solidity can be ascribed to the greater portion of the middle classes, as well as to the works of their hand. Although this solidity may sometimes exist at the expense of grace and pliancy, and may result in stiffness (especially in religious matters), yet the character of a nation is continually so modified by the contact with progressive ideas, that a notable change is already manifest.

My sojourn in England had been the occasion of a great many interesting experiences and had led to the formation of friendships, the recollection of which I shall always treasure. Though I had nearly reached middle age when I left England, I had not formed any binding ties, nor did I ever harbour a wish to make it the arena for my future life-work.

This aversion arose partly from my dislike to the aristocratic institutions of the country, which make one constantly aware of being treated as an inferior by one class of the people, whose patronage it is yet necessary to obtain. Being born in a free country, I preferred a state of society which entitles you to rise by your merits, and to be judged by your equals, whose capacity for office is not determined by their rank but by their intelligence. Such a state I believed did exist in the two republics, Switzerland and the United States.

Which of them should be my ultimate home?

## CHAPTER XVII

### AN OFF-YEAR IN SWITZERLAND, 1852-1853

I CALL the year after I left England an “off-year,” because I had no regular employment in my profession and could devote all my time to visits or to voluntary literary occupations.

Our homestead at Gais had been given up after the death of my father; but still there were four other homelike places, where I was sure to find a hearty welcome. Two were in Heiden: in the family of Dr. Küng, who had married my oldest sister; and with brother Jacob, who kept a drug-store. Also with brother Gottlieb, in Herisau, was a third; and the fourth was near the confines of Italy, at Zuz<sup>1</sup> in the Engadine, where sister Gertrude (Madame Gilli) resided with her children. But even in these places, death had caused some ravages since my last visit. In brother Jacob’s home my mother and brother had died; brother Gottlieb had lost his wife, and sister Gertrude her husband by a sad accident.

I spent many pleasant days in these families, and not the least in that of Dr. Küng in the so-called “Paradise” (Paradiesli); for thus he called his domain, situated on the top of a steep declivity, whose soil he tried to fasten and cultivate by means of rather expensive terraces, but with indifferent success, since a portion of it had a strong tendency to slide into the river below and thus become “Paradise Lost.” Doctor Küng, with all his foibles and eccentricities, was a very interesting man, an excellent chess-player, and very fond of discussing philosophical topics. It is true that during such engagements he was liable to forget his many patients

<sup>1</sup> Or Zutz.

waiting in the next room. He had some nice well-behaved children, whom in his violent fits of passion he did not always treat with proper consideration. With me he was always amiable, and seemed to have a high idea of my talents and future mission.

As the year passed the letters from my friends in America (Mr. and Mrs. Whitacre) became more urgent, and were accompanied by reports of educational conventions, etc. From these I saw, to my pleasure, and I may say to my surprise, that subjects of education were discussed in a rational, enlightened manner, very different from the sanctimonious, diffuse remarks generally heard in English conventions. Most people in the Old World — myself included — even if they were aware of the material or commercial greatness of the United States, had heard but little, if anything, of a movement tending towards intellectual improvement and popular education, which since 1820 had been going on, especially in Massachusetts. There the first State Board of Education was created, which was fortunate to have the distinguished services of Horace Mann as Secretary. This man, eminent as statesman, orator, and educator, had studied the educational systems of Europe and more especially of Prussia, whose methods he praised before all others, and tried to introduce into the schools under his supervision. Dr. Barnas Sears followed in his footsteps, and it was with him I became afterwards intimately acquainted.

Of course these communications from America occupied my mind considerably, and I accustomed myself to the thought of leaving my native country for one across the ocean, provided I should receive the necessary encouragement to take such a decisive step.

In the meantime, I made a trip to the beautiful Engadine, to the home of my sister. This valley is situated in the Canton of Graubündten,<sup>1</sup> the former Rhaetia. It forms now a part of

<sup>1</sup> Or Grisons: the two names are respectively French and German, with the same meaning.

Switzerland, but for centuries it existed as a distinct sovereign country, separated from others by mighty chains of mountains, of which one, a continuation of the Alps, rises to nearly fifteen thousand feet of altitude, where Mt. Bernina, at the western end of the Engadine, towers up from a magnificent group of glaciers. But besides the above great chains, there are an immense number of branches, holding between them valleys traversed by rushing rivers. These valleys are inhabited by a liberty-loving population, which, far from being assimilated, shows great difference in language, religion, customs, dress, and even in laws.

The reason why I mention this part of Switzerland with a kind of partiality is because it always has exercised a peculiar charm on me, as if (to use a theosophistic expression) my soul had lived there in a previous state of incarnation.

It is possible that a youthful love episode may have something to do with this predilection; an episode which often carried my imagination to the southern slope of Bernina, and caused the sounds of the Italian language to appear sweeter to my ear ever afterwards. On its northern slope, and all through the Engadine, the Romanic language is spoken, which, although not so musical as the Italian, is even more interesting through its association with that of the ancient Etrusci or other tribes in the neighbourhood of Rome. These, according to Livius and Pliny, were driven from their native homes by the invasion of the Gauls (about 500 B.C.) and sought an asylum in these inhospitable regions, which, on account of their high situation, admit of no agriculture.

I reached the place of my sister (Zuz) after an interesting trip through Chur, Reichenau, Via Mala, Mount Julier, St. Moriz — and was soon installed in her antique-looking yet still stately house, which during two hundred or more years of its existence must have been witness of many historical events and occasional bloody struggles.

I shall not describe here all the beautiful places I visited, the waterfalls, glaciers, ruins of old castles, the interesting villages

with their white-looking houses. The view on the imposing mountain ranges on either side of the Inn river is never obstructed, since in the higher parts of the valley trees are nearly wanting. The atmosphere is pure, but during many months cold and bracing. After revelling for some weeks among this sublime scenery, my thoughts reverted to myself and to my further plans.

A letter received in 1852 from Professor Russell, of Massachusetts, tended to give my plans a definite direction. This letter contained a cordial invitation to become one of his corps of teachers at the newly founded Normal College at Lancaster for the training of High School teachers, with a fixed although rather moderate salary (\$500). The letter of invitation began with the following remark: "In connection with Professors Agassiz, Guyot, and other educators, I am about to start" etc., etc.

*Record.* — I found afterwards that there was not the slightest ground for making such an assertion — *i.e.*, regarding Agassiz and Guyot.

At the time I received the above letter I was not acquainted with the usual advertising "dodge," *i.e.*, to borrow the names of known, distinguished men — for the sake of begetting confidence in some scheme or undertaking, either commercial or educational. However, there was no fault to find with the educated, gentlemanly tone of Professor Russell's letter, nor did I lack confidence in the intelligence and liberal progressive spirit of a people which could induce my celebrated countrymen to leave their distant home and to exhibit their methods in teaching before enthusiastic audiences in America. Hence I accepted the position offered me by Professor Russell, which was to take effect at the beginning of September, 1853.

*Record.* — I cannot deny that the star of America shone brightly in the distance, and that I made up my mind to visit the land of Washington, although I had the prospect of making the long journey at my own expense. My friends did not like my resolution, but were too wise to combat it. Dearly as I loved

Switzerland, I found that if I had a mission to fulfil, it must be in a country where the principles of Pestalozzi were but imperfectly understood, or kept down by gross materialism, whilst in Switzerland not only were there many trained teachers, but there was also a tendency to prefer young teachers, stuffed up with the undigested knowledge of a Normal school, to those elder ones that had more experience and wisdom. This latter tendency would have acted against me, had I attempted to go through the necessary ordeal of a general examination. On the other hand, I foresaw that in America a man must stand on and by his own merits. A recommendation from the Old World would not be looked at. I knew also, that Humbug was triumphantly established in that new country — at which I would have been but a poor adept — but I had the consolation to think that amongst the *respectable* portion of its inhabitants something more *real* would be equally appreciated. These considerations induced me to make preparations for crossing the wide Atlantic.

In a letter to a friend I expressed my wonder at the ways in which God leads his children: "Whilst some of my friends, who are provided with a nervous, lively temper, and are fond of continual change, seem destined to remain till death at the home which witnessed their birth — I, who am naturally of a calm, contemplative disposition, not fond of a change, have been mostly on the move or in foreign countries for the last ten years, and am now about to start upon a journey of nearly three thousand miles, not knowing whether or when again I shall be permitted to return to my native mountains."<sup>1</sup>

Yet my confidence in God's wise dispensation of my fate had never been shaken. I did not go to America as an adventurer, for the means of a frugal existence were partly secured; neither did I go with a view to making money, knowing but too well that a teacher who speculates in earthly goods diminishes his chance of getting possession of the eternal treasures. I simply hoped to be able to do some good, and to secure a happy and contented existence.

I had of course to make some preparation in regard to my

<sup>1</sup> I have, since I wrote the above, crossed the ocean seven times and made a trip of nearly eight thousand miles to and from California, with the expectation of making another in my seventy-second year.

assigned task of teaching one of the modern languages, although I had to do it in the absence of books, even of a grammar, which would have been difficult to obtain in this out-of-the-way region. I happened to be in possession of Ahn's course designed for German pupils in learning French, and, adopting mainly his method, I composed a course of my own, with progressive exercises expressed in sentences which I rendered in German, French, English, and Italian. The language which gave me the most trouble was the German. Strange as it may appear, I had never received lessons in formal rules of grammar, although I was quite familiar with the rules of orthography, structure of the sentence, and with composition.

Hence, while constructing German sentences, I saw the necessity of making myself systematically acquainted with the terminations affecting the declension of nouns, adjectives, pronouns, etc., and was myself astonished at the variety of such terminations, which I tried to arrange into classes. I am convinced that my laborious and perhaps somewhat roundabout occupation in this respect did me a great deal of good. It also indirectly benefited my pupils, on account of the duty imposed upon me not to introduce all the difficulties at once (according to the habit of many grammars) but to avoid confusion by introducing simple sentences in a conversational manner, illustrating but one specific group or class of declinable words, and then afterwards collecting them under a more general rule. My maxim was: examples *first*, and the rule *last*.

An incident happening at that time, temporarily interrupted my studies; viz., the marriage of my brother Gottlieb to his second wife, a daughter of Dr. Küng by the latter's first wife. The marriage was consummated in the church of Zuz, and was followed by the customary trip (Hochzeits-reise) in which I accompanied them with the view of returning with them to Appenzell, after first visiting Milan. Of this trip, as well as of many others taken during many years, I shall make no description. I will, however,

mention an incident happening at the Italian frontier, merely to show to what annoyances travellers were exposed in former times. At the custom-house, the officer wished to know the contents of my trunk and first of all whether I had any of the two most objectionable objects, viz., *libri* (books) and *armi* (arms). When I declared myself innocent of the latter but guilty of having some of the former, *i.e.*, some English and German books, there was no objection made to them, because nobody could read them; but his eyes stared when a German manuscript was revealed (*i.e.*, the course in language) because that might be proof-sheets of a political pamphlet! The ridiculous part was, that these "learned officials" were in the service of the Austrian (German) Government, who, one would suppose, would be able to distinguish between grammatical and political writings. But as there was no appeal from despotism and stupidity, one had to submit.

After looking at the beauties of Milan and returning via Lago Maggiore and San Gotthard to my native Canton of Appenzell, I spent the winter months at Heiden, making further preparations for my emigration to the New World.

*Record.* — I have yet to say a few words about the winter I passed at Heiden. I took up my quarters in the house of brother Jacob and led there a comfortable life, spending the day about in the following manner: I devoted the morning to those studies which I supposed it would be my lot to teach in the New World, especially to the languages. In the afternoon I visited the reading-room at the Freihof (the chief hotel of the place) or passed an hour or two at a game of cards or in familiar conversation. The evening I spent mostly in the family of Dr. Küng, with whom I had played occasionally at chess. I spent also one of the winter months in my native village (Gais) at the house of Pfarrer Weisshaupt, who harboured thoughts of emigration to America, and who wished me to instruct him and his family in the English language.

The regret at leaving — perhaps forever — so many dear friends and relatives and my beautiful country was somewhat relieved by the thought of seeing new lands and people and the

prospect of doing useful work by introducing more rational methods of teaching, which are particularly appropriate in a country chiefly engaged in the pursuit of material wealth and comfort.

*Record.* — The month of April was ushered in with a fall of snow, and the landscape on which the eye had often gazed with pleasure and admiration looked now white and solemn.

On the 9th of April, with feelings of deep emotion, I took leave of my beloved sister and brother and their amiable and interesting families, to be absent from them for an indefinite time — perhaps forever — invoking for them and myself the blessings of Heaven.

Although I had taken leave of my friends in Heiden, I had yet plenty of time to visit some other places, such as Trogen, S. Gall, Gais, Herisau, where I had good friends or other relatives. In Herisau I spent about a week at the house of my brother, who had lately married my niece, Elisa Küng. On parting, his amiable wife handed me a present, together with a wreath of leaves and spring flowers. The wreath is withered, and so is — alas! the kind giver, who ended her young life in two years afterwards. [The remainder of the month was passed in visits at various points. — ED.]

. . . On April 30, I embarked at Basel on the railway for Paris. The frontier between France and Switzerland is a few miles beyond Basel. The vexations connected with passport and luggage "visitations" prevent me from indulging in sentimental reflections on leaving my beautiful and ever beloved Fatherland. To give an idea of these unnecessary vexations, which are occasionally increased by the ignorance of the officials, I will only mention that on this occasion I had to open both my trunks, one of which was so full that I had the greatest trouble in shutting its lid. The officials, according to their laudable custom, put everything in disorder, in order to search for "contrebande" (forbidden articles); being over-happy, if they can make a seizure, not so much for the sake of showing their vigilance, as for making extortions. As I had nothing of the kind, I was not afraid of the examination, when, lo! our sagacious Frenchman lifts triumphantly a small telescope (which had been tendered to me by some pupils and teachers of the Home and Colonial School, and had the dedication engraved) and declares that this cannot pass. I protest

and try to convince him of the absurdity of the supposition that I was going to speculate with this isolated and antiquated article. The signal bell of the train rings; the passengers are told to hurry; my trunk is still unpacked and my poor telescope in the hands of the Inquisitor. At last I take it from his hands; a porter carries my trunk *open* into the baggage car. I jump into the train, which is already in motion, and try to compose my excited feelings with the consolatory thought, to travel with an open trunk, inviting perhaps an unscrupulous expressman to help himself out of its contents.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### EMIGRATION TO AMERICA

My first ocean passage (in June, 1853) is described elsewhere, for which reason I only make here a few remarks of a subjective character. It is perhaps natural that this first passage — out of seven I have made — should in one sense have been the most interesting, partly on account of the novelty of my observations in regard to the phenomena of the sea, both in calm and stormy weather, and partly on account of the good company I found on board of the Cunard steamer, whose excellent board and accommodations were at that time enjoyed at the price of \$125. To these attractions must be added the curiosity one feels in sailing towards an unknown country.

I remember that amongst the passengers with whom I became most acquainted were a young German, who visited America for pleasure, also a Dr. Wallace, one of the Art Commissioners on his way to the New York World's Fair, who, as he said, kept a copy of my "Inventive Drawing" in his parlour. The evenings were relieved by music, a company sitting around the smokestack forming the chorus; for instance, in the song: "Then come along, every nation . . . for Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

The passage otherwise was uneventful and the sea mostly calm. On the approach to land, and after entering Boston harbor, we strained our eyes and ears, so as to catch all the novel sights and sounds. I suppose that on such occasions, our senses, accustomed to sights and sounds of our native part of the world, are particularly receptive of impressions, which afterwards may

become dulled by familiarity. Thus, for instance, I was struck by the nervous activity and cunning look of the persons coming on board, and more especially by their nasal twang, which I failed to perceive afterwards.

Boston, with its many brick buildings, had something of the solid aspect of an English city. I expected to find my friend Mr. Whitacre, but postponed my search until after I had passed the night at a hotel. The next day I strolled to the Common with my German friend. Being somewhat tired and thirsty, we looked after some liquid refreshments, but found that owing to the newly introduced Maine liquor law, the sale of beverages, including wine and beer, had been forbidden. This, to us, was a totally new and unexpected fact, which in German and other European countries would lead to instant revolution.

Calling on our way back at Boylston Hall on Washington street, I was so fortunate as to find my friend descending from the room where he had his drawing classes. He at once invited me to his residence in Roxbury, which was pleasantly situated. The next day he introduced me to my distinguished countrymen, Professors Agassiz and Guyot, both residing at Cambridge, near Harvard University. I had seen neither of these men before, but at least the name of Agassiz had obtained publicity in Switzerland, chiefly owing to his explorations of the glaciers and his ascension of some of the highest peaks in the Bernese mountains. It is true that Guyot accompanied him on these occasions and did some important work — yet stood rather in the background when compared with his brilliant friend and colleague. The very appearance of Agassiz, — his grand head, intellectual features, large observing eyes, and a sweet smile, seemed to gain him at once the attention of his hearers, who were fascinated by the clearness and eloquence of his utterances. As for Guyot, he was not thus favoured by nature, having rather a spare body, sharp features, and a peeping voice. But making allowance for these physical drawbacks, there can be no question about his great

depth of mind and power of generalization, combined with a reverential manner in speaking of the laws of the Universe, as seen in his "Earth and Man."

On my first introduction I enjoyed, of course, rather the social qualities of these men. In the home of Agassiz there was a pleasant company, consisting of his (second) wife, a son and daughter from his former marriage, and Mr. Burkhard of Neufchâtel, who assisted him in drawing. The conversation was conducted mostly in French, although his wife was a Boston lady, and Agassiz was able to converse equally well in French, German, and English. With Guyot, who was unmarried, but who acted as a father to several nieces he had adopted, French was the order of the day. As I came frequently in connection with my countrymen in teachers' institutes, etc., I leave them for the present.

The next day my friend took me to my future home and sphere of operations, *i.e.*, to Lancaster, situated about half-way between Nashua and Worcester. There certainly could not have been a more pleasant landscape than the one which opened before my eyes; a landscape studded with pretty cottages shaded by magnificent elms. A romantic river (the Nashua) winds in graceful curves at the foot of pleasant hills.

On my arrival I was introduced to a pleasant old gentleman, Professor Russell, his wife and four daughters, also to my fellow-teachers, Arthur Sumner, Sanborn Tenney, and Dana Colburn. My quarters were assigned in the hotel, and after some rest I began next day my work at the so-called New England Normal College.

*Record.* — Having obtained board and lodging in the hotel of the place, kept by Mr. Warren, for three dollars and fifty cents per week, I began operations with a small class of French scholars on the 6th of August, which, together with a German class, formed in the first term almost my only occupation. I had time to witness also the teaching of other classes, and will here only state the features which appeared to me new and startling. . . .

## CHAPTER XIX

### IDYLLIC DAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE AT LANCASTER, MASS., 1853-1855

IT is probable that after forty years, few people in the State of Massachusetts (except some elderly people in or around Lancaster) will remember the existence of the above school, whose influence never extended far, although I think it did good work during the three years of its existence. It owed its foundation to the aforesaid Professor Russell, a noted teacher of Elocution and author of some standard manuals and readers in that line. In spite of the existence of several good Normal schools in Massachusetts, in which the students had to go through a definite programme of studies, Professor Russell thought that a Normal college, in which the students could devote themselves exclusively to some particular study or to modern languages, would attract numerous pupils. He also hoped that the fees paid by these pupils, in connection with voluntary contributions from wealthy and public-minded citizens of Lancaster, would be sufficient to pay the expenses of the school and the teachers' salaries. The financial part of this undertaking was, however, a matter with which the unmathematical mind of Professor Russell was not able to cope, and which led to its ultimate failure; although, as in the case of Pestalozzi, his enthusiasm and high hopes for future success, combined with some good results, kept it alive for some time.

With the exception of Professor Russell, none of the faculty, including himself and four assistants, could lay claim to being known by reputation, on account of their limited experience in

teaching. Fortunately, they were all devoted to progress and had adopted those principles which, owing to the influence of Pestalozzi, were beginning to be appreciated.

The fact that Elocution formed a prominent feature of the school was, in a financial respect, a favourable one; since this subject was at that time a "fad." But, frankly speaking, I never could see any great educational gain, for pupils who lack perhaps the elementary parts of instruction, to roar at the top of their voices, in the effort to do justice to one of Webster's oratorical masterpieces, accompanied by violent gesticulations. The same method was followed with other pieces, without a proper appreciation of the thought and feeling. Expression *before* thought was certainly a sad deviation from one of Pestalozzi's most precious maxims, only to be tolerated with people accustomed to the mock feeling displayed by ambitious "patriots" in their political addresses.

Professor Russell, whose memory was like an encyclopedia, committed another mistake in being unable to restrain occasionally the suggestions and associations constantly welling up in his mind and imagination; for in doing so he prevented his pupils from making their own deductions. These remarks do not depreciate the good example he gave his pupils by his classical taste, power of expression, and more especially by his gentlemanly bearing, unvarying kindness, and spirit of sacrifice.

With Mr. Sumner, his assistant, distinguished for his originality, sparkling humour, and independence of thought, I entertained very friendly relations, which have not been broken up to this time — *i.e.*, forty years after our first acquaintance. On occasional meetings, we have never failed to recur to the pleasant memories of the Lancaster period. For pleasant they were to me, on account of the novelty of my experiences, and because of the excellent spirit exhibited by the pupils of my German and Drawing classes. We younger teachers, all unmarried, did not lack entertainment in each other's society, and in that of our

pupils (mostly ladies); moreover, many people in the town admitted us to their homes. I remember also with pleasure the walks we took, under the shadow of magnificent elms, on the surrounding hills, or along the winding Nashua. On top of the hotel, where we boarded, there was a room with many windows, where Mr. Sumner and I often sat smoking and looking at the beautiful view below, amidst cheerful talk and reflections natural to men on whom the cares and worries of life have not yet made any impression.

Of other fellow teachers, I would mention Dana Colburn,<sup>1</sup> whose arithmetical teaching did not lack mental development, and who produced almost wonderful results in the quickness with which his pupils performed mental operations. But this very quickness of work and utterance, which was stimulated by the teacher's own example, seemed to me not to allow sufficient time for calm thought and expression.

Mr. Sanborn Tenney, a young, handsome man from New Hampshire, did very good work in going with his pupils through fields and woods in order to collect plants or flowers, which were to be classified, after a proper analysis of their distinguishing parts. In a similar way, the minerals were treated, of which some interesting specimens were found in Lancaster, for instance the Andalusite, with its white crosses as perfectly inlaid as if they were a work of art; also in the quarries of Bolton, a neighbouring town, whose Boltonite and Appatite are peculiar to that locality.

The two teachers last named died at a comparatively early

<sup>1</sup> Barnard's American Journal of Education, 1862, contains a very full and commendatory memoir of Dana P. Colburn, with portrait. He was born September 29, 1823. After some years' experience in New England Normal Schools, he became, in 1854, the first principal of the Rhode Island Normal School, where he remained until his death, in 1859. He is said to have been a man of high character, exerting a most harmonious influence over his pupils. He became well known during his later years as author of a series of Arithmetics. The memorial states as an indication of his high character as a teacher, that he was associated in the Massachusetts Institutes with "such men as Krüsi, etc." — ED.

age, Mr. Colburn being killed driving a fast horse, some weeks before his intended marriage. Both were favourably known as authors of school-books, and had a bright future before them.

I like to dwell on my rural, peaceful residence and life in Lancaster, because I enjoyed both my educational and social relations, which were of a kind to give a favourable impression of American life and society. It is true that the latter was somewhat more select than is generally found in a country town, even in New England. I was struck at seeing in these rural cottages a combination of comfort and civilization such as is seldom found in the old country. Several ladies of my acquaintance, as for instance, Mrs. Symmes and Miss Chandler, had extensive libraries and collections. Although of middle age, they were so eager to improve their minds that I counted them among my pupils, while in regard to a knowledge of Greek and Latin I might have learned of them.

*Record.* — The principal events of the first summer term, outside of the school, were the following:

A celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of Lancaster. This shows that it is what the Americans would call an old place. Some tombstones in the old cemetery bear the date 1697. The celebration was attended by some thousand people from Lancaster and those places which formerly belonged to the township of Lancaster and have since become separate townships. There was a long historical address given in church (thermometer nearly  $100^{\circ}$ ), from which I escaped into the air; then a procession to a tent under a grove at South Lancaster, where a dinner was served, speeches delivered, etc. Two things were wanting, which give cheerfulness to our Swiss festivities, namely, wine and song.

The celebration of the Fourth of July, which, however, I need not describe, since it is everywhere nearly the same, fire-crackers being the most prominent part of it. I remember that the night from the third to the fourth was so sultry that I could not find sleep till twelve o'clock, when boom! a cannon was fired, — which shook the hotel and bedroom, and innumerable guns and crackers afterwards, and it was of course soon over with sleep. Then there was a collation in a lovely grove, where the two arms

of the Nashua unite; and the Declaration of Independence was read, speeches delivered, etc. I remember that I made there my first occasional speech, wherein I alluded to the sympathies which ought to exist between the two sister republics — the United States and Switzerland.

The vacation (which was to last eight weeks) began near the commencement of October, and I was determined to make a trip somewhere, and as the World's Exhibition was then just being held at New York, I determined to go there with a young and highly intelligent student, Mr. Hines. We went through Worcester and Providence, admiring the beautiful autumn scenery, visited some romantic places in the neighbourhood, and entered the steamer at Fall River. I remember still how I was struck by the magnificence of its cabins, state-rooms, stairs, etc.

We approached New York in the morning, visited some of the remarkable places in and near the city, for instance Greenwood Cemetery, spent much time in the exhibition, which in size and contents was certainly much inferior to that of London, but still full of splendid articles; visited some Swiss merchants, and then returned by the Hudson River railroad via Albany, Springfield, etc., to Worcester, where I found the hotel so full that I had to sleep with others in the bar-rooms on chairs. At four o'clock some women came in to scrub the floor, under the very chairs where we were trying to find sleep. I mention this only as a fact that could never have happened in a French or German hotel, from more innate principles of politeness which an innkeeper would show towards his guests.

During this same vacation I also attended a Teachers' Institute on the Cape (Orleans). I was to teach one day in the place of Whitacre, who was unable to be present the first day. I was at that time not accustomed to draw my illustrations on the black-board, and did it but poorly, rubbing out some lines. Mr. Lowell Mason, who was very much interested in my success, gave me good advice, and told me not to rub out poor lines, since the public would not be aware of their incorrectness, except by seeing them effaced, when they would guess at the reason. Mr. Colburn drilled me with regard to the proper enunciation of my words and sentences.

I had very pleasant quarters at the house of Captain Doane, who — like all the captains here — had performed large voyages

(to China, etc.) and was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. His wife practised hospitality towards her eight unknown guests with a grace I never had met before, and altogether we had a merry time.

The second term of Lancaster school began under somewhat less favourable auspices. The number of scholars was considerably less; Professor Russell mostly sick and confined to his room by cruel attacks of neuralgia. The winter began, and surprised me by the intensity of its cold, as the summer had done by its sultriness. I had my quarters at Professor Russell's, but boarded at the hotel. I had to saw my own wood and clean my boots, operations which I had never performed at home.

Although the number of scholars had decreased, it was encouraging to me to find that the numbers of *my* scholars, attending the French, German, and Drawing classes, had increased. As the scholars chose their own branches voluntarily, they were greatly interested in them, which was particularly the case with those who studied German; for I have always found that persons possessed with an energetic mind and powers of perseverance attempt the study of that difficult language with a view to enjoy the treasures of its literature, abounding in gems of poetry and in philosophic research.

Although our school had not many visitors, there were some from the State Board of Education, whose presence was of importance, especially to myself. Dr. Sears, the president of that Board, seemed particularly inclined to provide for me what he thought to be a better position. He offered me at one time a situation as teacher in a Reform School for boys, which I respectfully declined. Another offer was that of substitute in the vacant position of a principal at the Bridgewater school. This showed undoubtedly great confidence on his part, and if I had been more "Yankeeified," I should have accepted it, assuming a bold front, and making myself and others believe that I was able in the main to cope with the task, and should learn by experience some of its duties in which I felt deficient. The most important of these would be: the proper management of discipline with pupils of a nation different from mine, attendance to religious exercises, and

to various matters of business. But being fashioned in the "Krüsi" mould, I was determined that I would not begin my educational career in America with a failure, and would bide my time. Hence this offer, too, was declined, and I continued to live undisturbed in my rural retreat — not long, however; for soon afterwards I received an invitation from the secretary of the American Teachers' Institute to give a lecture at their next session at New Haven, which I reluctantly accepted. For my subject I chose "Pestalozzi."

Although somewhat startled when I saw before me a vast assembly of distinguished educators, I tried to do my best, and had the gratification — after the lecture — of seeing many members come forward to shake hands with me, while a reporter of the *New York Tribune* begged me for the loan of my manuscript, in order to make a full report in his paper, of whose existence and influence I had no cognizance at that time. On the whole, I had reason to be satisfied with my "début."

## CHAPTER XX

### MY EXPERIENCES AS A LECTURER AT THE MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW HAMPSHIRE INSTITUTES, 1854-1860

WHILE New Haven gave me the first experience in the lecturing line, I had soon occasion to get some further practice in the so-called "Teachers' Institutes," with which I became connected afterwards.

Although the branches in which I felt qualified to give suggestions as to method, *i.e.*, Arithmetic and Drawing, were represented by my two friends, Colburn and Whitacre, it yet happened sometimes that one or the other was prevented from attending to them, so that I had to act as a substitute. The first Institute in which I taught was in the city of Salem, containing about 20,000 inhabitants, good schools, and an able corps of teachers. Hence it was somewhat "risky" for me to give lessons in Inventive Drawing, where one is expected to make illustrations on the blackboard promptly and neatly, while discussing the matter. Fortunately, Drawing as a school branch was at that time rather an innovation, so that I could act as a pioneer in that line, and succeeded in getting the attention and approval of the intelligent part of the audience.

The lectures of Agassiz and Guyot, to whom I listened for the first time, filled me with admiration for their learning and educational bearing. They did a great deal of good and have to some extent revolutionized the method of teaching the natural sciences and Geography.

The citizens of the town showed their appreciation of the

presence and work of these and other lecturers in many ways, and their unstinted hospitality at their homes, as well as in social gatherings, was pleasing to witness. This was the only Institute I remember having been held in a city of so large size. Most of these were held in small, rural towns, at the invitation of the school authorities, chiefly for the purpose of stimulating the interest of the people in the schools, or inducing them to bring some additional sacrifice on their behalf. It is true that the instruction given in some of the branches during the day might not interest all classes of the people, but there were also evening lectures on general subjects, when the attendance was generally large. Under its intelligent Board of Education, the members of which were not chosen by the political machine, these Massachusetts Institutes became a success, chiefly through the wise arrangement of engaging the same corps of lecturers, mostly men who had made a mark in their profession, while all of them were in perfect harmony in regard to sound principles of education.

The case was and is different in other States. I found this out when lecturing in New Hampshire. There the Superintendent of Public Instruction was generally a creature of political preferment, mostly lacking a true educational spirit or knowledge. Hence the audience had sometimes to listen to men of cranky ideas, or to lecturers who entertained contradictory views about methods and practice. With this exception, I rather liked to visit this mountainous State, with its rushing rivers, its bold hills and mountains of granite and its Alpine pastures, all of which reminded me vividly of my native country. The people, too, seemed to partake of that solid, rugged character. It was an edifying sight to see occasionally a poor farmer's son or mechanic bestow rapt attention on the instruction, with a laudable zeal to make up in some degree for his neglected education. Of the places in which Institutes were held in New Hampshire, I remember particularly Mason village, Manchester, Dover, Keene,

especially the latter on account of its fine scenery and cultivated society.

In Massachusetts there were generally six Institutes held in the spring, and six in the fall. The lecturers were pretty well paid, considering that they had only to give five or six lessons, distributed over two or three days. The rest of the time they could pleasantly employ in attending the lectures of their colleagues, or in visits and walks. Of the latter I remember one I took with Agassiz, after the proprietor of the hotel in Pittsfield had rather gruffly told him that he could not smoke in the dining room. — “Then come, Kriisi, let us take a walk!” was his reply, and I gladly accompanied my celebrated countryman, whose conversation was always charming and full of “bonhommie.” He was most at home in Institutes held near the sea, which was always the case at Cape Cod, where the marine animals attracted his attention and furnished specimens for some of his lectures. As the older male inhabitants of the peninsula, mostly sea-captains, were temporarily at leisure, they enjoyed his lectures hugely, as well as others given during the day, nor could there any fault be found with their hospitality. I, for my part, was as much attracted by the mountainous regions in or near Berkshire, where Pittsfield, Holyoke, Williamsburgh, Hoosac, etc., are situated.

Besides Agassiz and Guyot, I must not forget to mention our good friend Lowell Mason, who, although far advanced in years, was always present on these occasions, and was generally listened to with pleasure and respect. Through his many contributions to church music he was well known. But far from being utterly or one-sidedly absorbed with his musical occupations, he had a keen interest in all the processes of education that were based on development of mind. There is no doubt that he owed a good deal of this disposition to the principles of Pestalozzi, which he had adopted in his teaching. On this account he gave me a hearty welcome on my arrival in this country, and it is partly to

his recommendation that I owe some pleasant and profitable engagements I have found here.

[*Editor's Note.* — It appears from a passage in the Record that Dr. Lowell Mason was to a great extent instrumental in bringing Mr. Krüsi to America. The latter says, in reviewing the mysterious kindness of Providence in determining his career: "What was it, again, that brought Dr. Lowell Mason to the Home and Colonial, where he often heard my name, as he says, spoken with great respect and affection, so that on returning to Massachusetts he could recommend me at headquarters as a fit instrument for the dissemination of correct methods of teaching." (II, 424.)

All the letters from Dr. Mason to Professor Krüsi, that have come to hand, are of unique interest, and will be quoted in their natural connections, as showing both the relation of Dr. Mason to Pestalozzianism, and his strong friendship for Professor Krüsi. The following indicates his early acquaintance with the Pestalozzian movement.]

Lowell Mason to H. Krüsi.

SOUTH ORANGE, May 27, 1857.

MR. KRÜSI.

Dear Sir:

I happened a few days since to be looking over my journal kept during my European tour in 1837, and I found a memorandum some part of which may interest you. I find that on the 31st July 1837, being in St. Gallen, at the Hotel "Zur Hecht" — I took a carriage and went over the hill to *Trogen*, some six or eight miles. I had letters of introduction from Rev. W. C. Woodbridge to M. M. Zellweger, Rev. Mr. Le Pasteur Fry and also to Mr. Le Director Krüsi.

I found that Mr. Krisi (who I suppose was your father) had removed from Trogen to some other town — that Mr. Zellweger was out of town — and that Mr. Fry did not speak English. The man, however, whom I did happen to meet was Mr. Zellweger's son, and he was, as he told me, the only man in the town who spoke English. I went to his house, took lime and bread. When I left him, he gave me a letter to Mr. Weishaupt of Gais, on whom I called but did not find him at home. He also gave me a letter to Mr. Tobler on whom I called, procured some music, etc., etc.

So I suppose I came near seeing your honoured father, and also this same Mr. Weishaupt. I thought I would tell you this.

Quite well, and

Very truly yours,

LOWELL MASON.

Professor Greene of Brown University, author of a popular grammar, was another very interesting lecturer and pleasant companion, and withal modest and unassuming. I have always observed that the greater a man or scholar happens to be, the less he is priding himself on his learning; for he, far more than his admirers, finds that his subject is branching out into an infinity of as yet undiscovered by-ways, which make him aware of his limited strength. On the other hand, the vain, ambitious tyro, who has but a poor knowledge of existing facts, feels obliged to rise chiefly by his professions, which he is temporarily enabled to do, because the general public cannot disprove them.

Such a specimen — I am sorry to say — enjoyed a temporary distinction at our Institutes, in the subject of Inventive Drawing, the principle of which he had obtained from myself. He was aided in his illustrations by great skill in execution, and by making eloquent and finely worded appeals in behalf of beauty and grace; which, however, branched off occasionally into a species of self-glorification. Nevertheless, he seldom failed in getting the admiring attention of silly young ladies, who perhaps would leave the hall when Professor Guyot, in his simple, truthful way, would speak of the configuration of the Universe and its influence on the character and power of nations.

I cannot but allude to one more Institute, held at Lancaster while I was teaching there, in which Professor Agassiz was undoubtedly the centre of attraction. While the existence of many even useful members of society will soon be forgotten, the life-work of Agassiz was of such towering magnitude that posterity will cherish particulars, however small, which tend to shed light on his character and magnetic influence.

I remember that, addressing his class for the first time, he looked with an engaging smile on the young ladies before him, saying: "I see before me many bright eyes, but alas! these eyes cannot see!" — and then he began to analyze some natural object, for instance, a grasshopper (of which every member of the class had a specimen before her), until their eyes became opened, and they discovered parts, and began to understand their use, as they never had done before.

At that time Agassiz was occupied with his great work: "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," and was just investigating something, for which purpose he required a number of turtles for dissection. As soon as his wish was known, a number of students went turtle-hunting, and caught some near the river, while they sent him afterwards about three hundred more to Cambridge. Of these perhaps only three served his immediate purpose; but all these efforts to get at the truth of the matter, while a description of the result might hardly fill half a page of his large work, reveal to us the stamp of a genuine interpreter of nature.

I will add that the young men of our school, wishing to have some social communion with the great naturalist, who seemed to sympathize with their youthful aspirations and sports, invited him to a lobster supper, at which porter or ale was also served. There it was pleasing to see how he was able to adapt himself to his surroundings, and answered all the questions without any attempt at concealing anything; for instance, in regard to the duelling practised in German Universities. He also mentioned the part which he, as President of one of the students' societies, had to perform: in accepting challenges from members of another club, and fighting as a substitute for members of his club, who were prevented from appearing in person. Of course he would hardly now have recommended this barbarous relic of the middle ages, but on looking at his powerful frame and strong arm, one could understand that it must have been dangerous to meet him as an antagonist.

I have finally to mention a step which, in the fall of 1855, severed my connection with the Lancaster school, and which no doubt was severely criticised by some people of the place, who were anxious for its continuation. My reasons for handing in my resignation were chiefly these: in the first place my two best friends, Sumner and Colburn, had already left to accept better positions in the Normal School at Providence, Rhode Island, and their places were not adequately supplied. Secondly, the financial state of the Institute, although occasionally patched up, was never of a kind to warrant a long or flourishing existence. All this, of course, affected the attendance of pupils and pointed to a lingering dissolution. As I had never bound myself by any promise, nor had the presumption to think that my going away would seriously affect the continuance of the school, I had no conscientious scruples in leaving it, to try my fortune elsewhere. As a matter of fact, the school did not survive long; but the associations connected with it and some of its former teachers and pupils have been too strong ever to be broken.

## CHAPTER XXI

### A WINTER SPENT AT PROVIDENCE, 1855-1856

THANKS to some of my friends, I was not left without strong recommendations, which procured for me introduction to parties in Providence, to whom I was to give private lessons in French or German.

Letter from Ingram Fletcher to Dr. L. S. Stevens, recommending Krüsi:

HOOSIER'S NEST

LANCASTER, MASS., 3d Dec., 1855.

DEAR STEP. — The bearer, Prof. Hermann Krüsi, has been Professor in the Modern Languages in the Institute. He is a very thorough, intellectual man, — "is a gentleman and a scholar." He is not a professed Christian, but very moral, and has great respect for religious denominations. He is a Swiss by birth. He will teach in Providence this winter, and would be happy of your acquaintance. As a teacher he has been the main spoke of our Institute, — when he withdrew, it fell.

Very cordially,

BASSO.

DR. L. STEVENS.

There was also a boarding-place found for me, where I not only could enjoy the company of my friends, Sumner and Colburn, but also that of other pleasant people. One of the families with whom I became intimate, was that of Professor Harkness, author of several Greek and Latin grammars, etc. He had a very pleasant, cultured wife, and a little golden-haired daughter, who became my particular pet. Hence there was no lack of social intercourse. As for literary institutions, there were the Univer-

sity with a large library, the Normal School, etc., in all of which places I had friends and acquaintances. But how did I succeed with my private lessons? The answer is — only tolerably. For my aversion to puffing myself or to making personal applications stood somewhat in the way of my getting many pupils; but those whom I taught were rather select.

*Record.* — I received an instance of the kind ways of Providence a few weeks after my arrival, when Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education,<sup>1</sup> wrote me a note, offering me the situation of lecturer in Drawing and Arithmetic, in the place of Mr. Whitacre, my quondam friend, who had disgusted the Board by his vanity, and inveterate propensity for boasting, which amounted to absolute lying, and by other unbecoming practices. This situation would be worth about six hundred dollars per year,<sup>2</sup> and engage me only for twelve weeks. I was, of course, thankful for this offer, and had no hesitation in accepting it, although Whitacre wrote me soon after a foolish letter, wherein he gave vent to his indignation at having been superseded. I replied to him in a cool, but dignified letter, wherein I told him to reflect, that even if I had refused the situation he could not have retained it.

<sup>1</sup> Long a representative of the Democratic party in the Massachusetts legislature, and Governor of the State in 1851 and 1852, on the Free-soil ticket. He assisted later in organizing the Republican party, was a member of the Chicago Convention that nominated Lincoln, and a delegate in 1861 to the Peace Conference in Washington. In 1862, he organized the new Department of Internal Revenue, and was its first Commissioner. For some years elected as member of Congress from Massachusetts, he advocated, in 1868, the impeachment of President Johnson, was chosen chairman of the committee to report articles of impeachment, and became one of the seven managers of the trial. In 1869 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, under President Grant, and on resigning this post, in 1873, became Senator from Massachusetts for some years. His service as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education extended over five years, 1856–1861.

<sup>2</sup> With reference to his remuneration, I find an indication in the letter to Mr. Krüsi from Hon. George S. Boutwell, notifying him of his appointment as teacher of Drawing and Mathematics in the Institutes, at a salary “equal to that of Professor Russell,” *i.e.*, “as much as \$55.00 per week, or probably more.” This was dated February 9, 1856. — ED.

The desire of earning money for future contingencies has never been very strong with me, and even less so while I lived the life of a bachelor, who had nearly reached his fortieth year. It is true that my intimacy with some members of the fair sex at Lancaster had brought the thought nearer to me, that it was not well for a man to continue a life which precluded the hope of a settled, cosy home. I had ample time to make such reflections when sitting in my large, somewhat bare room. Even my relatives, especially my oldest sister, whose family already numbered five or six bright, hopeful children, seemed to show some pity for my isolated position, to judge from a German poem sent me at that time, which I quote from memory, together with a free translation.

Zwei muntere Quellen zusammenfliessen,  
 Und sich ins stille Becken ergieissen,  
 Drin strahlet der Himmel so rein und mild,  
 Von segnender Liebe ein treues Bild:  
 Und ich, auf kaltem, bemoosten Stein  
 Soll leben allein, und sterben allein?

#### FREE TRANSLATION

Two brooks in swift impatient chase  
 Rush to each other's fond embrace,  
 Enjoying there peace and rest.  
 The heaven above, so bright and serene,  
 Reflected in yonder charming scene,  
 Is a symbol of Love that is blest;  
 And I, like the cold, unfeeling stone,  
 Should live by myself and die alone?

*Record.* — A few days after my arrival, I got a cold in my limbs, which caused me great pains when I moved about. I remember that on the first Sunday afternoon, when I sat in my great room, which commanded but a poor prospect upon some neighbouring roofs, I indulged in rather melancholy meditations, and felt stronger than ever the truth of the maxim of the Bible: “It is not good for man to be alone.” I almost shuddered at the thought of falling ill, with no friend to care for me, and nobody to attend me for the sake of love, and not only from pity. Having enjoyed

up to this moment the most perfect health, such thoughts had never entered my mind before, but now they arose with another rather perplexing thought, that I had arrived nearly to my fortieth year, and that, if I did not marry soon, it was wiser not to do so at all; and then, what a desolate age would open before me! void of any prospect to leave behind me some bearer of my name, and heir of my qualifications, especially of those that may have been of some benefit to my fellow-men! How selfish does a life become, when one has nobody but himself to care for; how much danger is there, to have your self-love unduly raised, when your acquaintances praise your good qualities, and nobody feels intimate enough to tell you of your faults and failings, as, for instance, a wife is sure to do, not for the sake of finding fault, but because she wishes you to excel in everything, and to disarm the world of its criticism. With these or similar reflections I regaled myself on that lonely Sunday afternoon, conjuring up in my mind all the sweet visions of the past, which promised to lead to a happy conjugal life, and summing up the few remaining chances of the present. With a sigh I resigned myself to my fate, which otherwise had treated me well, and preserved my health and spirits, whilst I had always been fortunate enough to secure a small circle of deserving and congenial friends.

Among such conflicting thoughts, I also appreciated fully the sentiment contained in one of the songs, which my niece sang with feeling on the eve of my departure for America. It contains a warning to the native dwellers of Switzerland not to leave their fatherland, since, like the "Alpen-rosen," they would fail to take root, or find happiness, after being transferred to a foreign soil.

#### DER ALPENROSE MAHNUNG

Auf der Alpen lichten Höhen,  
Ferne von der Erde Qual,  
Blüht ein Blümchen, sanft geröthet  
Von der Sonne ersten Strahl;  
Seine Heimath ist dort oben,  
Dort allein nur kann es blühn;  
Wird der Heimath es entzogen  
Stirbt das arme Blümchen hin.

Doch das ist die Kraft des Blümchens,  
 Die der Schöpfer ihm verlehn;  
 Wer in seiner Näh' geboren,  
 Kann nicht in die Fremde ziehn;  
 Denn ein unnennbares Sehnen  
 Zieht ihn nach der Heimath hin,  
 Wo auf freien lichten Höhen  
 Scine Alpenrosen blühn.

#### WARNING OF THE ALPINE ROSE

High on Alpine sunny ridges,  
 Far away from dreary vales,  
 Blooms a flower, sweetly blushing  
 When the sunlight it inhales.  
 There alone, in home-like cradle,  
 Can it bloom and foster life,  
 But if torn away it withers,  
 And succumbs to deadly strife.

There is power in the flower,  
 Given by Creator's hands:  
 Such that dwellers mid these mountains  
 Cannot bide in foreign lands.  
 So unspeakable a longing  
 Draws them to their native home,  
 Where amongst the Alpine roses  
 It was bliss for them to roam.

I could not, however, regret my transfer to America, chiefly on account of two encouraging experiences: first, I had been able to find many friends and supporters; second, my work had hitherto succeeded and taken root in susceptible minds. Hence the future prospect was that my mission was not yet ended.

It has always been my habit, in moments of leisure, to collect and classify materials on some educational subject, which might help me to illustrate at the proper time my method of teaching. Something prompted me — during the winter spent in Providence — to work out lessons in Form and Geometry, according to a method which obliges the pupils to solve the given problems by their own ingenuity, and which causes them occasionally to find

many new solutions of the same problem, or even to invent new problems. At that time, I had no prospect of teaching the subject, but I thought it could do no harm to put myself in readiness for it — nor was I mistaken in this idea, as the sequel has shown.

I remember that the winter of 1855–1856, although not cold, yet was remarkable for the great fall of snow in February, which blockaded railways and other roads, and which was followed by a great thaw and the swelling of rivers. Of the latter fact I became aware on returning from an Institute, when I found one of the railroad bridges carried away, and had to walk over some beams to the other side. The Teachers' Institute just mentioned has also left an impression on me, because of an incident happening during the session, which serves to illustrate the conflict between religion and science.

The Institute was held in a fishing village, in the Methodist church; which seemed to bestow the privilege on the minister of confronting the audience and watching anxiously that no heretical doctrine should be proclaimed, endangering his parishioners' souls. When an antiquated naturalist presented the wornout classification which divides the animals into mammalia, birds, fishes, amphibia and worms, this was considered orthodox enough, although it left the question unsettled as to whether the crabs and oysters, etc., had any legitimate right in either of these classes. But when our friend, Mr. Tenney, spoke of the strata of the earth and their fossil remains, all of which he declared to have been produced in periods which vastly exceed the "orthodox" seven days of creation, — yea, had to be counted by millions of years, our worthy minister could not stand this any longer. He rose from his seat, and in solemn tones warned his flock not to give credence to unproved theories, which were antagonistic to the distinct expressions of the infallible "Word of God." When the lecturer modestly pleaded that the fossils of more and more perfect animals found in the successive strata of rock testified to an infinite amount of time, the minister tried to settle this ques-

tion by the pompous assertion that in his opinion *the above rocks were created during the seven days with the fossil-like marks upon them.*

"What a blessing," thought I, "that such a minister, who dares to attribute to the Almighty God such a useless, childish operation, will soon be placed among the fossils by a more progressive age and generation!"

The winter passed thus away in the manner described, and I had to make ready for the Massachusetts Institutes. As I considered Lancaster more my home than Providence (although I liked the appearance of the city and its surroundings) I returned to my old lodgings between the sessions of the Institutes, and even afterwards. It is true the Normal College had been given up, but there were still some excellent friends left — one of whom — my present wife — was destined to make an end to my bachelor state.

*Record.* — It was during some of the last terms in Lancaster that I got acquainted with my future wife, then Miss Caroline Dunham, although our relations were only those between teacher and pupil. My first impressions of her were two-fold: in physical respect she seemed a picture of health, and as such quite a contrast to the tender and delicate appearance of most of the other ladies. In mental respect, she was not exactly distinguished for genius, or brilliant memory, but rather for sound common sense, undaunted perseverance, precision of ideas, and a keen tact for their practical application. She seemed also a true, warm-hearted girl, and her hand-shakes were always of the heartiest description, as of one who *is* and *gives* nothing by halves, but has her whole heart in it. The more difficulties she had to encounter in the pursuit of knowledge, owing to the want of pecuniary resources, the more she seemed to appreciate its value, and she gave me the impression that she was able to distinguish superficial knowledge from that which was *real, thorough*, and based upon sound principles. I remember her yet, standing one evening near the end of the term on the stone steps of our Institute hall, and asking me in a sad voice whether it was true that I might leave Lancaster; to which I replied, that it was not impossible, at which she seemed

to be sorry, fearing, perhaps, that the Institute itself might be dissolved.

*Record.* — After the Institutes, that is, during a part of May, June, July, August, and September, I stayed mostly in Lancaster, in order to work out a course of Perspective Drawing, which the publishers, Mason Brothers, had offered to print. During that time I also had private classes in French and Drawing with a number of select pupils, one of whom was my future wife. In observing her indomitable energy, her practical skill, and, above all, her warm and faithful heart, I concluded that she would prove the best partner I could choose, although we were very different in years, as also in disposition. I made her further acquaintance on frequent visits to Professor Russell, where she then boarded, and on occasional walks.

There was yet one task left, namely, to see whether my feelings were reciprocated. On the 24th of June (my birthday) I let my pupils write a French composition. Caroline had a very nice and original piece, in which she alluded in very friendly terms to a pleasure walk we had taken in Mrs. Symmes' garden. I do not say that there was any design in this effusion, but it did not the less satisfy me about the kind nature of her sentiments towards me. Being an orphan, she had been the more grateful for any sympathy shown to her in her isolated position.

On the 28th I invited her to a ride to a beautiful elevation near Bolton. On our return to Mr. Russell's parlour, I pressed her for the first time to my heart, and asked her whether she would consent to share the fortunes of a man such as she knew me, with all my merits and failings. The answer, which was whispered forth in deep emotion, was favourable. The next evenings we passed together in charming walks through the beautiful scenery of Lancaster, in a sweet interchange of thoughts and feelings.

## CHAPTER XXII

### BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE, 1856 EXPERIENCES IN THIS NEW STAGE OF LIFE

I LEAVE it to younger and more poetical minds to make a description of their courtship and of events accompanying or following the marriage ceremony. Suffice it to say, that both my wife and myself took each other “for better or for worse” under no romantic circumstances, nor with bright prospects for the future.

I had reached the meridian of life and was dependent on a moderate and somewhat fleeting income, while my bride, an orphan, and my junior by about fourteen years, had also seen the earnest side of life, which, however, had tended to give to her mind and character great energy, an ardent love of improvement, and an unbending devotion to duty. As she had been one of my pupils, there existed already those relations which, from a feeling of respect and devotion, may unfold into those of friendship and love.

*Record.* — After the Institutes I was determined to look about me for winter quarters, which would be rendered warm and comfortable by the presence of a loving wife. I decided for Worcester, where there happened to be no French teacher at that time, and was fortunate enough to find that Mr. Beane, of the Mansion House School, was just in want of a teacher; whilst I also found some private pupils. This was enough for me. I determined to hasten the marriage as soon as possible. I went — in November — to a teachers’ convention at Charlestown, and hence to my friends, the Burnhams, at Haverhill.

The marriage was consummated at Somerville, by the Rev. Mr. Pope, the day after Thanksgiving, November 26, 1856.

Caroline Dunham (such was my wife's maiden name) had spent the fall with an aunt at Minot, where on past and future occasions she was always sure to find a home. I myself had been visiting an old friend, Mr. Burnham, formerly a teacher and lecturer in Arithmetic, but now living on a farm near Haverhill, with a pleasant family. I remember that about that time the excitement attending the Presidential election was at fever heat, on account of the threatening attitude assumed by the defenders or abettors of slavery and the advocates of emancipation in the Northern States; the former having for their candidate Mr. Buchanan, and the latter the "Pathfinder" Fremont, who unfortunately did not find his path to the White House. I remember taking part in a procession, and listening to rousing speeches and songs in behalf of freedom. It must have been shortly before Thanksgiving, which day I remember with a kind of awe, owing to the appearance of my plate loaded with five or six pieces of "dyspeptic pies," arranged in a circle.

After Thanksgiving I took leave of my friends, who were rather astonished to hear that I was going to meet my bride on the incoming train for the sake of being married. The apparent secrecy preserved in this matter was a wish — not unnatural in our circumstances — to have as quiet a wedding as possible, in our travelling costume, and then pass on to our destination, *i.e.*, to Worcester, Mass.

*Record.* — It was at first understood that Carrie should step out there, and that we should be married on Thanksgiving. But the arrival of guests altered this plan. I went to the station at Atkinson, waited for the train from Maine, saluted her, and sat with her in the ladies' room till Boston, where we arrived late in the evening. We passed the night at the Revere House. The next morning we rode to Somerville, in order to enter the bonds of matrimony by the sanction of Mr. Pope, whom we considered a sincere friend, as well as his wife.

The solemn moment arrives. The word which makes us one is spoken, followed by a fervent prayer, and we are now husband

and wife, bound for better or worse, looking hopefully into the future, whose unknown dispensations will be rendered easy to bear by the promptings of love and forbearance.

On the same day we go to Worcester.

As a proof that our expenses on that day were not very great, I mention the fact that we did not stop anywhere for dinner. This insignificant fact is only in so far remarkable, that on no other day in my long life have I been found absent from any meal, not even in my seven passages of the ocean, nor on account of sickness.

The city of Worcester was chosen as a temporary residence, on account of its offering me some opportunity for giving private lessons during the winter. These occupied a part of my time, and the rest I devoted to readings with my wife or attending to her German instruction, in which she made rapid progress. We were fortunate to find some pleasant rooms and board with a widow lady, who proved to be good company to my wife.

*Record.* — After a few days of hotel and boarding-house life, we engaged board in a private family, of Mrs. Foster, with two humble but neat rooms, and thus began our pilgrimage together.

I shall pause here in my diary, and after five years (if God spares my life) give the details of the new phase of life into which I have entered, together with all the changes which my vocation as a teacher and lecturer is likely to devolve upon me. May Heaven bestow His blessing upon our future doings, plans, and wishes, and extend His grace also upon our posterity! [See p. 190.]

I remember having had amongst my private pupils a lawyer, Mr. Devens, who afterwards served with distinction in the war as General, and whose manners were very attractive. In another family, living on one of the beautiful hills which environ the city, I got acquainted with an old gentleman, who remembered the time when he was carried to school on the shoulders of a slave, which, as Massachusetts was the first State to abolish slavery, must have been previous to 1780.

*Record.* — The appearance of spring, or rather of April, was the signal for attending more Institutes. The earliest of these was held in Truro, near the extremity of Cape Cod, and was in many respects interesting, because the peninsula is naturally isolated, and, being a comparatively recent formation of the sea, exhibits large sandy tracts, where vegetation achieves but a scanty growth. The inhabitants, or rather the men, take generally to the sea, either as owners of boats, or as "hands," which gives rise to the prevalent title of "Captain," which is here given to almost every man of respectable appearance. There is generally a preponderant number of ladies at home, of fresh and healthy appearance, whose manners are hearty and natural; on the whole, an interesting community. The Institute in Truro was rather small, that is, attended by few teachers, owing to the sparse population of the regions. But the number of men and women who attended the meeting all day, without being teachers, and who seemed interested in the teaching and in all the remarks made on education, showed that this was an appreciative community. . . .

There was, I believe, another Institute that spring, in Foxborough, which my young wife attended. . . . I had just given a lecture on Inventive Drawing, and, in order to please my friend, Dr. Mason, whose Pestalozzian constitution abhorred all hurry and impatience in teaching, had been patiently developing the elements of drawing, as illustrated by the combination of two lines. My wife sat amongst the hearers, near an antiquated schoolmaster, who remarked to her, a total stranger: "I don't think this amounts to much!" at which compliment to her husband, she smiled and blushed, stating that "as the wife of the lecturer, she might perhaps be too partial to judge." At this he stammered an apology, and left. I hope she did not consider his opinion as one generally shared by my audiences. I always earned applause in proportion to the intelligence of my hearers, especially when they were able to distinguish between facts and principles, and appreciated the high importance of *beginning* a subject in the right way.

Another incident I remember in connection with a lecture I had to give in a neighbouring town, Norton. Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Northrup, had lent us his horse and buggy to go there, with the injunction that the horse was a good animal, only averse

to backing and to stopping. As the latter quality was very rare in horses, and seemed better than the opposite, we saw no objection, and arrived safely, and tied our horse in the shed of the minister with whom we took supper. I then gave my lecture on Pestalozzi and Switzerland to a tolerably appreciative audience, excepting that I was annoyed by the whispering and laughing of some girls belonging to the Ladies' Seminary of the place. After the lecture I went to the horse, untied it, and tried to make it go backwards, which was next to impossible. When he was forced in the right direction, he suddenly started down the steep lane, passed like an arrow between two stone posts, first nearly smashing and then almost upsetting the vehicle, in the sudden turn which I had to make in order to keep in the road. However, I arrived safely at the church, where Carrie joined me, and we continued our way homewards through a pretty desolate region.

Our adventures were just beginning, for suddenly the seat-spring gave way, and we sat on the boards, the wheels partly touching it. It was of no use to try to stop the impetuous animal. Although unbroken himself, he had a decided talent for breaking everything else. What was to be done? The pressure on the wheels was too heavy, if we both remained; so I proposed to find my way on foot, proceeding to Franklin, where I would join Carrie, who in the meantime might arrive sooner and get assistance.

Away she went like lightning, whilst I proceeded, in not very pleasant anticipations, on the unknown road. It became soon darker, and the rain began to descend pretty briskly. Sometimes I came to a cross-road, where the lighting of some paper by means of a match pointed out the true direction. I was afraid that Carrie might lose her way, or break down, or suffer from the increasing rainstorm. Thus I trotted on, anxiety and motion keeping my blood warm, until I arrived at Franklin, where I found some ladies, friends of my wife, who told me that Carrie had arrived, but that she intended to drive on to Foxborough, whilst the ladies and myself might hire another wagon, in order to be conveyed there. This was done, and at nine or ten o'clock we were safely buried between the warm sheets of our bed, without feeling any bad consequences the next day.

Returning to my first chapter of matrimonial experiences, I should like to make some suggestions about what is generally

called "the honeymoon." Assuming that the path of courtship generally runs smooth, because the betrothed parties try to please each other, the actual test comes when the cares and exigencies of married life reveal a diversity of character, of habits, of likes and dislikes, and of will. At this tender period, every act committed by one or the other party is tried by one's own feeling or prejudice, and often appears unduly magnified, producing apprehension for the future. Thus, for instance, every rash, impatient utterance may be considered a sign of habitual discontent, and every unexplained absence the forerunner of a disposition to stay away from home. Until these inequalities of character are understood or mutually condoned, the so-called "honeymoon" will not be without some bitter admixture. When each party can bear with the other's failings and weaknesses, so long as no harm is done thereby, then a period of peace and happiness may arrive, during which the parties will assimilate more and more, and rid themselves of the little "corners," which at first grated with each other. This period arrives sooner with the growth of a family, when the cares and efforts of the parents are directed to one common object, *i.e.*, the welfare of their children.

The prospect of such an event rendered the offer of a new and more lucrative situation acceptable. It came through the intervention of our staunch friend, Lowell Mason, who had recommended me to Professor Phelps of the Trenton Normal School as teacher of Drawing, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars. I went there alone after the summer vacation, in order to reconnoitre the place, but was soon joined by my wife.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### A TWO YEARS' STAY AT TRENTON, N. J., 1857-1859

IN reflecting on my two years' sojourn at Trenton, I am reminded of the reply made by a man when asked about his age. The answer was: "Forty years. Properly speaking, it would be forty-two, but the two years I spent in X left so little impression that they do not count."

New Jersey, in which State Trenton is situated — lying between two large cities, New York and Philadelphia, where many of its citizens have large interests — has been sometimes accused of being out of the Union, on account of the absence of any patriotic feeling or policy. As a matter of fact, it is, or was, very much behind the New England States in the progress of civilization. Even its capital, Trenton, with the exception of the Capitol and some private buildings, seemed to me rather a conglomeration of dingy houses, with only one business street, exhibiting a few unattractive stores. There must have been, however, some industrial establishments, to judge from the number of shanties surrounding the city, which were inhabited by working-men, mostly Irishmen. Under such circumstances, the few public schools into which the children were crammed made but a poor exhibition, both as to the buildings and in respect to teachers and teaching.

The Trenton Normal School had been decreed by the Legislature a few years ago, not without violent opposition, during which one of the enlightened law-givers gave vent to the following sentiment: "Before we educate teachers, let us educate the children!" In spite of this original conception of the matter, which

tries to place the pyramid on its apex, the said Normal School received a respectable appropriation, which was partly used in raising two elegant buildings, one of which was destined for the training department, the other for a model school.

Mr. Phelps, who was elected its principal, was a very fit man for organization. He also possessed to an eminent degree a gift for attracting patronage to the school, and under his management it prospered in an extraordinary manner.

At the approach of the summer vacation, my wife proceeded to Worcester, whither I followed her soon, to be witness of an event of which every husband should be proud, viz., the birth of our first son, on the 25th of July, 1856. The name Hermann was naturally suggested, as being the honoured name of his grandfather and father; and the bright appearance of the boy gave rise to the hope that he would be worthy of his ancestors. Being born of healthy parents, he gave us but very little trouble either at Worcester or after our return to Trenton. [It was at this time that Professor Krüsi commenced his "Record," of which the following extract reproduces the first page. —ED.]

*Record.* — Whilst sitting near thee, my beloved first-born, and contemplating thy sweet and placid countenance, which is as yet untroubled by any passion or care, — I thought that a short description of my life might not be without use, having now an object for which to live; a bearer of my name, who I hope will walk worthily in the path of his grandfather, and in reading this will take either an example or a warning from the experiences of his father.

Hermann, my first-born! may the hopes which thy gentle mother and myself cherish in thy behalf be realized; mayst thou at least become a brave and honest man; if the nobler gifts of genius and learning should be denied thee, may we parents have wisdom enough to draw out thy faculties by carefully studying thy nature; and strength to resist any impure tendencies, to which the nature of man is liable. When thou shalt enter the age of manhood, I shall (if God spares my life so long) enter into old

age, whose troubles will be softened, when I am able to think that I have helped to train a soul for Immortality; thy mother (who now still enjoys the advantage of vigorous youth) will, when I shall be no more,<sup>1</sup> require thy chief consideration, and thou wilt never forget what she has borne and suffered for thee, and what are the natural duties of a son towards his mother. Remember that thou descendest (both on my and Mother's side) from ancestors who were satisfied with the prize of virtue and honesty, although not blessed with earthly goods.

I do not remember any new or interesting event during our second year's stay, unless it be the visit of three distinguished persons: Edward Everett, Secretary Boutwell of Massachusetts, and Professor Guyot, of whom the two former visited the school incidentally, while the latter gave us some lectures on the Six Days of Creation,

Everett's lecture was given in behalf of the Mount Vernon Association, in order to enable them to buy Washington's residence, Mount Vernon. To hear it was to hear a most finished oration, both as to style and delivery, and as such it was fully appreciated by admiring audiences. What I admired nearly as much was the skill manifested in giving an extempore address to the pupils of the school, which showed great power in applying his gracefully worded remarks to surrounding circumstances.

Secretary Boutwell, who made his appearance soon afterwards, was known to me personally as Secretary of the Board of Education and conductor of the Institutes, and I was always pleased to see or hear him on account of his sterling honesty, directness of speech, and friendly disposition. His visit to the school was chiefly on my account, as he wished to engage me for his fall Institutes, with the permission of Mr. Phelps, who of course had the first claim on my services. This permission was granted, and after this I was permanently engaged as a lecturer to these Institutes, in the place of Mr. Whitacre.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Krüsi died first, in their old age, about three months earlier than Mr. Krüsi.

Professor Guyot was an old friend, at that time professor of Physical Geography at Princeton College. To say that his lectures were interesting is not doing them sufficient justice. They were actually inspiring, and although leaning towards the orthodox view in analyzing the phases of creation, he never uttered ideas conflicting with science, reason, or common sense, but rather tried to *extend* the meaning of the words of the Bible in order to make them harmonize with science.

This effort, as Dr. Harper of the Chicago University justly said, when lecturing on the same subject, is not warranted, since the writers of Genesis, with their limited ideas of the laws and even of the facts of creation, meant what they said literally, and hence used, for instance, the word *days* in their accepted duration of twenty-four hours, while the creation of the heavenly bodies on the *fourth* day was assumed in their ignorance about the subordinate rank or position of our earth, which makes it a satellite of the sun, from which it was originally detached.

There was, of course, no fault to be found with Guyot's devotion to the Bible, or to what he considered the Word of God, since in this he was entirely sincere, as well as in his Christ-like devotion to the precepts of truth, love, and morality, and their practical application. One never could leave his presence without feeling a noble aspiration for Truth and Right. To his fatherly relation towards his nieces and nephews there was now added a tender care for his venerable sister, who at one time acted as governess at the court of Prussia. His unselfish nature was further manifested by the hearty welcome he always gave to his friends, when he laid aside his literary labours and entertained them upon some interesting subject in eloquent terms; unlike those lecturers who only make such an effort when they have an audience sitting before them.

[Guyot's letters to Krüsi, of which several have been preserved, bear out the characterization given here. Their tone is eminently sympathetic and affectionate, showing the genuineness

and intimacy of his friendship with the Krüsi family. They are, however, chiefly simple "letters of friendship," — although touching occasionally on educational interests common to both men — and need not be quoted. —*Ed.*]

The summer vacation of 1859 was approaching, and we made our usual preparations for a visit to Massachusetts, with the intention of returning again in September. A fellow teacher, perceiving my intention, was astonished at my not knowing that an important change had been made in regard to my situation and salary. On my requiring some information about it from the principal, I was told that this change consisted merely in a reduction of salary by three hundred dollars, owing to financial pressure, and was partly due to the Methodist influence in the Normal School Board. I immediately resigned, and in doing this at the proper time I was more fortunate than another teacher, who came back after the vacation, simply to find that he had been superseded without his knowledge.

Without feeling any rancour at such a proceeding, — after the lapse of thirty-five years, when most of the actors have left this mundane abode, — I merely state this fact as a warning against proceedings of this kind, which unfortunately still occur, and partly explain the animosity of working-men toward their employers, many of whom never place themselves in friendly communication with the former, or — like the Pullmans in a recent strike — refuse to make any plausible explanation of a temporary reduction of wages, but allow the stern decree to come down like a clap of thunder.

The drift of my remarks in regard to my experiences during my Trenton residence will partly explain my expression at the beginning, about "the loss of two years." While, of course, no time is to be considered lost in which we have made some instructive experiences, it can only be considered as a "blank" so far as the affections are concerned, which would draw you to the place on the wings of a grateful memory.

The case was different with the many friendly relations I had formed in Massachusetts. Hence I returned with a light heart to my old quarters in that State. Although without a fixed position at any established school, I yet received sufficient income from the Institutes to protect my family from want; which was the less to be feared as my wife and our child could always find a refuge and home at the rural village of Minot in Maine, to which they went at the approach of winter.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### AN OFF-WINTER AT SALEM, 1859-1860

THE loss of my situation at the Trenton Normal School obliged me again to have recourse to some temporary stopping-place, where, besides having access to literary institutions, there was hope of getting some private scholars. This time I chose Salem, where one of my friends and fellow lecturers, Dr. Crosby, was principal of a Normal School.

Salem was indeed a peculiar city, preserving in the architecture of many houses numerous traces of its former occupation by Puritans, who a few hundred years ago had earned an unenviable reputation for their zeal in persecuting witches, for the sake of what they called religion, and a fight against the snares of the Devil. Owing to the growing supremacy of Boston as a commercial city, it seemed to have remained nearly stationary as to population, and the wheels of commerce and industry were but seldom heard rolling in the half-deserted streets. This condition of things gave to the citizens, especially to the wealthier class, a conservative and exclusive character.

I found board and lodging with a rather pleasant family, and got some private scholars, although, as in Providence, the receipt from that source hardly covered my expenses. In the Normal School I made pleasant acquaintances with the teachers, some of whom formed a class in French. One of the city teachers, who applied to me for the same purpose, seemed rather surprised when I accepted her invitation. On looking more attentively at her, I found that she was a mulatto, although her straight hair and finely chiselled features pointed also to a Caucasian descent. She

proved to be an intelligent scholar, but I was grieved to find her sensitive and almost weary of life on account of the slights to which coloured people at that time were subjected, even in the Northern States. It was this experience that had made her think I would refuse to give her lessons. Refined as she was in her tastes and feelings, she was deeply conscious of the indignity put upon her and her coloured brethren, in not being admitted to the aisle of a church during service, but sent to the upper part like outcasts; also in finding the doors shut against them in any respectable hotel, even if it was the only one in the place.

But already then deep mutterings were heard from a growing abolition sentiment against the wickedness of slavery in the South, and the unjust treatment of the coloured race everywhere. The troubles in Kansas and the domineering, arrogant spirit of the slave-holders, encouraged as they were by the weak, temporizing policy of President Buchanan, had tended to embitter the feeling of the North — not so much against slavery, as against further encroachments. It was chiefly Harriet Beecher Stowe's masterly exposition of the horrors and iniquities of slavery — in her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — that reached the feelings and enlisted the sympathies of thousands, who formerly were ignorant and hence indifferent in regard to the subject. Even John Brown, unless by his tragic and we may say heroic death, would have failed to engage the concurrence and assistance of the masses in his almost fanatical views and actions. Of this fact I was a witness on one of my visits at Worcester, when he was announced to lecture in the City Hall. On going there with Mrs. K., we found the hall half empty, nor was there any member of a committee to introduce him. Hence he had to introduce himself. But when he began to speak in a rambling manner, without giving any broad scope to his subject, but dwelling chiefly on his own doings, a part of the audience — ourselves included — left the hall, because the one-sided, egotistic tenor of his remarks was not calculated to appeal to the intellect or to the feelings. A year or two afterwards,

during my stay in Salem, we were all startled by the news of his invasion in Virginia, and his heroic defense at Harper's Ferry, followed by his capture and execution.

Then indeed a sentiment was aroused whose current went strongly against the Slave Power which had made the Declaration of Independence, affirming "that all men are born *free* and *equal*," a mere mockery. The furious vindictive spirit of the Slave Power stood in vivid contrast with the heroic determination of John Brown to die rather than submit to it. From the spirit manifested in the Anti-slavery meetings at which I was present, which were more numerously attended than ever before, it could indeed be seen that although "John Brown's body was mouldering in the grave, *his soul was marching on.*"

As for my coloured pupil, of whom I never saw or heard anything for forty years, I had the unexpected pleasure to trace her and even to hold communication with her, after reading an article in the New England Magazine signed: "Fortin. . . ." She reported herself as married, living in Washington, and better satisfied with affairs concerning her race.

In speaking of my — generally uneventful — stay in Salem, I must not forget that a part of my leisure time was spent in writing a manuscript on the "Life and Work of Pestalozzi and of his Fellow-workers." I did this without any plan or expectation of having it printed, but simply because I thought that being the only representative of Pestalozzian descent in this country, some tribute to this interesting man and his work might be expected from me, who was in possession of documents never printed before.

The winter months I spent at Salem did not pass without some anxious thoughts about my family, to which a new addition was soon expected. The 1st of January, 1860, ushered in the birth of a daughter Minnie, whom I was not to see before spring. As the reports about the health of both mother and child were good, I waited patiently until April, when my little family

appeared at the depot, and I could gaze at the really beautiful face of little Minnie. When I say beautiful, it is not from fatherly partiality; for on our arrival at Boston, in the waiting room and in a store, the child was gazed upon and even handed about by admiring ladies.

But the main question was to find a comfortable home for our family. Here my memory is somewhat at fault, but I believe that through the kind services of good friends at Lancaster (Mr. and Mrs. Symmes) a cottage had been engaged and partly paid for (out of my deposit in the savings bank) a little outside of the village near the Nashua River, and only wanted to be furnished so as to become habitable. After a few days' boarding, we took possession of the cottage, and I experienced for the first time in my life the pleasure of occupying a house of my own with a family of my own, and of assisting in the task of housekeeping, which at first always has its attraction on account of the novelty of the experience.

## CHAPTER XXV

### IDYLLIC DAYS OF DOMESTIC LIFE AT OUR LANCASTER HOME, 1860-1862

My second chapter of life in Lancaster is one to which I turn with unabated pleasure. I have already mentioned our pleasant cottage, flanked on one side by lilac bushes, while a few peach-trees stood on the other side in a piece of ground on which I could try some agricultural experiments. Round about were farms, tenanted by people with whom we entertained friendly relations.

The inside of the cottage was simply but tastefully furnished and kept in "apple-pie" order by the careful housewife. But its most precious treasure consisted in our two children, who formed a lovely pair, and whose merry prattle delighted our ears, not merely on account of its lovely character, but also because the original expressions of the children gave us frequent opportunity to study their budding conceptions.

Thus, for instance, the children saw often carriages passing our house, when the parents occasionally pointed at them, saying: "There goes a horse!" Once a detached horse was galloping down the street, which caused our little boy to exclaim: "Oh, there goes a *broken* horse!" This shows that the children thought the horse and wagon to be a *unit*, just as the Indians did when they saw a Spanish horseman descend from his horse.

Of the attractive objects that were near our house, I mention first the river Nashua, in which, from the rural bridge, one could see the beautiful reflections of the trees along its banks. Sometimes, although rarely, I tried my skill in fishing, in which operation the few successful catches are richly counterbalanced by the

wearisome moments of waiting and disappointment. Occasionally a kind friend took us in his boat to some lovely wooded spot, where flowers were collected and knit into a garland for our sweet girl, who danced with it, happy as a fairy queen. Oh! this memory of our dear Minnie is not unmixed with sadness! For this "lovely spring flower" was not destined to bloom long, and so far as this life is concerned, the garlands lie withering on the ground.

*Record.* — Never, in any American town or city, have I found so many kind and simple-hearted educated people as in this rural town of Massachusetts. I may also add, that to no place do my recollections cling with such fondness as to this, with its beautiful scenery, almost idyllic in its calmness and serenity. Of course much of this charm must be attributed to the new experiences of married life — with a homestead of my own. Need I add, that amidst the blooming, merry children's faces, which I behold in memory, rejoicing over the new experiences of this life, I behold also that of an angel — now, alas! removed from these earthly scenes, but shining like a star in Heaven, and beckoning me to join her at the proper time in the realms of eternal peace; for where Minnie is, there must be peace, love, and faith.

Of our more intimate friends, I must mention Mr. and Mrs. Symmes, whose cottage was shaded by an elm-tree of magnificent proportions. The latter was particularly congenial, being devoted to literature, to her collections of natural and artistic objects, and especially to the study of languages, of which the German seemed to interest her most. She will appear later among our travelling companions to Europe.

Besides these, we had occasionally some young people visiting our house, who were chiefly engaged in their studies. Among them were a brother and sister of the name of Parkhurst, children of a Deacon Parkhurst of Clinton, who were attending a private school conducted in Lancaster by Mr. Stebbins, who gave them instruction in the Classics. Both these young people distinguished themselves by talent, energy, and perseverance, and hence gave promise of success in their future career.

The young man, after studying Theology, succeeded by his eloquence and practical energy in obtaining a high position among the clergy, and was chosen pastor of one of the most fashionable congregations in New York City; and now he is known all over the United States as *the Dr. Parkhurst*, the fearless champion for decency and right, who dared to throw down the gauntlet to the Tammany ring, and to the whole impious gang of criminals who plied their trade under the protection of that ring. Just now there is hope that its backbone is broken, and that the government of New York and other great cities will no longer be synonymous with fraud and corruption, thanks to the example given by this new "Luther," who did not flinch before the anathemas hurled against him by enraged politicians and their paid myrmidons.

The catalogue of personal friends would not be complete without mentioning Professor Russell and his family, with whom I continued to entertain friendly relations even after my separation from his school.

If life in Lancaster — in some seasons — might appear monotonous and void of novelty, there was a pleasing variety afforded to me by my excursions to various Institutes. Moreover, there was in that year (1860) no lack of exciting news, and there were heard ominous mutterings of a coming contest between the Slave Power of the South and the Northern sentiment for Union and Freedom for all men. The crisis came with the election of Lincoln as President.

Even before his inauguration, in March, 1861, an overt act of war was committed by the South Carolina militia, which fired a ball into a transport ship bringing provisions to the garrison at Fort Sumter. The weak Buchanan, as representative of the nation's power and honour, did not think it incumbent on him to take notice of this insult, or to take means of redress, as little as he had prevented the treacherous Floyd from supplying Southern forts with cannon and ammunition from the United States arsenals. Hence all the hopes of the loyal citizens centred in the future

policy of Lincoln, who was obliged to proceed to his inauguration in disguise for fear of assassination.

It was amidst such anxious anticipations and stirring news about the beginning of hostilities in Virginia, South Carolina, etc., that I received quite unexpectedly an application from Mr. Regal in Ohio, to take part in a Summer Institute to be held at his place, Hopedale, by giving lessons in Drawing. As this invitation gave me the opportunity of seeing, for the first time, some portion of the great West, I was not slow in accepting it.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### AN EXCURSION TO THE WEST, 1861

I STARTED on a Saturday, intending to stop in Binghamton over Sunday, partly because of its pleasant situation at the confluence of two rivers, and partly because at that time there were no trains running on Sunday. The next day I went as far as Cleveland. On hearing that a lecture would be given that evening by the well-known orator and statesman, Karl Schurz, I went to the hall, and enjoyed the close arguments and bursts of eloquence of the speaker, who urged his German countrymen to rise against slavery, whose decaying substance he compared to an "eiternde Wunde" (a festering wound). Schurz was then in the prime of manhood, and of commanding presence.

The next day gave me a sight of the river Ohio, the turbid, yellow waters of which were not inviting, although the regions which it traverses are known for their beauty and fertility. At a solitary station surrounded by woods, I got out, and as there was nobody to meet me I found my way to Hopedale after a tramp of some miles.

The place was decidedly rural in appearance, and the accommodations in the boarding-house where I slept the first night, rather primitive. The Normal building, too, was of simple construction. A new feature to me was found in the students' dwellings, little shanties with one or two rooms, which at almost nominal rent, combined with the cheapness of board, caused a student's expense not to exceed a dollar or a dollar and a half. At the same time, there was something idyllic and restful in the situation of the building, near shady groves of oak or hickory, which covered the hills.

As for the character of teachers as well as pupils, I never saw more simplicity, willingness, and earnestness in performing their duty among an equal number of persons. The principal, Mr. Regal, was as obliging as could be desired. Some of the lecturers came from a distance; for instance, Professor Mosblech of Antioch College, teacher of Botany and other natural branches; also Mr. Lusk, one of the firm publishing Spencer's Writing Course, who showed particular interest in my Inventive Drawing, partly because it offered valuable suggestions for his own subject of writing.

The fact of Professor Mosblech being a German contributed to our nearer acquaintance. He invited me to accompany him to Antioch College and spend the Sunday there. At that time, Bishop Campbell, founder of the set of Campbellites or Christians, was still living, and acting as Chancellor of the University, so that I had a chance of seeing him.

Antioch College is situated in Virginia, *i.e.*, in the part which afterwards became a separate State under the name of West Virginia. It was now for the first time that I made my entrance into a Slave State, although the absence of cotton culture, and other causes, had made the possession of slaves so unprofitable that there were but few of them to be found. Nevertheless, the college had been founded there by Southern men, who sent their sons to it. The majority of the students had left when hostilities began, in order to join the rebel ranks. The Faculty, consisting partly of Northern men, were divided in their political views or sympathies, although the event of the last days, *i.e.*, the battle of Bull Run, was calculated to encourage those who secretly favoured the Rebel cause. My friend and companion, Dr. Mosblech, in discussing the event, seemed to have such a poor idea of Northern pluck and perseverance as to make him believe that the cause of the Union was lost, and that its adherents would have to sue for a humiliating peace.

It was at such a time of great and anxious commotion that I entered Antioch, where I was at once shown the buildings of the

College, which in points of tasteful architecture were decidedly superior to those I had hitherto seen in the North. I was much pleased to find in the main building an elegantly furnished gallery of pictures, mostly supplied by generous donors in the South, who were also numerously represented in the subscription list of Agassiz's great work.

While strolling in the garden early the next morning, I was reminded of the South in view of the luxuriance of the vegetation, the beautiful flowers, and the numerous humming-birds, which entered the corollas and issued again in restless movement and incessant hum. As a matter of fact, Antioch lies no farther south than New York.

It was at the dinner table of Bishop Campbell, to which a number of guests — myself included — were invited, that I heard some expressions of Southern sentiment, combined with a strong prejudice against the Northern people, their pluck, morality, and some of their institutions. My neighbour, for instance, a young minister, evidently rejoicing in the calamity that had befallen the North in the battle of Bull Run, tried to explain it by the prevalence of crime in the North, which, as he thought, was sufficiently established by the record of the police courts. I at once saw the weakness of his argument, and calmly replied that according to his standard of measuring the morality of a people, the Indians and Dahomey negroes would come off best, since they did not consider murder, theft, rapine, etc., very objectionable, and made as little account of them as, in a nearer country, apparently was made of duelling, drunkenness, whipping, and otherwise ill-treating people of another race; since mention of them was made neither amongst the police records, nor in the papers. At this moment Bishop Campbell, who had probably listened to the conflicting arguments about the chances of success in the struggle between the North and South, surprised us all by saying: "History has shown us that in such a struggle the North has always obtained the final victory; as seen, for instance, in the invasion of

northern barbarians into Italy, Spain, and France, in the steady advance of the Russians towards Constantinople," etc., etc. These remarks, so earnestly spoken, and coming from the mouth of a venerable man of commanding mien and stature, sounded almost like a prophecy, and effectually silenced my over-zealous neighbour.

On the whole, I was satisfied with my visit to the College (although during its vacation), since it made me acquainted with a different state of society and class of people than I had been accustomed to live with hitherto. Returning to Hopedale, I continued my rather pleasant work with very willing and docile pupils. In my spare time, I was working on my course of Solid Geometry, on the same principle as the one I began in Providence; *i.e.*, basing the solution of problems on the pupils' own ingenuity. On Sundays I went generally to church, where the services were conducted according to the practice of the sect of "Christians," which intends to imitate the early Christians in their custom of taking a common meal or refreshment at *every one* of their meetings. Hence the cup with unfermented wine was passed around every Sunday in "pewters" of glass. I rather liked one of their adopted rules; *viz.*, not to oblige their ministers to preach according to any binding dogmas, but to leave them liberty in explaining the Bible (I suppose with certain limits).

On my return East, I saw the wonders of Niagara for the second time. While the impression made on me at my first visit was overwhelming, and, I may say, awe-inspiring, I could see now nothing but beauty and majesty combined with irresistible power; which made me fully appreciate the sentiment of the poet, that Niagara beggars all description, but "roars its own anthem into the ears of Time."

I will here add that Trenton Falls, which I visited on another occasion, are not much inferior to Niagara in beauty, with their surrounding rocks of limestone, that appear like battlements of a mighty fortress. Above them there is a luxuriance of vegeta-

tion which helps to produce a rich variety of hues and tints seldom met with elsewhere, unless perhaps in Watkins Glen. Truly the great State of New York has been richly provided with a varied natural scenery—both of rivers, lakes, and mountains; as seen in the Thousand Islands, the Hudson, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills, all of which I had the pleasure of visiting and enjoying during my vacations.

## CHAPTER XXVII

MY LAST YEAR IN LANCASTER, 1861-1862

INVITATION TO OSWEGO, N. Y.

THERE is not much to add about my closing experiences at this lovely place, unless for two events, which I may call the turning points of my educational career. The first of these consisted in the fact of my being unexpectedly omitted from the list of lecturers at the Massachusetts Teachers' Institutes. This occurred after the election of a new Secretary of Education, Mr. White, who had, of course, the privilege of appointing for the above lecture courses his personal friends, or individuals recommended by his political patrons.

Letter from Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell to H. Krüsi:

Nos. 11 & 12 Studio Building,

cor. Tremont & Bromfield Sts.:

BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,

I regret that you think of leaving the country. We cannot well spare you, and I was a good deal grieved when I found that you were not at your accustomed place in the Institute. . . .

Unless you have inducements at home which seem controlling, are not your prospects as good in America as in Europe? . . .

With my best wishes for your health and prosperity,

I am

Very truly

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

Dr. Lowell Mason to H. Krüsi:

CUMMINGTON, MASS., Nov. 16, 1862.

MR. KRÜSI:

Here I am attending the last Teachers' Institute for the season, there having been two before — three in all.

When I went to the first Institute at Williamstown, where our present Secretary lives, at my first interview with him I said:

"Well, Mr. Krüsi has, at last, a fine situation at Oswego." — "Yes, I am glad to hear it, and I wish to say to you that I heard him before a Teachers' Association not long since, and I was very much pleased with him, so much so that had he not been engaged I should have got him back into our Institutes again." I was delighted to hear him say so — my heart jumped up within me, I was so much rejoiced. I knew well enough that we had never had a more suggestive speaker before a Massachusetts Teachers' Institute from the beginning. I felt it deeply, very deeply, when you were dropped. I talked with Mr. White immediately, and said as much as I dare say; I assured him that he had given up one of the very best. I saw Mr. Boutwell also on the subject and wrote to Dr. Emerson. Indeed I was disappointed, mortified, indignant, that you, or rather the cause which you represented better than anyone I had seen, should be so little understood, and so neglected. But now, as soon as Mr. White has an opportunity to see you and hear you, he has sense enough to see what it is, he approves, and of course knows that he has been in error. How could he have got such a notion in relation to you? No matter, it is all over now.

For a few institutes after you were lost to us, I was all alone on this Pestalozzian ground. I expected to be murdered (professionally). But the Swiss plant springs up again fresh and flourishing, and I am revived. Mr. White's appreciation of you relieved me much, and now I see that he knows one from another quite well. He is indeed a noble man, and we all love and respect him much. I have brought out your name sometimes in public and often in private, and have spoken of you as *a teacher*.

How few — how very few understand our teachings. I have found only now and then one who is really Pestalozzian, tho' the land swarms with them who *profess* to be so. And then again

how many who seem to have some idea *theoretically*, are far from being *practically* right. Well, we shall both of us die before the thing is generally understood. Let us be diligent and plant as many seeds as we may while life and strength continue.

So with much love to Madame and kisses to the *Kinder*, from

Yours very truly,

LOWELL MASON.

There was then nothing to be said about this new arrangement, which suddenly deprived me of the greater part of my income at the time I needed it most. I was not for this reason so very much discouraged, since I was fully aware of the chances presented in this country. First, there was no opposition to the appointment of foreigners, nor any necessity for presenting official papers, testimonials, or other concomitants of "red tape" so indispensable in the old country. Then, again, there was undoubtedly in many educational circles an honest striving for reform, an earnest desire for the introduction of better methods, and the appointment of fit instruments to accomplish this aim.

Of this, I received a proof soon after losing my appointment to the Massachusetts Institutes, by receiving a letter from a Mr. Sheldon, Superintendent of the Oswego schools. I say "a" Mr. Sheldon, for up to this time I had heard as little of his name as of Oswego.

This letter informed me of his having formed a Normal class, mainly composed of the teachers of the city, to instruct which he had engaged, at considerable expense, Miss Margaret Jones from the Home and Colonial schools in London (an old acquaintance of mine) for the purpose of introducing a system of "Object Lessons"; but as this lady was obliged to return in the fall to her former situation, she had directed him to me as being qualified to continue or superintend the work begun by her, of the value and importance of which he was fully convinced. He (Mr. Sheldon) offered me a salary of one thousand dollars for my proposed work with the Normal class, as well as for instruction in

French and Drawing, which I might give at the High School, and in other schools of the city.

The letter bore the stamp of great sincerity and honesty, and offered a field of work very congenial to a follower of Pestalozzi and a son of "Krüsi," and hence was gladly accepted. There was not much left for me to do at Lancaster, except to make preparations for this new change of locality and position. It was, however, considered wiser for at present that I should proceed to Oswego alone, in order to survey the future field of my operations, and to provide for suitable board and lodgings for my family.

This turning-point in my destinies arrived about twenty-five years after my first attempt at teaching. As I have already stated, my work had been chiefly connected with temporary employment at Normal schools, or with private tuition and lecturing at Institutes, and hence, with the exception of that in England, could not have left many permanent traces. I little dreamed that my next engagement would be continued during *twenty-five* years; nor that I should be connected with an undertaking whose influence would be felt through the United States, as that of Pestalozzi — with whom my father was connected — was felt throughout civilized Europe. Like my father, I began my work during a period of war and strife, which fortunately never reached our northern region, nor seriously affected its financial condition and educational progress. Like him (sixty years later) I started *westward* in order to assume the most effective task of my educational career.

[Mr. Sheldon's letters to Mr. Krüsi, urging his acceptance of the Oswego position, were nearly if not quite all preserved, and will doubtless be found interesting. —ED.]

E. A. Sheldon to H. Krüsi:

Oswego, N. Y., May 14, 1862.

PROFESSOR KRÜSI:

*My Dear Sir*,—Through the kindness of Miss Jones I have had the pleasure of seeing two letters which you have written her. From these I regret to learn that you design to leave this country

and return to Germany. It seems to me this is the time above all others when you should be decided to remain. We are just upon the eve of a great educational revolution in this country, in which, from what Miss Jones informs me, you ought to take an active part. It seems to me your services must be very soon appreciated, and in demand. The *principles* of education have been as yet but very little studied in this country, either by teachers or school officers. In this respect the tables will soon be turned. It will soon be required of both as an essential qualification that they understand the *philosophy* of education. The Pestalozzian methods are truly philosophical. They are new in this country, but they are becoming exceedingly popular, and they require but to be known and understood to be generally adopted. The name of Pestalozzi is to become a household word in educational circles in this country, and it seems to me that one who is so intimately familiar with his history and labors, and as it were linked with them, should be prominent in this movement. Now just what part you are prepared to take I do not know. If it were possible to associate you with our movement here, I should be most happy to do so. The only obstacle, I imagine, will be the expense. Our people here are very sensitive about taxes. They complain now that they are overtaxed and demand of our Board retrenchment.

In order to accomplish what has already been done, I have been obliged to resort to the most shrewd financing. I have been obliged so to manage the whole matter as not to increase the expenses of the Board one dollar. On no other condition could I induce them to invite Miss Jones here. They have in fact made money out of it. Now, if I should succeed in getting you to Oswego, it must be by some such kind of financing. I think it very doubtful, however, whether I should be able to secure for you a salary of over \$800 for the first year. This is all we pay any of our teachers below the High School. The principal of this school gets \$1000. I also get \$1000. My salary for several years was but \$900. At Syracuse, previous to coming here, it was but \$800.

I think you have overestimated the expenses of living here. When I used to rent I never paid over \$140, and then rents were higher than now. This did not, it is true, give me a *first-class* house, but a respectable one.

I think, if we could get you here for one year, after that there would be no difficulty in regard to your salary. In fact, I think you would be in a position to demand such a salary as you might desire.

Now will you be kind enough to inform me what you are prepared to do in an educational point of view, and whether you would be willing to come here for \$800 for the first year. I mention this amount, because I think in any event it will be all we shall be able to do.

In any event I design to give myself the pleasure of a personal interview with you before you leave the country.

Yours respectfully,

E. A. Sheldon to H. Krüsi:

E. A. SHELDON.

Oswego, N. Y., May 15, 1862.

PROFESSOR KRÜSI,

*My Dear Sir:*

As I said in my last, it seems to me you ought to have an important mission to perform in this great educational movement that is about to revolutionize the schools and teachers of this country.

It seems to me that if we could once connect your name with it, and get you fairly identified with the movement, it would help to give it character, and would open to you somewhere, if not in Oswego, a field of labour that would be at once congenial to your tastes, and remunerative.

I hope you will not decide to leave the country without making an effort of this kind.

If you decide to go, however, I wish to spend several days with you either at Lancaster or in Oswego. When you close your labours at Lancaster, could you not come to Oswego and spend a few weeks in my family? I will gladly pay your expenses out of my own pocket. If you could not spend a few weeks, spend a few days — anything would be acceptable. If you cannot come, I must go to Lancaster.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain yours respectfully,

E. A. SHELDON.

Professor Krüsi to Mr. Sheldon:

LANCASTER, MASS., 21st May, 1862.

DEAR SIR,— After returning from a trip of a few days, to Lancaster, I found your very kind letter, which I perused with the greatest interest, since it is not improbable that it may influence my future movements. At any rate I have stopped for at present my preparations for the voyage, and will try in a few words to reply to some of the principal items of your letter.

I need hardly assure you that I have followed with great interest your experiments to introduce a better system of teaching into the schools, especially in regard to elementary training, which, as it forms the foundation for all the superstructure, has to be first considered. I was particularly pleased to see you make a *practical* move in the furtherance of this object, considering that there has been, especially in Massachusetts, a great deal of fine talk about these principles and methods, without much visible application, unless I except the excellent Normal schools of the State, and some favoured localities in or near Boston. You have wisely considered "Object Lessons" the corner-stone of elementary instruction, and — as wisely — applied to the Home and Colonial School for their introduction. They (the Home and Colonial School) have undoubtedly improved the original plan of Pestalozzi, by illustrating the exercises with numerous objects, models, pictures, etc., thus introducing *new* objects and *new* ideas, whilst in many German schools, in the so-called "Denk- und Rede-Uebungen (thought and speech exercises) the children discuss facts and actions within the scope of their senses or their experience, thus rather reproducing facts already known, not, however, without improving thereby the power of language and expression.

As these object lessons, moreover, form the corner-stone of the sciences, they are on that plea alone of the greatest importance.

In regard to your kind invitation to have an interview, I find it more natural that I should come myself to Oswego, and have a look at the school and locality, than that you should entrench upon your manifold occupations. I believe I can make it possible to leave here soon, or directly after the 3d of June, and stay a week with you. In regard to your kind offer of paying my expenses, I can only say that I am willing to pay one half, and

that, if you choose to be responsible for the other half, I should try to give you an equivalent by some lectures to the class.

2d June, 1862.

I assure you, dear Sir, that although the thought of seeing my beloved fatherland and friends again had taken strong possession of my soul, some time ago, — the hope of bringing my mite for the dissemination of sound principles in a congenial sphere of operations has latterly filled my soul with pleasant forebodings. It is possible that my powers might be inadequate for some part of the work assigned to me; on the other hand, I can give myself the testimony, that in the acquisition or teaching of any branch of study I have always tried to penetrate to the principle, in order to render the subject clear to myself, before presenting it to others.

Letter from E. A. Sheldon notifying Krüsi of his appointment at Oswego:

Oswego, N. Y., June 20, 1862.

PROFESSOR KRÜSI,

*My Dear Sir*, — I have the pleasure to inform you that at a meeting of our Board of Education held last night, you were unanimously appointed to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Miss Wright in the High School, and assist in the Training School in such way as your services may seem to be the most valuable. Services to commence September 15.

Our Board were not only unanimous in this appointment, but were really quite enthusiastic about it. They are very much pleased with the prospect of securing your services in connection with this movement. They appointed a committee to prepare a circular to be sent into every corner of the Union. They have quite got their ideas up about what we shall unitedly be able to do, in carrying forward this movement. Up to this time I have felt quite uneasy about the future of our Training Class, but now I am confident of its success.

Yours respectfully,

E. A. SHELDON.

Professor Krüsi to Mr. Sheldon:

LANCASTER, MASS., 24th June, 1862.

MR. E. A. SHELDON,

Dear Sir,— I have received with much pleasure and gratification the announcement of the decision of your Board of Education, concerning my appointment as teacher of French and Drawing at the High School, and as your fellow-labourer in various departments of the Training School. I am further much pleased at the unanimity with which the appointment was agreed upon, and the confidence manifested by the Board, which I will try my best not to disappoint.

After having, my dear Sir, first consulted my wishes both in regard to my work and as to my salary, and then — by your kind exertions and recommendations obtained the willing assent of those in authority — it is hardly necessary for me to say, that *I accept*, with feelings of gratitude towards God and yourself, the labours and responsibilities of a work which was conceived and undertaken in the service of Him whose eternal laws we are bound to study and to carry into practice.

In the convention of teachers of Worcester County which took place at Lancaster some days ago, I spoke, within hearing of the Secretary of the Board of Education, Mr. White, first of the necessity of making children *observe*, and then *express* their observations in distinct and correct language, *orally*, before attempting written composition or applying the dissecting knife of analysis. I mentioned in that connection your work and doings at Oswego, where a foundation of this kind was laid in all the elementary schools. I do not know whether Mr. White, who had just been extolling the schools and teachers of Massachusetts, felt surprised at seeing some other spot than his own held out for imitation. As for myself, I confess that the work you have done in Oswego, exceeded by far my expectations. I expected to see in the training school, and in the classes in connection with it, the true germs of Pestalozzian teaching: but I was astonished to find that your whole elementary training, in nearly all the schools, had been placed upon that basis. This fact alone, dear Sir, makes me hopeful of success, for it can never be eradicated, and it will imperiously demand the same life-principle to expand into

maturity. I was also delighted to see the teachers, whose work had thereby been increased, anxious for the preservation and further development of the undertaking.

Yours sincerely,

H. KRÜSI.

Letters of recommendation presented by Professor Krüsi to Mr. Sheldon, from Lowell Mason and George S. Boutwell.

SHEFFIELD, MASS., 10th Nov. 1861.

MR. KRÜSI,

Dear Sir:

You know full well that I have always set a high value on your lectures or teaching before the Institutes. I know of no lessons which have been of more true value to intelligent teachers, or to such persons as have made sufficient progress to understand or get hold of principles. Your lectures have always been highly useful as suggestive of teaching, or as pointing out the avenue to the pupil's mind. Again I say I have not heard any one before the Institutes whose lectures have appeared as valuable — very few indeed so valuable. I have mourned your loss deeply, I assure you. . . .

I have reason to suppose that as I have regarded you, so you have been regarded by Mr. Russell, Mr. Tenney, and others.

But, dear Sir, if you are rejected in one city, go to another, as our Saviour directed His disciples to do, and as He did Himself.

I fully believe you can find enough to do in our widely extended land — but I have yet faith in Massachusetts.

I am almost seventy, — I expect not to labour long, but I shall not cease to remember the pleasant hours spent with you at the Institutes, and the perfect harmony which has always been so apparent between your teachings and (not that I have done) but my *beau ideal* of what I ought to do,

With kind regards to Mrs. K—— and kisses to the little ones,

I am

Very truly yours,

LOWELL MASON.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 25, 1861.

TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION:

It gives me sincere pleasure to commend Prof. Hermann Krüsi, as a person admirably qualified to teach in the departments of Drawing, Form, and Number. For many years he was one of a *corps* of teachers employed by this State and charged with the duty of giving instruction in the Teachers' Institutes. During that period he was associated with the best teachers of the country. Professor Krüsi aims to give thorough and careful elementary training, and I know of no one who surpasses him in ability in this respect.

He has high claims upon the public as an ardent friend of whatever is thorough and logical in teaching, and as an exemplary and pure-minded man.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### MY FIRST WORK AND EXPERIENCES IN OSWEGO, 1862-1865

My first impression of Oswego was rather of a pleasant kind. Its situation on both sides of a broad and rapid river, dividing it into the East and West sides, is really picturesque, since it shows the buildings of the streets in a gently rising position, while the close proximity of the lake affords good views, and renders the temperature of the summer months cool enough to enjoy pleasant walks and rides in the neighbourhood. The industrial and commercial interests of the city were at one time much promoted by a natural harbour, which allowed the ships to discharge their freight (mostly grain) into elevators or into the mills situated farther up along the river. These mills and other manufactories could make good use of the splendid waterpower, giving occupation to several thousand workmen, thus holding out bright prospects for the growth and prosperity of the city, which unfortunately have not been fulfilled. On the other hand, it was hardly expected that Oswego should obtain an enviable reputation on account of an educational movement, and that it should attract attention from all parts of the Union. This result was exclusively the work of Mr. Sheldon, at whose invitation I had come to contribute my mite. The first impression of the man was that of an earnest worker, in search of the best methods by which the mind and heart of pupils could be developed, while avoiding all empty show where-with to capture temporary applause.

His house stands about a mile from the city, on a beautiful, partly wooded peninsula. The family, to which I was introduced, offered a fine picture of loving harmony, and must have been a

pleasant refuge to him in all his labours and trials. Like Pestalozzi, he owed a part of his success to the influence of his highly educated, noble wife. Of the children, I was particularly struck with his daughter Mary, at that time about fourteen years of age, whose large eyes bespoke a beautiful soul, and an intelligence which has since given her a prominent position among the students and teachers of History.

Before visiting the schools, Mr. Sheldon introduced me to several school commissioners, who at that time were chosen from the most intelligent and prominent citizens, and gave a cordial assistance to Mr. Sheldon in all his radical innovations in the organization of the schools, and in the methods to be used.

I was, of course, anxious to see the Normal class. Being composed merely of about twenty city teachers, who assembled in one room of the Fourth Ward schoolhouse for instruction in method, and being as yet unassisted by the State, it could hardly be called a Normal School in the broader sense of the term. There I had the pleasure to meet my old acquaintance and former colleague at the Home and Colonial schools, Miss M. Jones, although only for one or two days, since she was on the eve of her departure. Although she was very "English" in her manners, and not prepossessing in appearance and dress, she had gained many friends among her pupils, and the respect of all who got a nearer acquaintance with her — through her thoughtful suggestions on method and her kind manner of criticism, which made allowance for the inexperience of her pupil-teachers in teaching objectively and without the assistance of books.

I could see by the composition of the Normal class that only a part of the city teachers had joined it; yea, some of them, especially of the upper grades, seemed to look at it with distrust, if not with derision, considering the new system a whim or fancy of Mr. Sheldon's.

I began with giving some instruction in Form and Inventive Drawing, also in Number, and attended to the criticism, after the

pupils had given a trial lesson. I also gave private advice to teachers who seemed anxious to treat their subjects according to sound principles; for instance to Miss Seaver, who possessed a great skill in making the necessary application. As these occupations filled but a limited part of my time, I spent the remainder in visiting some city schools where the teachers taught according to the new method — giving my advice or making suggestions. I obtained more regular work after Mr. Sheldon had carried into practice the programme he designed for all the schools in the city.

After one or two weeks of my stay, my little family arrived by steamer from Ogdensburg. I was thus relieved of the necessity of boarding in a hotel. I listened with interest to my wife's narration of her journey from Minot, Maine, which she had performed with her two children. Besides the necessity of watching them constantly, she had occasionally to look after the luggage. Without the kind assistance of conductors, etc., she could hardly have managed to keep everything together, but this help was always willingly offered. At Ogdensburg, the fog or smoke prevailing on the river prevented the steamboat from proceeding, and the passengers were directed to seek their lodgings in the city nearly a mile off; but the stewardess interfering, my little family was permitted to stay on the boat, and all these extras in board and lodging were comprised within the single fare. I mention this as a grateful tribute to the kindness and consideration shown in this country to ladies, either single or with children, since the same praise cannot be bestowed on the practices prevalent in Europe under similar circumstances.

After a temporary stay in rooms on Second Street, we rented a house on the East side, which was provided with barn and garden. My time was now well filled out with lessons in Drawing, which I had to give in the city schools; also with lessons in French at the High School, which was conducted by Mr. Hamilton, who, although at that time an opponent of Mr. Sheldon's plans, yet was univer-

sally respected as a gentleman and a teacher. With him and his amiable wife and family, we have always entertained friendly relations.

Most of our friends (Mr. Hamilton included) belonged to the Congregational church, in which we had rented a pew and generally listened on Sundays to the sermons of Mr. Ludlow. I cannot but add here a few reminiscences of this gentleman, because some of his utterances from the pulpit seemed strange to me, and would hardly have passed muster in my native country, where ministers are not expected to make their comments upon passing questions, especially when mixed with personal allusions.

Mr. Ludlow's overflowing heart, abhorrence of wrong, and sympathy for all sufferers, tended somewhat to disarm criticism, when, as a staunch Abolitionist, he made his fierce onslaught on rebels, slave-holders, and their sympathizers in the North, who at that time were called Copperheads. For instance, the following utterance: "If I were a young man, I would shoulder a musket, take aim at an unrepentant rebel, say to him: 'God have mercy on your soul!' and then shoot him." As he was the most mild-mannered and peaceful man on earth, these imaginary shooting performances sounded almost ridiculous. At another time, in denouncing round dances, he exclaimed: "If I saw my daughter in such a juxtaposition, as I have seen girls with their partners, I would shoot the man, — and the law would excuse me!" I mention these things chiefly to show the absurdities committed by men whose feelings or passions get the better of their reason, which should never be the case with a minister of the Gospel.

During the first years of my stay in Oswego (1862–1865) the Civil War was agitating many hearts, and caused deep mourning in many families, from which husbands, sons, and brothers had started to the seat of war, perhaps never to return. In our Northern locality, no military shows or warlike preparations were visible, except those connected with the recruiting business; and in spite of a succession of Rebel victories, there was no fear of an invasion

of Southern conquerors, but a firm hope in the ultimate success of the battle for Freedom and Union.

I am happy to say that peace dwelt in our humble household, of which our two pretty and well-behaved children formed the brightest ornaments. How well I remember — coming home from my school-work — our two darlings sitting on the garden gate and watching for their father; and when they discovered him at a distance, running hand in hand to meet him and receive his embrace.

*Record.* — I will be short in speaking of the events characterizing the year 1864 and its predecessor, which were of a recurring nature, although some of them were marked by some particular feature. There were, for instance, the Christmas festivals with their shining trees, and even Christ-kindli was once represented by little Minnie, who in her white dress looked like an angel, and recited prettily the little verse made for her. There were the pleasures of the garden, and — for the children at least — the fun of finding eggs in the hen-house. There were, although rarely, visitors from a distance; for instance, Mr. Farnum from Newark, a former friend and acquaintance. A somewhat comical occurrence, happening at the time of his visit, is mentioned here merely to show how even such grave men as Mr. Sheldon and myself, but more especially the former, are capable of unbending when the cares of their office or of their dignity cease to trouble them. Mr. Sheldon, who came to visit us on this occasion with his horse and carriage, was jocosely asked by my wife, why he had not brought Mrs. Sheldon with him, offering to bring her herself, if she was permitted to use his overcoat and cap. As it was pretty dark, her whim was granted, when the three remaining gentlemen proposed to astonish the two ladies on their return. Wine and wine-glasses were procured, also pipes, together with a pack of cards, dice, etc. The gentlemen took off their coats, stretched their legs across chairs, etc., and tried to imitate a set of low gamblers playing for money. I forgot to state that the gas and lamps were lighted in all the rooms, so as to make Mrs. Krüsi curious to know, on her approach to the house, what had caused such an illumination. The result was as expected, except that the professional gamblers were soon discovered to be innocent

schoolmasters with no great talent for this new kind of operation. The joke was, however, heartily enjoyed by all parties.

Our little household received soon an addition by the advent of three young ladies of the Normal School, who wished to get board and lodging in a private family. My wife, although she had already work enough — being without a servant — was not only equal to her increased task, but gave the newcomers a home, the enjoyment and recollection of which has tended to cement a lasting friendship between us, of which we have received many tokens during thirty-five years.

In mentioning some of these lady-boarders in their present spheres, I will say that I hardly know of any more pleasant and edifying sight than that presented by the family of our dear friend, Mrs. Rhoda Austin, at East Kendall in their rural retreat; also by that of Mrs. Professor Allen<sup>1</sup> at Madison, Wis., who with her promising family enjoys the advantages of a cultivated society, and of the literary privileges which are always connected with a college.

Returning once more to school matters, the relations of Mr. Sheldon to the City Board of Education deserve some notice, since without their sympathy and co-operation his work could not have taken root. A student of the growth and progress of the political organization in this republic will find that at its rise there was no other idea than that the ablest and most prominent of the citizens should have the honour of occupying places in national assemblies, as well as in the government of states and cities. It seemed, indeed, dictated by common sense, that the respective departments of the state or of a city should be entrusted to persons versed and interested in the subject under their care. This is more particularly required in educational matters, which affect the welfare and intellectual growth of all the children.

Since the Oswego Board of Education was comparatively a

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Miss Margaret Andrews, sister of Jane Andrews, author of "Seven Little Sisters," etc.

new institution, the members chosen for it possessed at first the above qualifications. If their scientific standing was not very high (which could not be expected of business men) they were willing to be instructed or guided by those more conversant with the management of schools and with methods of instruction. Hence Mr. Sheldon at first had no difficulty in making many sweeping changes and in introducing improvements, besides obtaining the power of appointing a fine corps of teachers, on whose ability and willingness to try the new methods he could depend.

But all these changes and reforms could not be made without a considerable pecuniary outlay. A reactionary party, which is prone to oppose all innovations, and another, which judges everything by the standard of its cost, and not by its merit, will generally combine, and, by appealing to the lower instincts of the people, force their way into the councils of the city, and thus try to block every change or attempt at progress. Mr. Sheldon had by and by to suffer from the infusion of these elements, and to find the Board of Education about equally divided between the supporters and the opponents of his plans.

Since my position as teacher and superintendent of Drawing was a new one, I had to expect a move in the direction of having it abolished. The most sensible way of doing this would have been on the plea of economy; but the ludicrous part of the business was to have one of the most ignorant and ill-disposed members of the Board follow me to some of my Drawing classes, and there, without any introduction, place himself at the back part of the room, where he could not see the work of the scholars; then, at the next meeting of the Board, express his deep conviction that the new method of Drawing did not amount to anything, and hence should be abolished.

Although this resolution did not quite obtain the necessary majority, it was a distinct reminder of what was probably coming next. Hence I took counsel with Mr. Sheldon as to how my situation might be rendered secure from the attacks of a miserable

set of ignorant demagogues. This he hoped to do in connection with a cherished plan to obtain the aid of the State, by an appropriation, which would raise the school, begun under City auspices, to the rank of a State Normal School. Fully appreciating my services as a teacher of methods, he wished me to resign my present position as teacher of Drawing in the city schools, in order to accept at the proper time the more influential post of preceptor in the new Normal School. This expectation gave me the opportunity of carrying out my cherished plan of visiting my friends and relatives in Switzerland, after twelve years of separation, and to present to them the three members of my family, *i.e.*, my wife and two children.

Lowell Mason to Mr. Krüsi, at time of latter's visit to Switzerland, 1865:

ORANGE, N. J., 17th Jan. 1865.

MR. KRÜSI:

Dear Sir.—I have received yours of second inst. I am sorry to hear that you contemplate "shaking off the dust from your feet," and returning to your own dear land of lakes and mountains. I am sorry, for of all lands in the world, *this* needs you the most: this *chosen land*, for where, if not here, are the great principles of education, or properties and conditions of humanity, to find a development, if not in *this* great and comparatively new Western World? It would seem impossible for you to do any *great thing* in Switzerland, but in our great Western expanse, great things may be done, and now as soon as the war ceases, slavery is abolished, and the tide of immigration floods the West, what a field there will be for you.

It will be easier for you to go home, sit at your door, look at mountains, and smoke; but *here*, or *West*, is the place for labour, self-denial, opposition, difficulties, discouragement, success, and triumph. The field is wide, and *He* who superintends all perhaps needs to remove you, and therefore sees fit to raise up an opposition to drive you away, to greater labour and usefulness.

But I do not know, my vision is much bounded; my mental eyes see but little way. I have often myself felt quite discouraged, but on the whole, what great success has been given in such men

as Dickinson and the other excellent Normal School teachers! My time is almost gone, — I cannot do much more; but you are comparatively young, and can get work many years. Why not then look out for a field in the West? With, or thro', Mr. Sheldon to do so, I do believe you might find employment most useful, and *without too much of a salary*, in many places West. But, dear Sir, since you have been in this country, you have been rich in wife and children, with good prospects for more! Now you would not take a fortune for one of your American-Swiss little Krüsi's — and are you not rich then?

May the Lord direct you, dear Sir. I have sat and listened to your teachings with great delight, so too have many others. "Tap Krüsi" (said Boutwell) — "Tap Krüsi where you will, and something good will flow out." Indeed, I have always found it so, and while I have often seen those whose outward manner has been more attractive, especially to the young and silly ones who look rather for entertainment in the *means*, rather than for instruction in the *actuality*, I have never listened to more suggestive teachings than yours.

Dear Sir, again I say: May Heaven be your friend, and believe me ever truly yours,

With love to Mrs. Krüsi and all,

LOWELL MASON.

*Record.* — Written in Oswego, May, 1865. (See p. 148.)

Not five, but nearly eight<sup>1</sup> years have elapsed since I wrote the last chapter containing my marriage. I have since been engaged in active school-life, and, as it oftens happens, little disposed in the evening to continue my journal, but rather enjoy the pleasures of domestic life in a pleasant chat, or game, or in some congenial study or reading. But now I feel myself once more a temporary bachelor, my dear wife and children having left me, previous to the great journey to Europe, upon which I have determined, in order to spend their last weeks with their relatives in Massachusetts and Maine; whilst I am, at the request of Mr. Sheldon, attending to my duties at the Normal School, until my place is filled by another.

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be an error in reckoning here. The Record was commenced in July, 1858, so that not quite seven years had passed even since its beginning. — Ed.

In these solitary evenings I feel, therefore, again in a mood to indulge in reflections on the past, some of which have — alas — nearly faded away, whilst others will stand out forever.

[The events of the years beginning 1857 were now recorded. Some quotations from this part of the Record have already been made. — ED.]

Two important events preceded the carrying out of this plan, the one political, the other domestic. The former consisted in the fall of Richmond and the surrender of the Rebel army at Appomattox Court House; the other in the sickness and death of our dearly beloved little Minnie.

It pains me now (after nearly thirty years) to give details of the last moments of this sweet girl, to whose early death the simple yet noble sentiments of the poet are applicable:

A sweet-voiced bird  
Did thrill a happy song;  
Then flew away,  
To bathe its plumage  
In the golden light  
Of eternal day.

We mourn the singer,  
But the song remains,  
Of melody replete,  
With tender, loving tunes,  
That to our aching hearts  
Are wondrous sweet.

O fair young life,  
Why should it close so soon,  
While yet the flush of youth  
Made lovelier its bloom?  
Alas! We know not why, —  
Turn to the Loving One,  
To give us strength to say:  
‘Thy Will be done!’

She stands before my imagination a picture of health, with rosy cheeks and smiling eyes. Her gentle, loving, and obedient disposition made her the favourite of all who knew her. Indeed,

I do not remember that she has ever given to us parents cause for sorrow or complaint, except through her sickness and death.

Whether from the effect of a slight sunstroke or for other reasons, her head became nervously affected and occasionally caused her to cry. When my wife left with the children, towards the middle of June, in order to bid good-by to her relatives in Minot — previous to our departure for Europe — Minnie seemed much affected, saying that she did not like to leave Papa so soon. Indeed, it was the last time her fond father enjoyed her affectionate looks; for after receiving a telegram announcing her dangerous condition and rapid decline, I hurried to Minot only to find her unconscious and dying, and to see her remains carried to her grave near the Androscoggin River.

Her death was a hard blow for her loving parents. By a singular coincidence, the death of my father's second child, whose name was also Minnie (Minna), had occurred long ago at an early age, and the tender words written by his friend Blochmann to her memory expressed also our inmost feelings. I give the poem in the original German and in the English translation:

Zarte Blume, aus des Himmels Raümen,  
Jüngst verpflanzt ins Leben sonder Ruh,  
Reiner Engel, nach den ersten Traümen  
Eilst du deinem Himmel wieder zu.

Rauher ist's und stürmischer hienieden,  
Liebe Minna, als auf deinem Stern,  
Wenig sind die Stunden volles Frieden  
Und das reine Glück bleibt ewig fern.

Vielfach drohn der Erdenstürme Leiden,  
Deiner Unschuld blüht ein Paradies,  
Möge rein auch unsere Seele bleiben!  
Liebe, liebe Minna, schlumm're süß!

*Translation*

Tender flow'r, a gift from heaven seeming,  
Sent to bloom in this dark vale of strife,  
After few short hours of play and dreaming,  
Thou returnest again to better life.

Stormier are the seas, which rock us mortals,  
Blessed child, than those on thy bright star,  
Closed and frowning are sometimes Life's portals,  
And the promised peace is yet so far.

Tempted here by many snares and sinning,  
Do we hope for yonder Paradise,  
Where thy smile, dear Minnie, sweet and winning,  
Bids our souls from anxious fears to rise.

This unexpected calamity, instead of stopping our travelling plans, rather tended to promote them, since they removed us temporarily from scenes where the absence of our beloved child would have been painfully felt. Hence after engaging our berths in the good steamer Atalanta, which was directly bound for London, we said good-by to our friends, and soon lost sight of the great city of New York, where we had embarked, and we gazed upon a large expanse of water, bounded by the circular horizon, feeling secure in our floating home, which was to conduct us to Britannia's shores — on our way to my old native home.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### MY FIRST JOURNEY TO EUROPE AND SWITZERLAND, 1865-1866

It is not my intention to describe at this time all the interesting scenes and cities which we visited. Such a description will be found elsewhere. I will, therefore, briefly indicate our route, and make a few remarks or reflections on things which either have left a deep impression or refer to personal experience or adventure.

*Record.* — To New York we went via Providence, and arrived there about the morning of the 16th of July. The first thing we did was to look out for a hotel to take breakfast, etc. I proposed the Lovejoy Hotel near the Court-house, where I had been on a former occasion. It proved a very expensive house, as the sequel will show.

When we had done breakfasting, a quite attractive-looking gentleman entered the room, and began at once a familiar conversation. After a while he went out, and came in with another gentleman in a kind of Quaker costume, whom he introduced as his friend. After some discussion with him concerning business, he at once turned to me and said that he had to make a payment in bills, but that he had only gold (drawing forth a handful of double eagles) and asking whether I could not let him have some bills with ample security. I was not green enough to do money business with a perfect stranger, and was about to excuse myself for not having the desired change, when, unfortunately, my own wife hinted to me that I was well able to do it. Not wishing to give her assertion a flat denial, I reluctantly pulled forth a fifty-dollar note, then another, and (as he still waited for more) another, he all the while holding the gold in one hand, and with the right hand pocketing the bills. Now comes the surprise. When I expected the gold, he suddenly put a money check in my hand

of several thousand dollars, payable at some National Bank, stating in rapid terms that this was excellent security, that he would be back in a few minutes, etc., and hurried away with his noble Quaker friend. I need not say that this was the work of a moment, and that the pause produced by my holding his paper in utter astonishment and reading its contents was enough for this scoundrel to accomplish his plan. I saw in a moment that I had been swindled and, as quickly, that it was too late to do anything about it, for he had undoubtedly given my money to his accomplice, who probably escaped round the next corner. I looked at my wife, who looked as blank as myself at this auspicious beginning of our trip to Europe. Her rejoinder is worthy of her coolness and practical spirit. To my remarks about the cause of this accident, she replied: "It is no use to cry about spilt milk! — the best thing is never to allude to this matter. Hadn't we better go and see Central Park?" In regard to the resolution "never to allude to the matter," I may say that it has been kept to the letter, even between ourselves. My present allusion, which possibly may not be read till after my death, may at least do some good to green mortals, by inculcating the following maxims:

1. Never lend money to a total stranger beyond the value of a dollar, or as much as you are willing or capable to lose.
2. Never remain long in a state of astonishment or bewilderment, when a rascal tries to escape.
3. Never cry about spilt milk, but try not to spill any more in future. If spilt, wipe it up as neatly as you can.

After landing in London, we pursued our journey through Belgium, up the Rhine to Cologne, Coblenz, to Heidelberg, and through the Schwarzwald to Switzerland.

After a stay of some weeks with relatives in Heiden, Herisau, etc., we proceeded southward to Coire (Chur), through the Via Mala, over the Splügen, to Chiavenna, down Lake Como, then to Milan, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Livorno, Naples, Pompeii, Mount Vesuvius. This was the farthest point we reached. Returning, we passed once more through Rome and Milan; then traversing Lago Maggiore and visiting some of its beautiful islands, we crossed Mount St. Gotthard, passed through the

valley of the Reuss (Uri) and Lake Lucerne to the city of that name, then to Zürich and back to our starting point, Heiden. There we passed a part of the winter of 1865–1866, and then returned by way of Lausanne, Neufchâtel, Paris, London, to Liverpool, where we took a steamer to New York, and reached Oswego, where we arrived towards the end of February, near the beginning of the spring term of the Normal School.

Some of the experiences in our interesting trip are connected with friendship, and to these I will assign the first place. Amongst the friends we met soon after starting from home I have to mention Mrs. Symmes from Lancaster, who was committed to our care, of which she seemed in need on account of bodily infirmity. On the other hand, she possessed a high, almost classical culture. She willingly submitted to our arrangements, so as to give us but little trouble. She was mainly the cause of our extending our journey beyond Florence to Rome and Naples; for considering our limited means, we were afraid of making too great an inroad on our purse; but as the lady had set her heart upon seeing the above cities, and as our company seemed indispensable, matters were arranged to mutual satisfaction.

Of the passengers on the Atalanta, in which we sailed from New York, we became most acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Barry from Chicago, both highly cultured people. As Mr. B. was rather infirm, and partly dependent on the assistance of others, he was glad to travel in our company, not only to London, but also on the Continent as far as Heiden, where he and his wife stopped for some weeks.

I must also mention the Bennetts in London and Dorking, *i.e.*, the parents, two married sons and one daughter, all of whom received us most cordially and made our stay as pleasant as possible. To judge from Mr. B.'s country seat, with its beautiful garden, they were persons of means and of refined taste. Although belonging to the sect of Quakers, they were, as we have seen, liberal in their opinions, and very fond of the game of chess, in

which the father excelled and the sons also showed considerable skill; although my wife succeeded in beating one of them, which elicited the remark that she was the only lady with whom he cared to play.

An excursion to Boxhill, famous for its grove of box-trees and its beautiful view, is among our pleasant recollections. I remember that I had been here before — about eighteen years ago — with the boys of the Cheam Institute, and that we, the teachers — or rather the *drivers* of that unruly set of boys — came to the conclusion that many of them deserved to be thoroughly “boxed.”

I remember also a visit we made to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham with its wonderful collections. Leaving our little Hermann playing in the Pompeian room, while we made the tour of the vast building, we found to our terror that he had vanished from sight. I hurried in one direction, when a lady, seeing my anxiety, said: “Are you going for the little boy who has lost his way? Please go quick, for the poor fellow is crying!” After a few moments I found him, led by two people, who probably intended to conduct him to the room where lost articles were kept.

*Record.* — August 18 (In Cologne). We rose late, and had to wait such a length of time, till every member had finished his or her breakfast, that we — Carrie and myself — almost grew impatient. At last we were ready to see the great Cathedral and other objects of wonder and curiosity. I had seen them before, yet, after twenty years of absence, they had not lost quite the charm of novelty, and conjured forth recollections of a time when, free from care and with the vigour of youth, I traversed these poetic regions along the Rhine.

That magic word, “the Rhine,” had also taken such possession of our travelling companions that they hurried to the first steamboat, which was to leave in the afternoon.

In these recollections it is not my intention to give a geographical description of the beautiful scenery through which we passed. Names are not realities, but merely symbols. Of that which is told us during our rapid progress through this ever-changing drama, in connection with the facts or objects passing before our

eyes, but little remains. What then remains? Some beautiful pictures, which are conjured up by our imagination, some incidents, which have impressed themselves on our feelings, or have stimulated a train of thought. It is of these that I am mainly able to speak.

I remember, that after losing sight of the mighty Cathedral of Cologne, and sweeping past the more modern structures of Bonn — the University town — the romantic heights of the Siebengebirge, crowned with the ruins of old castles, rose boldly from the winding shores, and gave us a foretaste of those charms of the Rhine which have rendered it so famous. My own feelings were symbolized by the heavy clouds which swept across the heavens, threatening rain. The memory of my dear little departed Minnie came up before my mind, and as the bark glided swiftly over the waters, like the bark of our lives, I asked myself, — where is the sweet little companion that used to nestle near us, and cheer us with her sweet smiles? — All at once the clouds broke, a circle of the blue sky was visible, and the rays of the morning sun illumined the ruins of Rolandseck. To me, who was still continuing the train of my reflections, those rays of sunlight, illumining the blue sky and the lonely ruins, were like rays of comfort. Far beyond the sky, in the heavens above, I seemed to see the image of my dear girl, beckoning to us, as if saying: "I am still with you, my dear parents, and shall await you on the other shore."

Onward glides the boat, past picturesque towns and villages, past ruins and castles perched high upon towering rocks, past vineyards on lovely slopes; past bold cliffs, islands, — sometimes losing sight of the river on account of a sudden turn, then seeing, as by magic, another landscape. Onward we fly, past ships and barks, many of them loaded with merchandise, boards, etc.; others full of merry passengers, swinging their hats, and making the air resound by their merry songs.

Our company enjoyed these beauties keenly, and our historian, Mr. Barry, added his stock of knowledge to the sights we saw. Since history and legendary lore are so intimately blended, in witnessing the scenes of the Rhine, one feels often as in a dream, where reality and imagination show their sway. . . .

At last we land, and hurry for the train, which in about an hour is to bring us to Heidelberg. When asked to what hotel we would go, I recollect that there was an old relic of mediæval

age, and was told it was the "Ritter." To the Hotel Ritter we went, and — sure enough — it was something different from anything our friends had seen before. A winding, circular staircase led to the top of the building, which three hundred years ago (built in 1569) was the property of a rich merchant, and escaped the horrors of war and the fury of two or three conflagrations. On the landing, huge oaken doors with queer antique carvings led into old-fashioned rooms. . . .

The next day, August 20, was *Sunday*, and a day of rest, such as I wish a day of rest to be. It was devoted to a visit to the celebrated castle, presenting as yet a bold, ornamented front, a conspicuous object in the valley. It is true that many portions of the building farther back are destroyed, and merely exhibit the plan of the chambers, dungeons, etc., whilst others are still habitable. In one of them is the "Heidelberger-fass," a wine-barrel, which might swallow the contents of many a vineyard. Next to the castle with its ivy-grown walls are the surrounding slopes and hills with their shady walks and pleasure gardens. Proceeding farther, our eye overlooked with delight the beautiful valley of the Neckar, the town of Heidelberg beneath our feet, and the many scattered villages, towns, and castles in the farther part of the valley or on the winding hills.

Referring to my old home in Switzerland, what shall I say of my dear sisters and brothers, who received us with open arms! I shall never forget the exciting moment when, on making the ascent from the Rheinthal to Heiden, we perceived — high above on a precipice — the little house of Dr. Küng (Paradiesli) and in front of it some people looking down on the winding road, among them the tall forms of my beloved sisters Mina and Gertrude, whom I was to see again after twelve years of separation.

[The detailed account of this approach to his old home, as contained in the Record, is so charming that, although it overlaps in some particulars the thread of the main narrative, it is given here in full. — ED.]

*Record.* — Tuesday, August 22, we moved westward on the Bavarian railroad towards the shores of the Lake of Constance. In the gray distance a portion of a chain of mountains is looming

up. It is Mount Säntis with its neighbouring peaks, and around its foot — at least in my imagination — I see the green hills and valleys of my own “Appenzeller Ländchen.” At last the train stops and a vista of green water opens to the eye. It is Lake of Constance, and a steamer is to carry us soon from this port to the first Swiss town, Rorschach. . . . The green slopes on the opposite shore, crowned with villages, hamlets, and scattered huts, indicate happy and thrifty homes of the industrious Appenzellers, and above them tower the Säntis, and other mountain giants, partly crowned with everlasting snow.

We land at Rorschach. At the custom-house our baggage is passed on without any examination, since no “contrebande” is apprehended from a country where the prices of clothing and of ornamental articles at that time were nearly double those prevalent in Europe. We engage carriages for ourselves and baggage, and are soon on our road to Heiden — which ascends gradually from the foot of the hills — on a winding road, between vineyards and orchards higher up the slopes. The neat shingled houses with their many windows tell me that I have entered my Appenzell home.

Still higher on the slope more stylish houses and a large church with its Italian spire indicate the village of Heiden, the home of two sisters and one brother, who at this moment may be looking out for us. Over a steep rocky bank rising up from a brook, I descry a well-known cottage. It seems to me as if handkerchiefs were waving from its balcony, swung by excited hands; with beating hearts and uplifted eyes and arms we return the salutation. One more turn of the noble road, and we approach the little house, nearly hidden by a larger one surrounded by a fine garden. Out of this garden come hurrying steps; an elderly lady of noble mien and appearance approaches the coach; I descend from it, and am in the arms of my good faithful Mina, my eldest sister, the mother of a fine family, to the members of which we are presently introduced — to Anna, Mina, Jacob, Gertrude — all of whom I had once carried in my arms in their childhood, and kept in loving memory ever since. My sister’s husband, Doctor Küng, now a venerable old man with white hair, gave us an equally hearty welcome.

But there was one more faithful good soul to welcome us in a comfortable house near the church, Sister Gertrude, to whose

disinterested invitation to make her house our home during the whole of our stay — together with other tokens of kindness and care — I ascribe the possibility of having undertaken the great journey from America to Europe, which on this day (22d of August) had been so happily accomplished.

With what delight we entered the comfortable house of sister Gertrude, whose hospitality we enjoyed for several months, while the house of my youngest brother, Jacob (Apotheker) was equally open to us. My brother's youngest son "Karl" and our little Hermann were soon drawn towards each other and proved excellent play-fellows, although the one spoke but German and the other English. By a natural method, which causes children always to connect names with real objects or actions, they soon succeeded in understanding each other perfectly. At any rate, we were surprised in finding, after our return from our journey to Italy (during which Hermann remained with his aunt) how many German words and expressions the little fellow had gathered.

Another of my brothers, Gottlieb, who practised medicine at Herisau, a large village in the western part of Appenzell, was visited by us. An excursion to the Wildkirchli and the Ebenalp, which we made in his and his wife's company, stands vividly in our recollection on account of the almost unique situation of the Wildkirchli, half-way up a nearly perpendicular rock, from which you ascend through a cavern to the top of the mountain, so as to issue from a dark recess into the bright sunlight illuminating a beautiful landscape of mountains, lakes, hills, villages, etc.

*Record.* — Of the visits and excursions performed from Herisau, I will only mention one to Weissbad, Wildkirchli and the Ebenalp. On our return we passed through Gais, my native village, and there I made a stop, in order to see old friends, whilst my fellow-travellers returned per diligence to Herisau. . . .

From Gais I turned my steps towards Trogen, where I had passed ten happy years of my infancy, and where memories clustered around every house, I might almost say, stone and tree. There were a few old friends left, foremost the son of one of the

primitive Pestalozzians, Gustav Tobler, where I found a cordial reception. I also visited Landamman Zellweger, formerly a fellow-student with Professor Agassiz, to whom he seemed much attached. They both died within the same year.

I can hardly describe with what feelings I looked on the two houses — in Gais and in Trogen — which had once been the homes of a happy family. They were, it is true, somewhat changed and the dear faces of beloved parents and friends had vanished; but it was easy to conjure them up in imagination, and it was above all thy venerable face, O my father, at the side of our loving mother, which even now seemed to shed light and peace over the wanderer from foreign lands.

Of course there were other friends to visit at Winterthur, Zürich, and elsewhere. The best of them, or at least the one with whom I was the most intimate, was Mr. Blumer in Lausanne, at that time conducting an establishment for the deaf and dumb situated on a slope overlooking Lake Geneva and the adjoining mountains. I found him living happily with a family consisting of wife and three or four beautiful healthy children. Indeed we were surprised to find them — in the month of February — living with hardly any fires to heat the rooms, and yet with warm rosy cheeks, while we were almost shivering with cold. At the same time the weather during the day was beautiful, inviting us to take walks, for instance to Vevay and Montreux, or to some hill, from where we could see the white, dome-like summit of Mont Blanc.

We cannot separate our intercourse with friends from the scenery which surrounds them, and it so happened that all my relatives and friends, whom we visited, were living in beautiful places. It is true that I had seen many of the most attractive places on our trip on former occasions, which detracted somewhat from the charm of novelty. Hence I will pass quickly over the beautiful panorama presented by the Rhine during the passage between Cologne and Coblenz; over the romantic grandeur of the castle of Heidelberg and its environs; over the sublime appearance of the Alps, glaciers, waterfalls, etc., in my own country, and

dwell somewhat longer on sights which by their novelty and beauty excited both surprise and admiration. This was decidedly the case with the passage of the Splügen on our way to Italy. On the Swiss side, and even on its top, the road presented but few interesting features; but it was on our descent towards Italy that a glorious landscape — as of a "promised land" — presented itself to our eyes. From the top of the "diligence," which rolled downward with almost dangerous speed, we gazed first on the high, majestic falls of the Madesimo, to which the winding road led us three or four times, until its thunder ceased and our eyes rested on the landscape, which gradually revealed to us churches and other buildings of the Italian style, amidst a luxurious vegetation of chestnut-trees, etc., and grapevines growing over huge boulders or spreading from tree to tree, everything giving evidence of a milder climate. I have crossed several mountain passes of the Alps, leading into Italy, but I confess that the Splügen carries the palm in regard to sublimity and variety of prospect, and the vivid contrast presented in the passage from a northern to a southern clime.

This impression is still intensified by the views presented by Lake Como and its beautiful shores, on the way to Milan. I had seen Milan before, with its wonderful dome of white marble, but Florence was new to me. It was a grand sight, on emerging from the last of the many tunnels through which the railroad passes in the Apennine mountains, to get the first view of that lovely city with its imposing churches and other buildings, and its many villas scattered on sunny slopes and partly hidden by the dense foliage of trees.

Although it took us nearly a week to study its interesting buildings and rich collections, I will not describe them here. I will only remark to anyone who complains about the growing prices of living in such a city, that I managed to defray all the expenses for food, lodging, carriage rides, fires, fees, etc., for one dollar a day for each person. In order to do this, one must

avoid lodging in an “English hotel” or eating at the *table d'hôte* at one dollar for dinner, but simply engage rooms at two or three francs a day, and take meals at a restaurant.

Considering that after Florence everything farther south was new to me, it is but natural that such strange and imposing buildings as, for instance, the tower of Pisa, and at Rome the grandeur and majesty of St. Peter’s Church and other buildings, together with the unsurpassed collections of artistic treasures and the view of stupendous ruins, etc., should have made a deep and lasting impression. Indeed, to judge from my feeling, the interest for Rome and its inexhaustible treasures increases from day to day, and you leave the city with the impression that you have not seen one tenth of its curiosities. You even begin to like the natural beauties of its parks, gardens, etc., the freshness of which is secured by irrigation, or by grand waterworks, as seen, for instance, in the fountain of Trevi.

And what shall I say of the wonders of Naples and its incomparable bay, encircled as it is by a string of cities and crowned by Mount Vesuvius, from which ascends constantly a smoke: — what of the unburied cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii — and of many noble islands and promontories in the neighbourhood! These have been praised and described in prose and poetry. It is true that many a fleeced tourist might have added as a melancholy postscript two lines of the Missionary Hymn:

“Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.”

Without entering into reflections on the morality or civilization of the people, there can be no question about the grasping tendencies of Neapolitan landlords, coachmen, porters, guides, etc. These are perhaps met with in other places, but nowhere in connection with such an annoying, clamouring, persistent boldness and impudence as we find here. Of this I could give various instances, especially on our ascent to Vesuvius, during which

I had to ward off a set of such harpies, who tried to force their services upon us. My small stock of Italian, that I could use on such occasions, preserved us from their impositions. In Rome, even amongst the lower classes, this tendency was less apparent, and there seemed to be a greater seriousness and more quiet demeanour, whether as a relic from their Roman ancestors, or as a consequence of priestly domination, I cannot say.

Our return to Heiden, *via* Milan, Lago Maggiore, St. Gotthard, Lucerne, and Zürich, presented no new features, at least to myself. At the time of our journey there was yet a St. Gotthard *pass*, which allowed a fine view over the snow-covered mountains, looking down in solemn grandeur on the solitary hospital and the quiet lakelet, which, if they could speak, could relate of many sanguinary combats, for instance in the Suwaroff campaign — while the tramp of Roman legions, etc., may have been heard here more than fifteen hundred years ago. At the time we crossed this mountain, the keen frosty atmosphere gave us some indication of the terrible ordeal often suffered by wanderers in the midst of winter. A tunnel, the largest in the world, now saves the traveller from many of these inconveniences, but on the other hand deprives him of many beautiful views.

Arrived at our temporary home, Heiden, we found our little boy and our other relatives in good health, and were pleased to rest for a while from our wanderings. I had in this journey seen more of antique art in statues, pictures, temples, etc., than ever before, and felt richly paid for the expense and fatigue. I confess to a certain weakness towards antiquarian lore, as presented by laudatory inscriptions on triumphal arches, pictorial illustrations, and inscriptions breathing a Christian sentiment, as found in the Catacombs; even by trivial pencil-marks made on some column in the forum of Pompeii, by idle people — because all these visible remnants seem to reconstruct history and to people the scenes around us with the phantoms of a past period.

We were now again settled in our Appenzell home, with sister

Gertrude. I have already mentioned the pleasant society of relatives we could enjoy at Heiden in the homes of two sisters and one brother. Even the winter scenes presented some interesting features, some of them new to my wife, who had never previously, as here, looked down from a high elevation — while basking in the sunshine — on a dense “sea” of fog, covering the Rheinthal and Lake Constance. I compare it to a “sea” because it looked like one in its waving surface, when warmed by the sun; but it was unlike it, from the fact that several “rivers” of fog ran *out*, instead of *into* this sea, following the course of ravines or valleys.

How did we pass our time? In the evenings, my wife and Dr. Küng were often engaged in games of chess, with various success, although generally favouring the latter; while my sisters and myself discoursed on old times or on our American experiences, which had a new interest for Mina, since her youngest son had departed for that country in company with Mrs. Symmes, our travelling companion, who left Heiden before the beginning of winter. In the mornings I often amused myself in ransacking letters and manuscripts left by my father, many of them referring to the interesting era of Pestalozzi’s Institute, which I had occasion to use in my “Life and Work of Pestalozzi.”

*Record.* — I took a great fancy to proceed to the basement chamber, and to ransack there after old treasures (mostly of literary character) left behind by my venerable father in the form of letters (many of them from the time of Pestalozzi’s labours) or of essays, addresses, etc. I found also many relics of my own youthful days, which I could hardly have recognized from their quaint, child-like handwriting and style. It is singular how even the soul’s manifestations, elicited from some long-forgotten facts, seem to have a strange character, as if they might have proceeded from other persons.

Another experience I made. My father had carefully tied the correspondence of some of his friends together, in smaller or larger bundles. In perusing some, I found that they were readable and interesting even now, whilst others could only have

been so in connection with the circumstances which elicited the remarks or sentiments. The letters addressed to Pestalozzi during the year 1808 by eminent persons, some of them princes, statesmen, and philosophers, had for me an historical interest, and I did not fail to copy a number of them in behalf of a biography of Pestalozzi, which I had planned for a long time, and whose publication seems now on the way of being realized toward the end of my career.<sup>1</sup>

But the day of our departure arrived at last, and it was with regret that we took leave of our dear relatives, not knowing whether or when we should see them again. At Lausanne we spent a few happy days with our friend Blumer, of whom I have previously spoken.

*Record.* — A week before leaving, I wrote to my good friend Blumer that I would come to see him on my return trip, if he chose to receive us, and he sent — as I expected — an immediate cordial invitation. . . . On our departure, sister Gertrude placed a draft of 600 f. in my hands as a present — as if all her kindness and hospitality had not been a continued gift. . . .

We bid good-by to the good people at Heiden, and to those in Herisau. According to an amiable Swiss habit, we are accompanied by Gertrude as far as Zürich. It was with a heavy heart that I saw her friendly form vanish; while we had to turn our faces towards strangers. The exact date of our departure I am unable to state, but know that it must have been in the beginning of February, which would allow us about six weeks travelling through France and England, including stoppage with friends.

Although it was in the midst of winter, no snow had fallen up to this time, and the hills and valleys, through which we passed, yet exhibited their colours. Of the Swiss railroad carriages, which may be classified into "smoking" and "passenger" cars, the latter were very comfortable and attractive, never so filled that one could not move about, choose a new seat, and contemplate new objects on either side. It was thus we passed through Baden and the Aargau, through Burgdorf and the Canton of Berne, until we reached the city of that name, now the Capital of Switzerland, the seat of the Diet and residence of foreign

<sup>1</sup> See p. 237 for date of its realization — long before the end of Krüsi's career.

Ambassadors. As it was late on our arrival, we resorted to a hotel, in order to see some of the interesting things of that ancient town during the next forenoon. My wife and boy retiring to bed early, I went to the "Wirthsstube" below, merely to get one more glimpse of Swiss hostelry life, with all its din, noise and tobacco-smoke. The "schöne Kellnerin," in pure Bernese costume, was of course not wanting. Although I understand the language in which the discussions were carried on, I was nearly a stranger to the facts or persons to which they applied. I was, however, aware that Berne was or is still the headquarters of Radicalism.

Towards noon we continue our journey westward and arrive at Freiburg, where we see nothing but the towers of a Cathedral and a huge suspension bridge spanning a most romantic ravine.

We have now entered the territory of French Switzerland, which in Freiburg presents a Roman Catholic population, where the Jesuits had once undisputed sway and considerable influence, whilst the adjoining Canton (Vaud) is Protestant and far advanced in wealth and education. . . Some quaintly built towns, on the slope of steep hills, remind one of those seen in the south of Italy.

Suddenly, after passing through an uninteresting portion of country, we are plunged into darkness by entering a tunnel. But when we issue — what a surprise! It is like coming from the valley of the shadow of death to Paradise. The whole scene has changed. The blue mirror of Lake Geneva lies beneath our feet, with mountains behind tinged by purple light. Over it a blue sky, — and scattered in pleasant groups, numberless houses and villas lining the lovely, vine-terraced shore. We look down on Vevay and descend in great curves towards the end of our to-day's journey, Lausanne, where friend Blumer receives us with his accustomed suavity and kindness.

We enter a coach kept ready for us, and ascend toward Château de Vinnes, the residence of my friend, in order to spend some days in the contemplation of the scenery of Lake Geneva, as much as our limited time and the winter season allow.

The house, or rather château, occupies a high position, overlooking the lake and shore. It was then used as an institution for mentally weak children, to the teaching of whom my friend had devoted his life.

I must not omit mentioning a visit I made to the venerable mother of Agassiz. I shall never forget the haste in which the old lady hobbled down-stairs on her crutches, in order to welcome a friend of her beloved son. In her countenance, high forehead and large, expressive eyes, one could easily trace the noble features of her celebrated son. She was at that time eighty-five years old, and had to use an ear-trumpet. On my asking her, before taking leave, whether she had any message for her son, she said in a solemn tone, mixed with sadness and deep affection: "Tell him that he has seen many interesting things — fishes and animals — visited many learned people and even princes" (Agassiz had just returned from an expedition to Brazil), "*but that he has not yet come to see his mother.*" On my return to America I sent this message to Agassiz, but without receiving any reply.

[The complete account of the visit to Agassiz's mother, given in the Record, deserves preservation, and runs as follows. — ED.]

*Record.* — The day was clear and balmy like a day of May. In our conversation at the breakfast-table we mentioned Mont Blanc and our desire to have a peep at that giant of mountains. Friend Blumer, always willing to oblige us, said that it was possible, on a neighbouring hill, to see it on clear days, which, however, were very scarce in winter. Armed with a pocket telescope, we reached the spot and — to our great satisfaction and joy — there in the blue distance the white, dome-shaped peak of the highest of Europe's mountains loomed — distinctly visible — above other mountains, which have the respectable altitude of from eight to ten thousand feet. Hence the difficulty of seeing — from standpoints in the valley — even a peak of 15,000 feet.

Whether the contemplation of the towering objects before us had conjured some associations with great men, or from other reasons, the conversation turned to our great scientist and countryman, Louis Agassiz. — "By the bye," said our friend, "you must not omit to visit his mother and sister, who are both living here in Lausanne and are among my acquaintances. I expressed a decided desire to do so, provided it would not be considered an intrusion. Letters of introduction I had none, but I had my friend to do this part orally; besides this, I had a card which

Agassiz had once handed to me on a visit to Nahant, "introducing his friend Kruisi."

We — that is, Blumer and myself — at once descended into the city, and arrived soon at a fine, cheerful-looking house, the home of Agassiz's sister, Madame . . . This lady of middle age, fine appearance, and refined manners — after the introductory scene was over, at once proposed to bring down the mother of Agassiz, "who would never forgive her, if a friend of her son should have been in her house without her seeing him."

I waited a few minutes, and was prepared to do so for a longer time — judging by the fashion of some, even young ladies, who think it their duty to let strangers wait, in order to don themselves with a better dress. Here was an old lady of more than eighty years, and still more excusable for a delay. But I was mistaken. In hardly more time than it takes to go to an upper story and descend from it, I heard some tottering footsteps accompanied by the taps of a cane, and gradually a bent though yet well preserved form came approaching — panting for breath — and then sitting close beside me and taking my hand and looking into my face with the eye of undying motherly affection for the object of her thoughts, she said feebly: "So you have seen my son!"

I was hardly ever more touched than in seeing this venerable, still handsome face, the noble head, and large eyes, which put one strongly in mind of the interesting head and face of her celebrated son. All common-place expressions — complimentary to the fame of her son — would have been desecration. Although she was proud of his reputation, and liked to see him appreciated by the world, it was *Love* that drew her towards him, pure, unselfish, motherly love.

I gave to my feelings the best expression I could, which was rendered more difficult by the necessity of having to convey my words through a speaking trumpet, and owing to the fact that my recollections of Agassiz were not of the newest date; since I had not seen him for several years, and could not during the past year, as he was engaged in his great trip to Brazil.

I ended the conversation by asking: "Well, what shall I say to your son on my return?" She looked into my face with great eyes suffused with tears, and then said with a voice the tenderness and solemnity of which I shall never forget: "Tell Louis that he has seen a great many foreign countries and cities, and

prominent men and savans, and that he has found a great many animals and fishes and insects, but that he has not found yet — his mother!"

I rose quickly, for this appeal, which was brimful of motherly love — although there may have been a slight touch of reproach — was almost too much for my composure; promising to execute her request, and taking leave of that grand, solemn, earnest face — forever.

Well! at the time I write this, the fond mother has found her son in the Spirit Land. These souls which were of the same mould, but which had led them on different roads of duty in this world, have met under those conditions where a desire of the heart or an act of the will precludes the idea of separation.<sup>1</sup>

On the frontier between France and Switzerland, from the Jura mountains, I sent the last lingering look on my native country and to its glorious Alps, illuminated by the roseate light of the setting sun.

*Record.* — But it is time to separate — even from the best friends — and I can say, on my part and that of my wife, that we never have encountered a more perfect type of hospitality and kindness than that we experienced with our friend Blumer. He gave up all his time to us, anticipated our wishes, loaded us with small gifts and mementoes, and all this in the most unselfish way, for it did not seem possible that we ever could return any of his kindness in our far-away home.

The railroad led us northwards to the shores of Lake Neufchâtel, which is reached at Yverdon, a town made celebrated for all time by the Institute and work of the great philanthropist and school-reformer, Pestalozzi. To me there was a double interest

<sup>1</sup> The well-known beautiful attachment and constant correspondence between Agassiz and his mother assure us that he deserved no real reproach for neglect of her in any way. Letters of his, written to her just previous to, during, and after the Brazilian journey, not to mention numerous others, are preserved in his biography by Mrs. Agassiz. The absorption of his funds as well as his time in his scientific enterprises, prevented his ever returning to Switzerland from America except on one occasion, when he spent the time in retirement with his mother. He came to America in 1846, visited Switzerland in 1859. His mother died in 1867, so that evidently he did not see her again after receiving the message through Krüsi. — ED.

attached to this place, as being my own birthplace and the home of my father and family during nearly twenty years. . . .

The house in which two of my still living sisters — Mina and Gertrude — and myself were born, was visible from the depot where we stopped. Having left it when but five years of age, I could not, of course, have recollected it, if it had not been described to me beforehand by one of my relatives. It stands near the river Orbe. — Here then was I born nearly fifty years ago; here I passed a happy childhood — although now I am unconscious of the little objects and scenes which then attracted my attention and excited my feelings. Here my father helped to promote a great work. To this place, and especially to that building which towers above the town with its four round towers (the castle of Yverdon), the attention of the most advanced friends of education was directed, whilst many made a pilgrimage to it, inspired by what they saw and heard, and inspiring others in their turn.

In the cemetery lay buried some of my early brothers and sisters, of whom I have no recollection, but whom Eternal Love has reunited with their parents. “Where,” I asked involuntarily, “will be *thy* resting place?” There is, of course, no answer possible to this, although in the inmost recesses of my heart the prayer is written: let it be, if possible, amongst my beloved native mountains!

From Yverdon the road leads along the shores of the beautiful lake to Neufchâtel. . . . The train here starts for the West — towards Paris — it moves onward, in a narrow valley, along the Reuss, scaling the Jura mountains. We have soon reached the height. I turn once more my looks towards the land of my parents, my early home, which I am going to leave for the second time, perhaps forever. The scene which burst upon my eyes was almost *painfully* beautiful. There was a glorious range of mountains from the far North towards the South. Although not belonging to the higher ones (for the Alps were hidden), yet their summits being covered with snow, they presented a respectable appearance. There was a portion of the glorious blue lake; there was the deep valley with its fine villages and towns, reared up by the results of industry and toil, and the sun in the azure blue sky gradually getting behind the mountains. Although not under the same circumstances, I could exclaim with Byron — (with some changes permitted) —

Madras Augt 4

1866

Mr Dendy.

"The Granitic Mammal  
Series of "Lyreion" which  
you were kind enough to  
bring me from Mr. Bonnec  
came safely to hand and  
I immediately wrote to you  
thanking you for your kind  
marks, and begging you to  
make my acknowledgments  
to Mr. Bonnec.

I am very sorry to  
inform that Mr. Pecc, never  
reached you, and therefore

to make myself, as far  
as I may, from the re-  
quest, of negligence.

The illustrations are  
very much admired, and  
of great interest to  
those who have done so  
much to hand.

I shall write to Mr.  
Bonnec as soon as I get  
back to Cambridge

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours etc. etc.

Henry W. Longfellow

Reduced fac-simile of a letter to Professor Krusi



"Adieu, adieu, my native land  
Fades gradually from our sight;  
Yon Sun, that to the West does flee,  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land, — *good night!*"

We then proceeded to Paris, enjoying the many sights of the most elegant city in the world. Another day's journey brought us to London, where we stayed a few days with a son of Mr. Bennett, who at that time kept a book-store. Having lately published a very elegant edition of Longfellow's "Hyperion," with photographic illustrations of the chief places mentioned in the story, he wished me to take a copy of it with me, so as to present or send it to the celebrated poet. I did the latter and received a neatly worded and written reply, which I preserve as a souvenir.

Letter from H. W. Longfellow to Prof. Hermann Krüsi.

NAHANT, Aug. 9, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,

The beautiful illustrated edition of "Hyperion," which you were kind enough to bring me from Mr. Bennett came safely to hand, and I immediately wrote to you thanking you for your kindness, and begging you to make my acknowledgments to Mr. Bennett.

I am very sorry to learn that this letter never reached you, and hasten to relieve myself, as far as I may, from the reproach of negligence.

The illustrations are very much admired, and I feel highly gratified to have such honor done to my book.

I shall write to Mr. Bennett as soon as I get back to Cambridge.

I remain, Dear Sir,  
Your Obt. Svt.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

And now we were ready to say good-by to the Old World. Starting from Liverpool on a comfortable steamer, we turned our faces towards our American home.

## CHAPTER XXX

### OUR JOURNEY COMPLETED

*Record.* — In the following summer vacation (1866) we seemed to complete our journey by returning to Maine, where we had started. This time we went even farther north, intending to visit some of my wife's uncles and aunts. From Philipps, under the guidance of brave Uncle Rufus, we planned an expedition to Lake Moosatookmaguntic. We penetrated to regions where no human habitation is seen, but where silence reigns along the woods and meadows near the limpid water, the home of numberless trout, which are eagerly caught by the visitors to this wilderness. We caught some of them too, and had them cooked in the rustic log-hotel, where we passed the night. One day we ascended Bald Mountain, situated between some of these lakes, from which the view was peculiarly charming, and then we returned again to Philipps and Farmington. At the latter place we were very well received by Mr. Belcher and family, whose house belongs to the finest in the place. Then we reached again Minot, the small homely spot, which to us parents contains hallowed ground; where our unforgotten Minnie, who left us for brighter spheres, lies buried near murmuring waters. — Tell us, O ye murmuring waves, following each other in quick succession, what is Time, so as to enable us to comprehend Eternity! — To such a question there can be no definite answer. Yet to us weary travellers, who had returned back to this grave after a pilgrimage of nearly ten thousand miles, it seemed a natural one.

Time means succession; not merely succession of facts or events, but succession of thoughts accompanying them. When the attention of one portion of the mind is diverted by the effort of another, we are aware of the flow of time, as we are aware of the flow of the river by one wave pressing upon another. But when the whole mind is absorbed, wrapt up, or filled with one grand thought, there is no time, for there is no boundary. Thus

on a large lake or ocean, where the eye perceives no movement of the waves, we have the idea of Infinity. Since then — in this life — time is measured by thoughts accompanying passing events, is it to be wondered that a journey, such as I have described on more than a hundred pages, although its duration was but half a year, should offer more incidents, recorded in the order of time by a faithful memory, than a range of a dozen years, spent in the uniformity of every-day life!

Still there must be reflection with the idea of time. A thoughtless traveller has but little to relate — especially after years when the impressions have subsided. So-called *facts* are but the milestones of life: what makes life, is the *growing thought* of man. I have sometimes thought that a diary worthy of a man who has come to the consciousness of his destiny ought to record rather the working of his thoughts and feelings, using facts merely as illustrations.

I propose that something of this kind shall be observed with the remaining part of this journal or record of my life. There yet remain, up to the present time (1875)<sup>1</sup> nearly ten years to record, mostly spent in the performance of my duties in the same school, and in the same home. These years were not passed without some thoughts or reflections having occasionally the precedence over all others. To these reflections I shall henceforth give more space, and speak of the personal history as "events" or "incidents." (See Selection on Father Kriisi's Centennial — p. 237.)

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the date of writing, not of the events recorded.

## CHAPTER XXXI

MY WORK IN THE OSWEGO STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,  
MARCH, 1866 — JUNE, 1887

### A SURVEY OF THE SCHOOL, ITS TEACHERS AND METHODS

"In the acquisition or teaching of any branch of study, I have always tried to penetrate to the principle, in order to render the subject clear to myself, before presenting it to others." — KRÜSL.

FROM the time of my return I date my real mission, *i.e.*, the training of teachers in the recently established State Normal School, as one of the appointed professors, whose task it was to carry out a regular programme in the different departments of the school. The subjects assigned to me were Drawing, Geometry, Philosophy of Education, French and German. If I remember well, I had also to continue my French lessons at the High School, so that I had evidently no time to spare for observation.

Nevertheless, there were occasional opportunities to study the work of the school in other branches, of which the principal one was known under the name of "Object Lessons." This system, which seemed to indicate a new departure from the ordinary way of beginning with symbols instead of realities, attracted a great deal of attention in educational circles, and brought many visitors to Oswego, in order to study the working of the system, with a view to having it introduced in their schools. As Mr. Sheldon—in his capacity of Secretary of the Board of Education and Principal of the Normal School—could select the ablest teachers to carry out the system, the impression made upon visitors from abroad was generally favourable, although it did not escape severe criticism from a few men who considered themselves capable of forming a judgment in regard to it.

Time and experience have since eliminated many of its objectionable features. Its permanent merit lies in the fact that *every science in its elementary stage must be based on the observation of real objects, and not upon mere symbols, or a memorized statement of facts, without proper verification.*

But objects do not necessarily exist in a *material shape*. After they have been transferred by the faculty of perception to the domain of memory and imagination, and hence subjected to various operations of the mind, such as comparison and reasoning, they lead as *distinct ideas* and in due logical sequence to correct conclusions.

All this, in my opinion, is embraced by the term, *objective teaching*. The narrower conception of "Object Lessons," i.e., a description of a loosely connected class of objects in regard to their shape, colour, parts, qualities, etc., has some drawbacks, which Miss Mayo (the author of a treatise adopted by Mr. Sheldon) has not sufficiently considered. One of these is, that the exercises, although systematically arranged, seem to follow the order of thought acting in the mind of an adult person, and not that which takes place in the evolution of the ideas of a child; forgetting to take notice of that which interests him first. Thus, for instance, in looking at a dog or horse, the children do not at first scrutinize its parts and their properties, but are interested in the whole animal and its doings; for instance, that it runs, jumps, barks, bites, etc. They care first for movements or effects, and the cause of them is an afterthought.

There were other drawbacks in object lessons taught after the old fashion; viz., that some qualities, as transparent, opaque, porous, etc., had to be explained and illustrated before the proper time, when they would have introduced themselves. Moreover, in many of these lessons, the teacher had but *one* object to hold up before a whole class, which could not leave any distinct impression.

As I said before, the novelty of the system and its partial success gave the school a wide reputation. But even this could not

have been maintained for a long time, if the other branches of study, such as Language, Arithmetic, History, Drawing, Geometry, etc., being taught on *the objective principle*, had not tended to open the eyes of intelligent visitors in regard to the superiority of a system which was able to rouse faculties that formerly were slumbering.

The consciousness of discovering a truth by our own labour and ingenuity has always its charms, and pupils trained to do it feel enthusiasm in their work, and gain an independence that renders them capable for situations where they can teach in the same way. Hence they can do good missionary work in introducing improved methods — especially in Normal schools — which, from the time of Mr. Sheldon's successful labours, sprang up in many places in the far West, and often employed teachers from his school as principals of the "Practicing" Departments.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Rice, was very favourably disposed towards the school, and it was chiefly on his recommendation that five or six new Normal schools were created in the State of New York, whose programmes were to some extent fashioned after the model of the Oswego school. In most of the cities or towns where these schools are situated, the citizens supplied the buildings, not altogether from a spirit of self-sacrifice for the cause of education, but because the teachers of the "Practicing" schools were partly or entirely provided for at the expense of the State. It is true that the parents in the above towns had to allow their children to be under the care of inexperienced young training teachers, although provision was generally made that the former should come up to the required standard of knowledge.

I have dwelt hitherto on general facts connected with the school, without mentioning my own share in regard to the work of the school and the introduction of new methods. As a Pestalozzian by descent and adoption, I adhered to the principle of development in all my subjects. This principle is often misunderstood and applied in a wrong way. Some teachers — and they were

found also in our school — understand it to be a device, by a series of cleverly arranged questions, to elicit those answers which lead precisely to the conclusion at which the teacher had previously arrived — expressed in the very same words which he or she had selected. We can appreciate the naive expression of a very bright pupil: "I do not quite understand the subject, and I'm waiting 'to be developed upon,' in order to do so!"

To me it always seemed that there ought to be freedom in a process of development, and that individual views should be respected, provided they have a rational basis. I leave it to my pupils to testify whether — in my teaching of Geometry, for instance — they had not absolute freedom in devising their own solution for each problem, so that occasionally several were produced, all leading, it is true, to the same result, but without the teacher's interference or suggestion. These were all received, for they were all derived from logical deductions and based on self-evident truths.

[I have quite recently happened on the following statement in Herbert Spencer's Autobiography.

"Late in life, my father<sup>1</sup> published a little work entitled 'Inventional Geometry. A series of Questions, Problems, and Explanations, intended to familiarize the pupil with geometrical conceptions, to exercise his inventive faculty, and prepare him for Euclid and the higher mathematics.' I have myself observed the fact, that boys may become so eager in seeking solutions for these problems as to regard their geometry lesson as the chief treat of the week. I may add the kindred fact, that among girls carried through the system by my father, it was not uncommon for some to ask for problems to solve during the holidays. Again there is the fact that my father's little book has been adopted in more than one of our public schools, and is widely used in America. Moreover, Mr. Francis C. Turner, B.A., read a eulogistic paper on the system at the 'Oxford Conference of the Teachers' Guild' in 1893, in which he described it as of the greatest value, and contended that 'this pre-Euclidean Geometry ought to enter into

<sup>1</sup> Living 1790–1866.

the curricula of all schools in which mathematical studies are begun, and should replace, in the elementary schools, the didactic and unsuggestive teaching of South Kensington.'"

In the "Life of Horace Mann," by his wife, it is stated that at the school in which he did his last work, Antioch College, Ohio, was a lady teacher, who conducted her classes through the whole course in Geometry without a text-book, in a way that stimulated the inventive powers of the pupils to the utmost, and aroused their highest enthusiasm.

I mention these facts quite incidentally. It is certain that Mr. Krüsi conceived of his Geometry course without knowledge of the above plans. — ED.]

The same principle was observed in my classes in "Philosophy of Education," where the pupils were encouraged to express their opinions frankly in the discussion of subjects, which, however, as in Mathematics, had to be also subjected to the touch of broad principles before they received the sanction of the class. By this method the recitation from a hand-book — even the most approved one — had to be abandoned, for it seemed to be of no earthly use to fill the memory of pupils with ideas which they could not appreciate, and which partly form an object of contention with the philosophers themselves.

*Record.* — There is another subject in which my teaching may have been of some service to the institution and to the principles on which it was professedly based; viz., Philosophy of Education. All true philosophy is based upon knowledge of the human soul, hence there must be an appeal to moral and mental philosophy. This subject in colleges and higher schools is, like the rest, treated in the shape of recitations from some standard work or from a compilation. The method I pursued was more in accordance with the Pestalozzian principle, by leading the pupils first to a knowledge of their own mind and its manifestations, by appropriate questions and answers. After the discussion of one mental faculty — for instance, of Perception — an application was made to the work of education, to the meaning and purport of object lessons or objective teaching. This treatment served to give the more intelligent pupils a rallying point

for what they saw or heard in their lessons, and for the task before them. Another characteristic feature was the intermingling of mental and moral philosophy; treating the corresponding subjects of either science so that they explained or completed each other, and showed the necessity of harmonious co-operation. The intense attention with which this instruction was always followed by the better part of my class, and the many thoughts it engendered, were a sufficient testimony that my work in this direction will yet be cherished in the hearts and convictions of many who have entered upon the career of an educator.

It may be presumptuous to say that the presentation of this branch, in this manner, requires an educator who has had the privilege of witnessing in his youth the effect of a system of development, and of carrying it out for the space of thirty years. I have the satisfaction to think that I have progressed materially in the thorough treatment of this important branch, which was begun by me with the assistance of a book procured from England at great expense, Tait's Philosophy of Education. Although I have since relinquished it as a handbook, it is but just to acknowledge my obligations to the hints received from it in the plan and arrangement of the subject. Still more am I indebted to Sir William Hamilton's lectures on Moral and Mental Science; and most of all to the system which continually induced me to make the proper applications by selecting examples from the common phenomena of this life — whether at home or in relation to our fellowmen and to God.

In the teaching of language the principle of development presents itself in a different light, for here modes of expression are fixed, and so outside of the sphere of argument. Hence "development" is chiefly visible in the growth or expansion of power to use this expression, which is derived synthetically in the proper *use* of words and sentences connected with real objects or simple actions. This method condemns the use of rules and generalizations before a sufficient number of facts show the existence of such a rule. The so-called "Sauveur" method has done excellent work in this direction, more especially in its endeavour to encourage conversation. But even before his time, other

methods, for instance that of Ahn (which I followed), have been very efficient to indicate the way by which to pass from the simple to the compound, from examples to rules.

*Record.* — In regard to Language (grammar) I have given no direct contributions, except by an appeal to natural laws, in connection with an objective illustration of the subject. The ideas which I once put forward to my friend Coghlan of the Home and Colonial, had been carefully put in practice by this gentleman, and adopted by Miss Jones. . . .

I cannot claim much originality in the methods I pursued in teaching foreign languages, unless it be in the fact that I never allowed any rules of Grammar or Syntax to be committed to memory, even after they had been supported and illustrated by numerous examples. For in that case I either developed the rule from the experience of my pupils, or dictated in the simplest and most perspicuous language I could command, taking care to cultivate such methods of reasoning as would bear upon a better understanding of *their own* language. It is possible that many — especially young teachers — would have paid more attention to conversational exercises; and I do not defend my partial omission of this part, which it was, nevertheless, in my power to give. But I have come to the conclusion that one can only give attention to one or two special points in a system of teaching. My points were pronunciation, an intelligent analysis, and composition. Upon composition the intelligent attempts at conversation are based. If they are made prematurely, they abort into parrot exhibitions, and may do well for uttering some stereotyped phrases, whilst they utterly fail in translating the original thoughts of your mind.

In concluding my reflections on methods pursued in our school, I have not the vanity to refer to public testimonials that may have been given to my work, but consider my best reward to consist in the love and esteem of my pupils for their old teacher, even after a lapse of many years.

In speaking now of the management of the Normal School, the work of its principal, Mr. Sheldon, is first to be considered. With a firm will and indefatigable perseverance, he combined a

mild, benevolent disposition, which gained for him the love and esteem of his pupils and teachers. History will do justice to his earnest and at last successful struggles for the introduction of sound educational methods, the training of competent teachers, and for his earnest efforts to improve the organization and efficiency of the schools in his State.

In view of a life so full of labour and sacrifice, a few foibles will be forgotten, which were partly the result of an overwrought nervous condition sometimes affected by strict Calvinistic ideas implanted in his early education; but chiefly an outcome of insufficient preparation for a task which required a more complete knowledge of some advanced branches of study, in order to possess a proper criterion for their presentation in his school.

As the matter stood, the teachers were never interfered with in their teaching, and very seldom received visits from their principal in their classes — except in the Practice School — so that Mr. Sheldon's knowledge of affairs was often indirectly obtained through the report and testimony of others. But whatever omissions there may have been in the supervision of the intellectual part of the school, nobody will accuse him of neglecting the moral part, to which he attended in a conscientious, truly Christian spirit, and which seldom failed of its effect. I remember that his religious exhortations at the morning exercises, uttered in a manly, earnest voice, were always impressive, because his hearers knew that his life and actions were in unison with his sentiments.

Referring once more to the management of a Normal school and comparing the work of an American principal with one superintending a German school, it strikes me that the task of the former is often unnecessarily complex, and has a tendency to split his time and attention. Coming as I did from a foreign country, and not without some knowledge of its Normal schools, I was surprised to see here the laborious work connected with the classification and standing of pupils belonging to three different departments; the Elementary, Advanced, and Classical. This

work was rendered the more complicated by a kind of optional plan permitting the pupil to take lessons in various departments at once, perhaps in advance of their regular course; and causing them to wait for a term or two before resuming the studies necessary to graduate in a certain course.

How different in German Normal schools, where the classical department, *i.e.*, the study of languages, is generally omitted, and where the pupils entering at a fixed time after due examination into one of the two departments *remain there until the end of their two or three years' course*. As a rule no pupil is dismissed unless for bad moral conduct or utter incompetency. At the end of their course, and after a strict examination in the presence of the first magistrate and members of the State Board of Education, they receive qualified diplomas, where their standing in the different branches, in conduct, and in practical skill, is stated, and the whole record summed up as: "sufficient," "satisfactory," "good" or "very good." The candidates are then entitled to positions, according to the testimony of these diplomas.

This way of doing things may not be in consonance with democratic ideas, but would tend towards solving the problem of supplying poor district schools with teachers, who, although they might not excel in learning, would have at least gone through a course of training; it would also abolish the disagreeable task of rejecting pupils at the end of their training course, because they could not reach the seventy-five per cent standard in one or two of their studies. I call it a disagreeable task, because it often exposes the principal to the petitions or even threats of the relatives or of the political and religious sympathizers of the discarded candidate.

At any rate — from my personal experience — I hope that the members of a Normal School faculty will in future be spared the dreary task of occupying themselves for hours with the individual standing of from two hundred to three hundred pupils, and furthermore that the numerical record of merit may be abolished; considering that pupils, who for instance in a course of Philosophy of

Education, or in Latin, have been marked "90," would be considered ignorant when examined by other teachers on a different plan. *It is not the amount of knowledge that decides about the capacity and success of a candidate in teaching, but rather his intelligence and earnest zeal and effort,* which cannot be expressed in numbers, but may be satisfactory, good, or excellent.

Finally, I must express my admiration for the remarkable progress which Mr. Sheldon, in spite of many drawbacks and interruptions, has made in the organization of his school, keeping pace with all the new requirements of this age. For this reason arose a Kindergarten school, some of whose exercises were introduced into the Primary schools. This was followed by an Industrial department, supplied with the necessary appliances, not to speak of those necessary for the Chemistry, Natural History, and Gymnastic departments. As already stated, the organization of the School of Practice, according to which the teachers in training had to devote a whole term to the task of teaching various classes, proved the most successful. It was a hard ordeal for those engaged in it; but they issued from it like soldiers, who had stood the trials of battle and of fatiguing marches.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN OSWEGO, 1866-1875

AFTER our return from Europe, we boarded for a while and afterwards rented a small house, until Mrs. Krüsi accepted the offer of an opportunity to take charge of a lady's house, and to board the owner and her daughter as an equivalent for the rent we should otherwise have had to pay. We found her house pleasantly situated on West Fifth Street near the Park, in a row of aristocratic-looking residences. Although its architecture and general appearance gave evidence of age, a large orchard and garden back of the house, and the open view in front, rendered it rather a pleasant abode. Some of the spare rooms were soon occupied by the family of Dr. Armstrong, whom I consider to have been the most learned professor that ever taught in the Normal School. Although called principally for the sake of teaching the natural sciences, he seemed to be equally versed in languages, including Greek and Hebrew, and possessed a fine knowledge of music and art. His broad knowledge made his lessons, or rather his lectures, very interesting. He put but few questions to his pupils, nor did he sufficiently attend to reviewing his subject; hence his principal merit consisted in the interest he created, which gave to his pupils a desire and incentive for further study.

[It was during this year (1867) and in this house that Lowell Mason visited the Krüsi family, while giving a course of lectures at the Normal School. Although the following letters were written respectively some years earlier and later, their allusions make them appropriate at this point.—ED.]

From Lowell Mason to H. Krüsi, with regard to lecturing in Oswego:

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 28, 1862.

MR. KRUSI:

Dear Sir, — I have your letter of 23d November. I will not attempt to answer it in detail, but will only allude to one point, viz., my own visiting Oswego. I would like much to come, provided I can have the opportunity to do something for our common cause in the way of *sounds* leading to *speech* and *song*. But in order to do this, I must have access to the teachers, nor can I do much even by meeting them for once or twice. Could I have them for a dozen lessons, it would be like crowding or pressing my new cider into a single bottle, I should spill by far the greater part at once, and the bottle would soon burst, and so it would be all gone. How can it be managed?

In the first place, *if I come* I can only do it on certain conditions, and they are somewhat high, viz.

1st. I must have a good room while there, where I can have a wood fire, with fuel in my chamber so that I can easily light it in early morning.

2d. I cannot lecture (preach or teach) more than about two hours at once, or in a day.

3d. I cannot, very well, go out in evening — unless for a *very short distance*.

4th. I should need some kind of musical instrument, say school harmonium, or something of the kind.

5th. I must be permitted to go to bed early.

6th. Such other things as my age, stupidity, and old-fogyism may suggest.

Now the above is half in earnest, half in reality, the rest being in jest merely. I forgot to add that as the labourer is worthy of his hire, so my bread and butter ought to be made sure. That's all.

Now if I come, I had better come quickly. The great question is: *Can I have such an access to the teachers as will enable me to do some good?* I could not well remain longer than four or five days or so.

Now, without promising to come, if Mr. Sheldon will decide what time I can have, and will inform me what he thinks of the whole project, I will take it into serious consideration, and will at once decide.

So I am, dear Sir, as ever

Your friend,

LOWELL MASON.

Kind regards to Madame.

P. S. I have omitted an important condition, viz.

7th. Bed-clothes enough to keep me warm, or about twice as many as for another person.

[Dr. Mason did not visit Oswego at this time, nor until the occasion previously alluded to. — ED.]

Lowell Mason to Mr. Krüsi:

ORANGE, N. J., 12th Jany. 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND KRUSI,

I have not forgotten nor can I forget either you, your most excellent wife, or your promising babe (the youngest child I have ever seen) while mental power remains unbroken. I have often wondered that I did not hear from you. On the 10th of June last, I was taken ill with a severe attack of gastric fever; it brought me very low, so that hope of my recovery was relinquished, but it pleased our Heavenly Father to bless the means used for my recovery.

You will not be offended, my dear Sir, when I say that Pestalozzianism has been very much developed, and extended its limits both in Germany and in this country far beyond the highest conceptions of its first modern author. It is now carried up to the highest branches of intellectual and moral improvement. This was fully noticed by our friend Dickinson in his late German tour, so that it is not now what it was in the beginning, any more than you are now what you were at six years of age. One thing in its application in music, I take the liberty to mention. It is this: that as soon as a thing is known, it is put into practical uses, — so if double measure has been introduced, lessons in double measure immediately follow, by which it receives confirmation in the pupils' minds. The pupil is not required to go through the whole round of memorizing the different kinds of measure, before they are brought into practice. So also with many other things through the whole course.

I have published by Ditson of Boston a work entitled "Pestalozzian Music Teacher," to which my friend Dickinson has added, by way of illustrating the method, lessons on various school topics; as Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and so forth; and also on the

more abstract mental subjects, as truth, virtue, association of ideas, etc. This, you know, did not enter into the idea of the originator of the method. Fearing that you may not have seen this work, I will immediately order one sent to you. I shall procure one of your books [the "Pestalozzi"] as soon as they are out.

Give my very best regards to Mr. Sheldon, whose picture hangs up on my writing desk, also to your beloved and the dear children, and if there are any teachers there, who were there at the time I delivered my Course of Instruction, remember me kindly to them. The gold-headed ebony cane presented to me often brings up to my mind Oswego, its admirable school, its excellent Principal and teachers, and those instructions which, if with less ability, with no less earnest sincerity and affection, were attempted by

Your friend,  
LOWELL MASON.

In the summer of 1867 (July 25) our second daughter Gertie made her appearance, and gladdened the heart of her parents, by seeming to substitute the dear girl we had lost two years ago. My wife stood the ordeal bravely and attended in a few days after the birth to her usual duties, with the able assistance of our help, Sarah McTamny, whose faithfulness and devotion we shall always remember. Although the child of Irish Catholic parents, her affectionate nature did not allow her to share the fanatical views of some members of her priesthood in regard to the wholesale condemnation of all professing a different faith.

It was in the fall of this year (1867) that the whole Faculty of the Oswego Normal School received an honourable, though very unusual invitation, to come to Cincinnati, in order to lecture before the Teachers' Association. It was evident that the reputation of our school had reached the far West. In my opinion, which I formed from associating with the German teachers in Cincinnati, it was principally the latter who wished to have us with them, on account of the support they would receive by our advocacy of the "Objective system," whose principle they

favoured. In consequence of the above invitation, five members of our Faculty proceeded to Cincinnati, where they were cordially received by the Committee as well as by some of the leading educators.

At the Institute we were struck by the great number of German teachers, whose presence was felt by the great interest they showed in the exercises. Socially they seemed particularly drawn towards me on account of my being of German descent, and speaking their language. Hence, in their accustomed resorts to some localities — where they had ascertained that some fresh beer would be tapped — I heard them express their views on our Institute, its lecturers and methods, without any restraint. I could see how in many Western cities — where whole quarters are inhabited by Germans — it is possible for them to preserve many of their national peculiarities, which stand in strong contrast with American manners and customs. Thus, for instance, the members of our Faculty were invited by the German teachers to visit with them a concert at the "Loewen-Garten." They came to our hotel in their best suits, each carrying a rose in his hand, and presenting it to the lady he had agreed to escort. I had enough of the German feeling left within me to be glad to have our American friends — mostly of the temperance order — go to such a place, and see how a German public, in spite of the beer-glasses before them, can behave in an exemplary manner, and in some respects better than an American audience. For instance, when a piece of music was about to be played by the excellent band, the din of voices gave way immediately to a respectful silence, and the closest attention to the strains of music.

Speaking once more of the Institute, there could be no doubt that it gave great satisfaction. To judge from the comments made by the Germans on the lecturers, it would seem as if they were particularly pleased with the energetic manner and distinct utterances of our Miss Cooper, while the orthodox part of the American audience may have particularly admired the

solemn, weighty remarks of Dr. Armstrong on the wonders of Creation.<sup>1</sup>

I must not forget — as a great addition to my enjoyment of our trip — to mention my meeting with two of my Appenzell countrymen: Dr. Christin (Kürsteiner) and Dr. Kern, whom I visited at Chillicothe, on my way back. Dr. Kern, who was nearly of my own age, had been with me a pupil of my father's Normal School at Gais; and hence, as a former comrade, shared with me many fond recollections, while his wife (a native of Bern) and his children helped to produce a feeling of home. I also keenly enjoyed the beauties of the Sciota valley, with its green hills and pleasant groves.

A visit to Columbus with friend Kern was made interesting by our calling at the house of Lesquereux, one of the celebrated trio of Neufchâtellers, who emigrated to America. Lesquereux, although less known than his compatriots, Agassiz and Guyot (probably on account of his deafness which prevented him from appearing in public), was nevertheless distinguished as a palaeontologist, especially by his investigations of the coal formation, so so as to be occasionally employed by the State Survey.

After taking leave of Lesquereux and of my friend Kern, whom I met again twenty years afterwards on a visit to Switzer-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Delia Lathrop Williams in her address printed in the Oswego Quarter-Centennial book quotes from Dr. Hancock, "a man thoroughly conversant with the history of every public school movement in the Mississippi Valley," as follows: "I am sure the Institute of 1867 in Cincinnati, in which those eminent teachers and Oswegoans, Dr. Armstrong, Professor Krüsi, Miss Seaver, Miss Cooper, and Mrs. Mary Howe Smith took part, marked an era in the schools of that city. They presented the business of teaching in a light in which had not been seen before by the large body of teachers there assembled. The spirit infused into this body by this new education was the main cause of the establishment of the city Normal School, with Miss Sarah Duganne, an Oswego graduate, at its head. She was followed by Miss Delia A. Lathrop, another Oswego graduate, who, with the assistance of four other graduates of Oswego, carried forward the work for seven years. Here was begun the great fight between dynamic and mechanic instruction, — a fight that has been going on ever since with somewhat varying success, but on the whole with a sure gain of territory by the first of these belligerent parties."

land, I returned by way of Cleveland, where we attended another Institute, to my home in Oswego and to my work at the Normal School.

The next following winter, with its rich supply of snow, gave me a taste of the pleasures (?) of a householder, who has to keep the path open around a corner lot, like ours, which extended on one side the whole length of a block. It is true that I shamefully neglected that side, which was traversed by few pedestrians. I was spared another trial of this kind by our buying, in the following spring (1868), a house and lot on Eighth Street for three thousand dollars, of which I paid down one thousand dollars in cash, with a mortgage attached to the remainder, to be paid off in five years. The lot was on the whole pleasantly situated, although, being near the outskirts of the city, its neighbourhood and society could not be called very select or attractive.

*Record. — MY NEW HOUSE.*

N. B. This is the house that Jack built.

We left Mrs. Terrill's house in the spring of 1868, in order to occupy a house formerly owned by Mrs. Earl, on West Eighth St. (No. 98) near Bridge Street, with a barn and some land attached to it. The price was three thousand dollars, of which one thousand dollars were to be paid down, and the rest paid off by annual instalments, with interest on mortgage, in five years.

The situation of the house is a healthy one, although the neighbourhood was at that time not quite so respectable as it promises to be for the future. There were about six rooms with kitchen. Although the house was, on the whole, in good condition, there was yet room for many additional conveniences. . . . This, of course, involved a considerable tax on myself and my wife, for I had — out of a salary of sixteen hundred dollars — to make an annual payment of four hundred dollars, together with interest on the mortgage; besides improvements which might have amounted on the average to about two hundred dollars every year; and taxes, which could not be less than one hundred dollars annually.

The problem therefore to be solved was to support a family with nine hundred dollars, plus what could be added to this sum

by keeping boarders, and to lay aside seven hundred dollars for the above purposes. The result, of course, was always to be very low of funds at the end of each term. Still, all the debts were honourably acquitted, and — at the time I write this — the whole house is paid off, besides an additional lot, for which I paid six hundred dollars.

Nevertheless — like the house that Jack built — there are so many attributes connected with it, and claiming our attention, that it is likely never to be in a finished stage, but will always swallow the earnings of every year. Of course the new additions and embellishments add to our comfort and pleasure, and have a certain money value, yet it is to be foreseen, that with the exception of the value of the land, one half of the expenses will never be recovered, if it should be necessary at some time to sell it.

There were many trees (cherries, apples, pears, and plums) planted on the green lawn. Some trellises with good grapes give us, in autumn, delicious fruit or jelly. A new well and cistern supply us with soft and hard water, and a supply of gas renders the rooms cheerful in the evening. The cultivation of the garden (which is removed from the prying sight of men) gives me in spring a healthy occupation, and some vegetables for the kitchen. . . .

The hardest trials have consisted in the invasion of boys, as long as Hermann was in want of playmates, who, in no country that I am aware of, respect the privacy or even property of others, and least so in America, where they are often running about till deep into the night without any control on the part of their parents.

Such was the house into which, in May, 1868, I moved with my little family.

As this was the first home of our own, my wife could apply all her skill and energy to the task of making suitable and lasting improvements in the house and premises. For instance, after boarding a New York family during the summer vacation, she saved enough funds to procure an elegant set of furniture, carpet, etc., for the drawing-room. After this we did not lack for boarders, all of them belonging to the Normal School, either as teachers or pupils.

The most interesting accession to our household was the

Japanese, Hideo Takamine, who, in 1875, was sent by his Government to enter our Normal School. His coming was quite unexpected, even to Mr. Sheldon, who, however, knew of no better place to have a person of this description taken care of and assisted in his studies than our house.

I have elsewhere given my impressions about the almost unheard of rise and progress of Japan, which, up to a recent date, has shared with China a spirit of exclusiveness and hatred to all foreigners. I have there told the story of this young man Takamine, and of his younger brother Saze, who came a few years afterwards. Both belonged to the class of Samurai (warriors), and had passed through very exciting scenes during the reconstruction of the Empire, through prison or exile, during which the members of the family were separated and finally reunited after the declaration of peace. Takamine, the oldest of the sons, distinguished by his intelligence and moral character, received notice from Government that he was appointed to proceed to the United States, in order to study the plans and methods of instruction in a Normal School, with a fixed salary and an expectation to be promoted to the principalship of a school of the same kind.

I confess that in studying the character of this young Japanese, his earnestness for improvement, faithful disposition, and absence of frivolity, I obtained a higher idea of principles — whether proclaimed by Confucius or Buddha — which had been able to manifest themselves in *actions*, and not, as is the case with many so-called Christians, in words and professions alone. If this remark is considered to denote a too hasty generalization from the example of one or two individuals, I can only say that this testimony tallies with that given by other parties who were intrusted with the teaching of Japanese students. As for politeness and docility, they were far ahead of scions of the Anglo-Saxon race, who, however, may be superior in energy and a practical spirit of enterprise.

If another fault may be found in these interesting foreigners

it is a certain lack of faith or of imagination, which are required to appreciate the facts, or revelations, on which the Christian religion is based. These disciples of Confucius seem to consider religion, or philosophy, to be a thing about which there can be no doubt and consequently no dispute, which is more than we can say of ours. Hence they discard miracles and dogmas of faith the nature and purport of which they cannot understand. It is to be regretted that they give so little heed to the idea of immortality, and seem to drop it as a matter beyond their comprehension. While this way of thinking prevents them from indulging in unnecessary fears of eternal punishment, it rather impels them to a strict execution of their duties on this earth, for which alone they consider themselves responsible.

To give an example,—what Government, what society, what father of a family living in our boasted civilization, would entrust to young men sent out for their education the *free disposal* of the funds invested for this purpose, as was done in the case of the young Japanese! Nor was this confidence abused. It was from a spirit of duty as well as from eagerness for knowledge that they made the utmost use of their time and opportunities. Our Takamine, for instance, besides doing his work at school (which, to one struggling with the English language must have presented additional difficulties), employed his spare time chiefly with the study of the modern theory of Evolution, reading with intense interest the works of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, etc. This study, which gives an idea of the slow but unfailing working of natural laws, seemed the best adapted to the bias of the Japanese mind, which sees in the application of these laws a great means for the utilization of science in all directions,—education, health, etc.; and hence for the execution of duty, free from prejudice and superstition.

I will add that our friend, after returning to Japan, was entrusted with the principalship of the Tokio Normal School, in which the number of pupils, in addition to those in the School of

Practice, amounts to several thousands; so that its influence must be very great.

Speaking of other individuals, who about the same time formed temporary members of our household, I cannot omit mentioning two interesting ladies: Miss Emma Dickerman (afterwards Mrs. Straight) and Miss Mary Alling (afterwards Mrs. Aber), both distinguished by great talent, and much devoted to literary subjects and science. The former was endowed with an equally balanced mind, which made her do excellent work in the Normal schools of Oswego, Englewood, and lastly in the Tokio Normal School, from which she returned to California, where together with her husband she found an early grave. Miss Alling deserves a high rank both morally and intellectually, and her heroic battle to obtain the financial means necessary for her education and that of her brothers and sisters will always secure our respect and admiration.

I am reminded here of a very interesting friend and acquaintance, Mr. James Johonnot, who became temporarily a resident of Oswego and made us sometimes a visit. On one of these occasions he entered the room with Miss Alling, introducing themselves as "two twins," which was rather amusing, considering that with his towering form of six feet three and one half inches, and his sixty years, there seemed rather a singular twinship between him and the delicate, girlish form of Miss Alling, reaching not higher than his hips.

Mr. Johonnot, who has now gone to his rest, has left a sufficient mark to be remembered pleasantly by those who have known him as a teacher and lecturer, and have enjoyed his animated, interesting conversation. He had also enemies, partly on account of his free religious notions, partly on account of some failings in his grammar and orthography, which some so-called "classically" educated people considered of sufficient importance to put him down amongst illiterate men, unfit to lecture before teachers. His little deficiencies in this respect were, however, counter-

balanced by a vast amount of knowledge gathered from experience, reflection, and from a study of the progressive ideas that had made their way into this country. Mr. Johonnot and his highly cultured wife had come to Oswego for the sake of being with their daughter, who had entered the Normal School.

As they were friends of the Objective system of teaching, and had a reverential feeling for the great Swiss educator and philanthropist, I was encouraged to show them my manuscript on "Pestalozzi," and was pleased to find that they considered it interesting and deserving of a wider circulation by having it published. Mr. Johonnot even offered to revise it carefully. In doing so, many passages had, of course, to be changed or amended, in order to make the text intelligible to American readers, or to extend its application. The task of finding a publisher was accomplished by the intervention of one of our students, who had acted as agent to the firm of Wilson & Hinkle, one of the most noted publishing houses in the West, who issued the book in elegant shape and adorned with good illustrations. This happened in 1875, which, as being the centenary of my father's birthday, enabled me to dedicate it to him as a tribute of filial respect and affection.

*Record.* — Twelfth of March, 1875. — Father Krüsi's Centennial, — *celebrated in my heart.*

As an appendage to my reflections on "Time" in the previous pages,<sup>1</sup> I interrupt the thread of my narrative to indicate the period when a hundred years have elapsed since the birth of a man who, although born in humble circumstances, was destined to help in a great work in connection with his friend Pestalozzi, and to extend its blessings to thousands of pupils and their descendants. Although separated by Ocean and Land from the small gathering of friends and children who at this moment or hour so celebrate with throbbing hearts the memory of thee, venerable Teacher and Father, I bring my solitary tribute in the

<sup>1</sup> See p. 215. At the time of this interpolation in the Record, the narrative had only reached the period of 1866.

shrine of my heart — in thoughts of love and gratitude — besides the offering, which I had the pleasure to complete at the eve of this momentous day; "Pestalozzi, His Life, Work and Influence." I have the satisfaction to think that I have faithfully incorporated the deeds and merits of my revered father with those of his immortal friend, and that the name of both will become better known in educational circles of the United States than heretofore, kindling in some hearts an enthusiasm, a love for what is true and eternal, which ought to animate the teachers' profession, and did animate the noble men whose memory rises uppermost in my heart: central among them the venerable pioneers of Educational Reform, Pestalozzi and Krüsi.

Bronson Alcott to H. Krüsi:

DEAR SIR,

CONCORD, MASS., April 8, 1875.

Returning lately from an extended conversational tour at the West, I find your "Life of Pestalozzi," and kind note. I have read the Life with much satisfaction. It adds interesting particulars not included in Bibers' — a work with which I have been familiar from the date of publication.

More than to other great educators of modern times I am indebted to Pestalozzi. How largely the improvements in the spirit and methods of modern instruction have been quickened and shaped by his ideas, we cannot know. And your fresher account of his life and services must awaken a yet livelier interest in him and his methods.

You honour me with some paragraphs of praise for my attempts to show in my several schools (especially in my Boston experiment) the intuitive powers of children by following out their thoughts on the deepest questions of life and duty. I have deemed my services deserving of a warmer appreciation than these have yet secured save by the fewest of contemporary educators.

It has been my intention when travelling West to visit Mr. Sheldon's school at Oswego. I still have that pleasure in prospect at some future opportunity.

I am happy to know that yourself, the gifted son of one of Pestalozzi's associates in his schools in Switzerland, has found encouragement for making the principles and methods of his master better known to us in our Republic; and wish you every success, whether in teaching or as an author.

Pennick Island, August 18<sup>th</sup>  
1873

My dear Krüsi

I have only received your series of drawings  
I heartily congratulate you upon the success you have  
achieved in making drawing not merely an art, but also the  
basis of a comprehensive study of nature. That, with too  
many, remains a play thing is true; but made a means of solid  
knowledge. Hoping you may see your nature more & more.

I remain

ever truly your old friend

L. Agassiz

Hermann Krüsi

A letter from Louis Agassiz to Hermann Krüsi, 2d



Should you visit these parts, I shall be most happy to see you at my house.

I am, Dear Sir,

Thankfully and truly yours,

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

I will observe here, that the publishing of this work was the indirect cause of my preparing an educational course known under the name of "Krusi's Drawing Course." It was again Mr. Johonnot who advised me to do so, and I willingly agreed to letting him have half of its profits on account of the time and labour he had given in his revision of my "Life and Work of Pestalozzi."

Of the success of these publications, I will speak in some other place. It was chiefly owing to our securing the first and richest publishing house of the United States, that of D. Appleton, whose operations extended to all parts of the Union. Without Mr. Johonnot's able and persuasive assistance, I should probably not have had courage enough to recommend my own work, which fortunately appeared at the right time, viz., when Drawing was introduced in many schools; and since my Inventive Drawing supplied simple and progressive exercises suitable for elementary schools, it had a good chance to be appreciated. It is true that the enlightened Board of Education of Oswego never deigned to patronize it. The same Board, with the concurrence of many citizens, also made a warfare against the Objective lessons taught in the city schools; making a resolution "that they should be abolished and in their stead Cornell's Geographies be introduced"! It is evident that the judgment of these men was entirely guided by the persuasive power of book agents. It is also clear that the day of independence from prejudice and ignorance had not yet arrived, although the centenary of political independence was fast approaching.

[Mention should be made of the degree (A.M.) conferred on Professor Krusi by Yale College in 1871, an honour wholly unsought by him. He was greatly pleased but, strangely, has nowhere referred to it, even in his record.—ED.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### SOME FURTHER EXPERIENCES DURING MY SOJOURN IN OSWEGO, 1866-1875

THE work and progress of the Normal School need not be described here, since it is found in public records, and because I have made reference to its methods in a previous chapter. In this one I intend chiefly to refer to personal and domestic matters, or to those connected with our social relations.

In our domestic arrangements, a new era seemed to begin with the enlargement and raising of our house, an act which is doubly memorable from its having been accomplished by my wife, through her own earnings, and during my absence. I had gone in the summer of 1871 to Massachusetts with my son, in order to consult Dr. Williams in regard to my eyes, on which spots had appeared, which gave some apprehension. On our return at the approach of night, both my son and myself passed our house which presented a totally different appearance, with its piazza and columns and raised roof. But when we came to the next house, which undoubtedly was that of our neighbour, we turned back, and soon discovered the smiling countenance of the author of these changes.

*Record.* — After an absence of ten years from Massachusetts, I was of course prepared to give and receive many surprises; but the greatest surprise was reserved for me on my return home. I had left my wife and Gertie there, anticipating for them some rest in their retirement. It was about nine o'clock at night, when Hermann and I approached our home by the well-known streets which lead to it. But what was our astonishment to find in the place of our old house, with its pointed gable, a building with a

stately front, and elegant piazza. Even the windows of the parlour were statelier and larger than before. What could it mean? Hermann, who was equally puzzled, had the Yankee shrewdness to proceed to the next house, and since this was undoubtedly our neighbour's, the "doubtful appearance" *must* be our house.

We entered the yard, and found our trusty wife and mother emerging from behind one of the new columns, to confess, in evident excitement, that she had been "superintending and directing during the last two weeks" all this renovation of our house, and — best of all — was prepared to meet nearly all the expenses with money she had saved by keeping boarders during the last years.

I mention this as a striking incident of the smartness of a true Yankee woman, and the absence of greediness and inquisitiveness in a philosophically disposed Swiss, who had never inquired into the private income of his trusty partner, or the use she intended to make of it. As it was, I enjoyed the new house remarkably well, and admired the business tact and building skill of the lady who planned the improvements.

This enlargement of the house enabled us to take more boarders, and necessitated an addition of land on the south side, which was changed into an orchard and lawn, sloping down to a garden. I enjoyed this garden, partly because it gave physical exercise in the raising of vegetables, whose growth and maturing were a matter of interest and the subject of much observation. The same interest is always present, even in intellectual matters, where products are obtained through our own efforts, supervision, and care. It is true, that the cherries, apples, and grapes growing on trees not planted by ourselves were also welcome, because they were a part of our own homestead and added to its charms.

In the domain of science, art, and civilization, there are also outside intellectual entertainments, which present to us the thoughts and reflections of accomplished minds. The lecture courses, which at one time were flourishing, seemed to be a kind of substitute for theatrical or other kinds of "worldly" entertainment, which were shunned by the strictly orthodox part of the com-

munity. These lectures brought before large audiences many distinguished men, such as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, John B. Gough, etc., to all of whom I had the pleasure to listen.

Although very different in character and manner, they enlisted the interest of the audience by their eloquence as well as by a kind of personal magnetism. While the "silver-tongued" Wendell Phillips obtained respectful attention by his earnest, straightforward remarks, Beecher commanded it by the versatility of his ideas, his striking humour, and his practical suggestions addressed to the common sense of his hearers. As for Gough, he simply electrified and carried away his hearers by his heartrending description of the consequences of intemperance and vice; once and again, by some incidental anecdote or comical occurrence, he convulsed them with uncontrollable fits of laughter and merriment. It might here be asked whether by so doing he gained any lasting moral effect, or whether the tears of merriment or sadness elicited from his hearers were of a theatrical nature, *i.e.*, only active during the representation. While making allowance for the fleeting influence of some of those gushes of sentiment, I am of the opinion that many of Mr. Gough's remarks had a salutary effect, considering that they all were uttered in the cause of freedom, temperance, education, and a religion free from sham and dogmas, but active in works of love and charity. By his own example he had shown the duty to do right, regardless of consequences.

Gerrit Smith, the unflinching Abolitionist, who sacrificed a great part of his fortune to the liberation and support of the black race, acted on the same principle, and so did William Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer of Abolition, who never lectured in Oswego, but whom I had the pleasure to visit in his own house at Boston. It was interesting to hear him talk about his experiences and trials, during one of which he was led through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, — that same Boston, which after-

wards showed him honours as to a triumphant hero, and now would erect a costly monument to his memory. I soon found out that he was not free from egotism in speaking of himself, which is often the case with men who are possessed or inspired mainly by one idea; but it is this idea that has caused the liberation or emancipation of millions of his oppressed brethren of the black race.

When I spoke of lecture courses as having served formerly as substitutes for theatrical and other amusements, I will add that the opposite seems to have taken place in later times, at least in Oswego, where a fine opera-house is filled every winter with respectable audiences (including many orthodox church members) listening with rapt attention to actors like Barrett, McCullough, etc., and to excellent concerts.

The circle of our friends in the city was never numerous, nor did we go out much in search of them, because the Normal School and our own household brought us in connection with many pleasant people. They were mostly young ones, it is true, but for this very reason calculated to keep the heart young and cause it to sympathize with their play as well as their studies.

Among the best educated, and at the same time the most public-minded men of our acquaintance, were Judge Churchill and Hon. George B. Sloan. The former occupied one of the highest offices of his profession, and was universally respected for his integrity and genial, gentlemanly bearing. His daughter, Kate, also did credit to the example and influence of her home-training, by acts of disinterested kindness whenever an appeal to charity or to her talents — as in singing — was made.

As for Mr. Sloan, who was reputed to be worth half a million or more, and who lived in a splendid residence near the lake, he had no aristocratic prejudices, and least of all where education was concerned. Such a prejudice at one time had taken a strong hold on the "mushroom gentility" of Oswego, who, for instance, dubbed the pupils of the Normal School with the name of "State paupers," quite forgetting that while the above young people

received a *gratis* tuition, their own sons or brothers were enjoying the same privileges at West Point and other national or State institutions. They did not, moreover, consider that these "State paupers" brought annually to the city about fifty thousand dollars for board and other items of expenditure.

Another instance of how hard it was to convince the people of the respectability of Normal students was seen in the difficulty of obtaining boarding places for the young men. The ladies were provided for in their own special boarding-house, the former "Welland House."

Up to a certain time hardly any girl of the so-called "genteel" class had ventured to associate with those of the Normal School. A sudden change, however, was made, when a daughter of Mr. Sloan, a strong-minded, noble girl, had herself enlisted as one of the students of the Normal School. Her example was soon followed by others, whose eyes were gradually opened to the advantage of receiving *gratis* instruction — even in some of the higher branches — by teachers specially prepared and adapted to their task; which in the private seminaries they had hitherto patronized, had not been the case.

The Normal School, having passed through the period of prejudice and neglect, has ever since maintained a high reputation, in regard to its method as well as to the character of its teachers and pupils.

In conclusion I will say a few words about the amenities offered by the natural scenery of Oswego and its beautiful lake and river, which in the summer season offered many inducements for pleasant excursions by boat, carriage, or on foot.

Hence, both in my position as a teacher in the school, surrounded by attentive and affectionate pupils, and as father of a well-regulated, promising family, I might have called Oswego my home, without, however, forgetting the old home (Switzerland) on the other side of the ocean, with its beloved relatives, and its glorious Alpine scenery.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### THE CENTENNIAL YEAR, 1876

If I have shown myself rather careless in regard to giving accurate dates, especially in years where nothing of particular interest occurred to render them distinct from others, I would not have been guilty of this neglect for this year, since independent of its being the Centennial of the Declaration of Independence, its very beginning left a distinct impression on my memory.

In the first place, the night from the 31st of December to January 1st was of such an uncommon mildness of temperature as hardly ever witnessed before at that season, which allowed us to sit on the deck-roof<sup>1</sup> with hardly any wraps, and listen to the deafening — I might almost say demoniacal noise — caused by the ringing of bells, the shrieking of engine whistles, the firing of cannon, and the explosion of all kind of fireworks.

I remember with a smile how our Japanese friend, Takamine, usually so solemn and dignified, entered into the spirit of the fun — or celebration — by blowing a child's trumpet with all his might, while in front of our house the flags of three nations, American, Swiss, and Japanese, were displayed, as a sign that our humble home was inhabited by individuals belonging to America, Europe, and Asia.

In the second place, this was the year of the great World's Fair at Philadelphia. In spite of the great heat prevailing in July, all the members of our family (with the exception of Gertie)

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the square, flat place on the summit of the sloping roofs; it was surrounded by a railing. We often sat there to watch the sunset, and have even slept there on extremely hot nights. — H. K., Jr.

were determined to devote a week to the contemplation of this unique exhibition, whose attractions were such as to bring thither more than six millions of visitors from all parts of this country.

A description of its treasures, its almost perfect arrangements, and of the excellent behaviour of its visiting thousands, will not be attempted here.

On our return we passed through New Jersey and New York city on our way to the Catskills, where Miss Alling happened to pass her vacation with her family. She had previously invited us to make with her an expedition to the mountains and ravines of this interesting region. Our party numbered from eight to ten persons. What helped to fix this expedition firmly in my memory is the fact of my getting for the first time a taste of camp-life. The place chosen for our camp was in a deep ravine, near a gushing river, and surrounded by wild scenery. In the absence of a canvas tent, we utilized the branches of trees fastened to vertical poles. These branches, with their foliage, formed a tolerably good roof for our protection, and the elastic nature of those which formed our beds dispensed with the necessity of springs, and allowed us a good rest during the first night. But during the second, it seemed as if all the elements conspired to make us *de-camp* from our temporary shelter. What with the peals of thunder, and the strokes of lightning, the torrents of rain streaming through our flimsy roof, and with the roaring of the rapidly rising river, we formed a rather sad-looking group under our raised umbrellas. However, the next day proved a clear one, and after partaking of a cup of some excellent chocolate given me by a Swiss exhibitor at the Fair, we continued our explorations in the ravines, and enjoyed the waterfalls the more, as last night's storm had amply provided them with water.

One of the ravines, noted for its great depth, brings to my mind an incident characteristic of Japanese character and cus-

toms. One of our Asiatic travelling companions had lost his purse, containing about eighty dollars, in the ravine. He was only aware of it after the party had climbed up from its depth. On the suggestion of my wife, two of Isawa's companions (*i.e.*, my son and Takamine) offered to go down again in search of the money. This was at first objected to by the honest loser, who said with philosophic calmness: "What I regret most, is not the loss of my money, but my carelessness, which has caused this trouble!" However, the almost hopeless attempt was made to find the lost article amongst leaves and rubbish, and it so happened that Isawa — the loser — himself discovered the missing treasure. But to us the strangest part of this incident, and one widely divergent from Yankee custom, was, that Isawa wanted to divide the money *equally* with the two members of the search party, who, as already told, had failed to find it. This strange proceeding was explained to us as a Japanese custom. Although the gift in this instance was refused, the generous Isawa carried his point by making a present to my son at the next Christmas of a gold chain worth twenty dollars.

After the destruction of our temporary tent, we decided to sleep for the next two nights on the hay-stack of a barn, where our slumbers were rather more disturbed than in the ravine near the murmuring river. After finishing our interesting, though rather fatiguing excursion, we returned once more to our Oswego home.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### UNEVENTFUL YEARS, 1876-1878

*Record.* — Amongst the less edifying recollections of my life is that of a person — a teacher — who seemed to consider the worth of life and of existence only in proportion to its holidays. Monday was a black day for her, whilst Friday (the last school-day of the week) was always ushered in with a sigh of relief. On Saturday the joyous exclamation: “Saturday *all day long!*” characterized her emotions, and Sunday was the culmination of bliss, since it offered an unlimited amount of novel-reading and sleep, either in bed or at church. Although we laughed occasionally at this unreasonable predilection for holidays, I have now to turn the moral against myself, when, in the interval of two years after the writing of the last page on another book, I find that my most distinct recollections are centered in the holidays (vacation) and that my record will of necessity chiefly refer to them.

In my family there was the same unchanging continuation of health, for which I cannot thank God enough, and — in regard to our children — a satisfactory development of their physical, mental, and moral nature.

In the summer vacation of 1877, Mrs. Kruisi and myself proposed to visit New England, the White Mountains, Maine, etc. Our two boys, Hermann and his comrade Takamine, had some weeks previous to our departure gone to Salem, to a summer Institute, in which they had the opportunity, under the direction of competent professors, to study the structure and organization of animals, especially of marine. In the meantime, another young Japanese, the brother of Takamine, had arrived from his own far distant country, who gained our hearts at once by his cheerfulness and his natural, simple, child-like manner. He spoke English sufficiently to be understood, and being of a more conversational bent than his brother, gave me very interesting details of his

country, as also of his experiences, wanderings, and dangers since and during the late civil war.

In hearing his almost wonderful tale, one cannot but come to the conclusion that Japanese civilization bears the impress of great moral purity on one side, and the aspect of barbarism on the other. Their sense of honour carried them often to the perpetration of acts against which our own moral sense (nurtured by the precepts of Christianity) recoils. For instance, when Saze had described the siege of the castle by the imperial forces, within which his brother with the rest of the rebel army was enclosed, we asked him what would have become of them if the enemy had conquered and invaded their stronghold. He seemed inclined to think that, as enemies, and as belonging to the military class of Samurai, they would all have been massacred; "but," added he, "my grandfather had already made preparations to rob the enemy of that privilege." He stated that he was seen sharpening his sword, with the intention (as head of the family) to stab with his own hand all the members of his family, and then to commit harikari (suicide). This method was in constant use there, and was considered as a tribute of fealty to their prince. In this instance he was fortunately prevented from exercising this horrible privilege, on hearing that the rumour of the enemy's having taken the castle was premature, and that there was some chance for them to escape. This they did, leaving behind them their burning city, without any knowledge of their brother for months, and wandering a long distance north, amidst dangers and privations, the mother living by the work of her hand, and our Saze by engaging with farmers or assisting a Buddhist priest in his temple, until after the war was over; when his brother, released from captivity, succeeded in uniting the family again, and providing for them from wages obtained by his teaching. This noble brother, with his present salary of one thousand dollars, feeling himself enabled to give to his brother a more liberal education, invited him to America, where he arrived in June, after a journey of from four to five weeks.

I propose to be brief in describing the journey to New England. We went from Troy by the Hoosac railroad to Ashburnham, spending a day with friends there; then we proceeded to Boston and Salem, where we found our boys engaged in useful biological occupations, which, however, they laid cheerfully aside,

in order to accompany us. After visiting relatives in Rockland and Plymouth we turned our faces towards the White Mountains, entering the next day what are called the Franconia Mountains; landing finally at Fabyan's, where an immense hotel indicates the spot from which it is possible to reach Mount Washington by a mountain railroad, very steep at certain places. . . .

After making the ascent, we returned to Bethel, where we were warmly and hospitably received by an old friend and former colleague, Dr. True, who lives in a fine country-seat, mostly engaged with his farm and in a philosophic contemplation and study of Nature and Science. The next day (the Japanese boys having left us) we proceeded to Minot, where we found a home in the house of my wife's venerable Aunt Butler. We spent several days at that quiet place, which to my heart is particularly dear and hallowed, for its containing the grave of our unforgotten Minnie. I can hardly express the feeling with which, after twelve years, I visited the silent spot where her mortal part lies, above the rocky shore of the murmuring Androscoggin. For the first time in twenty-five years, I felt inclined to express my feelings in a poem entitled "Mein Schwanengesang."

### MEIN SCHWANENGESANG

#### TO THE MEMORY OF MINNIE

##### 1

An felsigem Stromes Ufer  
 Da liegt ein stilles Grab,  
 Zwei Birken mit zitternden Blättern  
 Die sehen so traulich hinab.

##### 2

Ein alter Mann nun sitzet  
 Daneben mit sinnendem Muth,  
 Er denkt an ein rosiges Mädchen,  
 So engelrein und so gut.

##### 3

Er streut auf den modernden Hügel  
 Die grünende Waldeszier,  
 Und seufzt mit thränenden Augen:  
 "Mein Kind, dein Vater ist hier."

## 4

Tief unten rinnet die Welle  
Im dunkeln, schattigen Strom;  
Es wölbt sich schützend darüber  
Des Himmels blaülicher Dom.

## 5

So rinne denn, Strom, noch ferner  
In's dämmernde Thal hinab,  
Der Strom des Lebens versieget  
Dereinst im kühlenden Grab.

## 6

Der Freunde viel sind gegangen,  
Die Welt wird stille und leer,  
Unsterbliche Ahnungen streuen  
Noch Freud' und Ruh' um uns her.

## 7

Mag alles auf Erden vergehen,  
Die Liebe stirbt uns nicht;  
Es winket ein Wiedersehen  
Nach treu vollbrachtem Pflicht.

## 8

Leb' wohl nun, du schattiger Hügel,  
Den Blick nach oben gewandt,  
Dort find' ich mein harrendes Mädchen  
Im ew'gen Vaterland.

After a few days of rest we pursued our road toward the St. Lawrence River, which we reached at Montreal. We made a little excursion to the rapids of La Chine, which can be viewed from a steamer, but which, on account of the corrections made in the river, have lost somewhat of their former exciting aspect. We started the same afternoon by railroad and stopped at a place (whose name I forgot) in contemplation of the mighty river, until the arrival of the steamer which was to carry us to Oswego, where we arrived in the middle of the night. We found there our two Japanese, who had managed to subsist on crackers, etc., for several days, whilst little Gertie joined us after some time, having passed a few weeks with our amiable friend Mrs. Austin and her

children, with whom she had become intensely popular. Thus passed our vacation of 1877.

The following winter, which, as already stated, was extremely mild, brought two events of some importance to us; viz., the graduation of our son Hermann from the Normal School at the end of the winter term, and the departure of Takamine (whom we cherished almost as a son) for his native country (16th March).

. . . The latter, who had graduated at the end of the previous term, had pursued voluntarily during the autumn some studies to which his whole soul inclined; viz., Natural History and Biology combined with Mental Philosophy, where he relished most those thinkers who, like John Stuart Mill and Spencer, based their system on the evolution of natural forces as evinced through distinct facts. His mind seemed the most active towards the beginning of night, and when the rest of mankind were inclined to sleep his mind got fully awake by the reading and study of some abstruse and difficult mental problem. . . .

I am not aware of other important events during the spring of 1878, unless that it was signalized by the very height of the commercial crisis, which for several years had weighed upon the industry of America, and reduced a host of opulent men to bankruptcy, whilst millions of labourers and artisans seemed hardly to have any prospect of earning their bread. Such a crisis, aggravated by an ever increasing taxation, had a tendency to depress the value of real estate, and of all the necessaries and luxuries of life. The latter feature was somewhat favourable to those, who, like myself, depended on a regular salary, provided the latter was not diminished or utterly abolished, as was but too often the case.

Fortunately for my prospects, my salary of sixteen hundred dollars was never touched, and, since my house was entirely paid off, and my income increased by a rather favourable result of the copyright on my Drawing Course, it so happened that I had more funds available at the savings bank than in other years. This thought, and the fact of the grand International Exhibition taking place in Paris, turned my attention again towards Europe and my own Swiss home. As for my wife, she had laboured for years, and saved a considerable sum for the sake of making sundry improvements in our house; but the awful depreciation of property, combined with the certainty of great loss in case of sale, frightened her from carrying out the cherished plan of her later life.

When my resolution to visit my home came to maturity, I was aware of some selfish action because, from motives of economy, I would have to go alone; but I comforted myself with the thought that I was the most interested in this matter, as my visit was not one of curiosity, but solely undertaken in the interest of friendship, with a view to seeing my friends and relatives again, perhaps for the last time, as some of them had attained to old age. Hence it did not cause much surprise when I prepared to cross the ocean for the fourth time. I chose for the day of departure from New York the glorious day of American Independence, leaving Oswego on the second, and passing a day in New York and Newark, where I visited our friends Aber and Stimets, former pupils of the Normal School.

[The opening of the next chapter overlaps slightly the close of this extract. — ED.]

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### MY SECOND TRIP TO EUROPE, 1878

AFTER a lapse of twelve years since my first visit to Europe, my thoughts were again turned to my native country, where all my brothers and sisters I had left were still living, although some of them, like myself, entering into old age. As my resolution was taken but a short time before the summer vacation, I thought I might for once surprise my relatives, without giving them notice of my coming. As my wife could not well be spared from home, I had to make the journey alone. Hence, after finishing my examination papers, I took leave of my beloved ones, and embarked at New York, in an Inman steamer, where I had engaged the last, and of course not the most comfortable, state-room.

Of the sea-voyage, I need give no details, as it was uneventful, and on the whole favoured by good weather.

My route this time, after crossing the Channel, lay through Brussels, where I hired a cab, to see the most interesting buildings and places of a city which in point of elegance might be called a second Paris. A night's trip brought me to Cologne, where I had been several times before. As it was Saturday, I resolved to go by rail as far as Königswinter, and pass the Sunday there. I happened to get a pleasant room in a good hotel, with a beautiful view on the Rhine, to which cling so many of my early associations. For it was from this place, nearly forty years ago, that I ascended the "Drachenfels," a summit of the famous Siebengebirge, in company with three young friends, at that time students of the Bonn University. I was young then, and there was perhaps more poetry in my soul than at my ripe age. But

when I had reached the top after nearly an hour's walk, the grand Rhine panorama at my feet seemed to revive the impressions of the past and bring back the friends of my youth. In a glass of Drachenberger wine, I pledged their health, uncertain whether they were still walking on this earth, or whether they had joined the host of departed spirits.

*Record.* — The noble river winds its way in graceful curves, holding within its arm an island (Nonnenwerth). There were already visitors on the hill, and soft music, played on an instrument with harp-like accords, tended to enhance the tender emotions which rose in my heart when I thought of the friends of my youth, of whom one (Hennig) has already left this earthly abode. The subjoined poem is the result of these emotions. Although written in German (for my muse, which rarely comes to visit me, never speaks otherwise than in my mother tongue) it may find a place here:

Ich steh' auf der Burgruine,  
Bestrahlet vom Sonnenschein,  
Tief unten die Städte und Auen,  
Am silberfunkelnden Rhein.

Bei jener finsternen Höhle,  
Gedenk' ich der alten Mähr',  
Von einem graulichen Drachen,  
Dem Schrecken im Lande umher.

Ich sehe die holde Jungfrau,  
Zum traurigen Opfer bestimmt,  
Schon naht sich das Ungeheuer,  
Und wüthend das Auge ihm glimmt, —

Als plötzlich beim Nennen des Gottes,  
Aus flehender Jungfrau Mund,  
Der Drache mit wildem Zittern,  
Sich wirft in den grausigen Schlund.

Und des Rheines Fluthen bedecken,  
Für immer den scheusslichen Leib,  
Und Rhinbod führt die Befreite,  
Ins Schloss als sein liebend Weib.

Der Sage tiefe Bedeutung,  
Die hab' ich, Freunde, erkannt;  
Als ich mit sinnendem Geiste,  
Ausruht bei der Felsenwand.

Der allverschlingende Drache,  
Es ist die eilende Zeit,  
Die alle ird'schen Gestalten,  
Dem Wechsel und Tode weiht.

Und der Jungfrau holde Erscheinung,  
Sie deutet die Jugend uns an,  
Von täuschenden Bildern umgarnet, —  
Wer rettet sie aus dem Wahn?

Ein liebestrahlender Rhinbod,  
Erscheint, dann, muthig und kühn,  
Und lasset duftende Blumen,  
Aus Knospen der Hoffnung blühn.

Doch wenn in der Schule des Lebens  
Die bunten Farben vergehen  
So lächelt er tröstend und milde,  
Erinnerungswonn' uns umwehn.

Auch mir dem einsamen Wanderer,  
Drängt jetzt sie die Thräne zurück,  
Denn der Jugend theure Genossen,  
Erschaut im Geiste mein Blick.

Es füllt sich der kreisende Becher,  
Und Lieder erschallen dem Mund,  
Und in Herzen voll Liebe und Treue,  
Erneut sich der ewige Bund.

Ich bring' Dir mein wackerer Conrad,  
Den Becher mit funkeldem Wein,  
Und Dir Du traulicher Hennig<sup>1</sup>  
In seliger Geister Verein.

Und wie dort des Rheines Fluthen,  
Hinziehn zu des Meeres Strand,  
So stillt sich unser Sehnen,  
Dereinst im Heimathland.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 55.

## PROSE VERSION

BY MRS. MINA C. PFIRSHING

I stand upon a height. Near me are the picturesque ruins of a mediæval castle flooded with sunshine. Far below the stately Rhine gleams like molten silver and on its banks slumber fair cities and verdant plains.

The forget-me-not air is saturated with the perfume of a thousand flowers while myriads of German swallows dip and curve in the sapphire vault above me. A nightingale sings to his trusted mate and Mother Nature's bounteous bosom rises and falls in unison with the music of the visible world.

Yonder dark and doleful pit brings to my mind an ancient saga. It is the story of a hideous dragon, the terror and the scourge of all the land. So frightful is the creature, so fearful of him are the inhabitants, that a yearly tribute is exacted to propitiate the fiend.

I see the beauteous virgin who is destined for the sacrifice. Fair and lovely as a summer morn she appears before me. I see the monster as he approaches her, his baleful eyes burning with malignant fire. Suddenly the young girl appeals to God for help, and the dragon, trembling in every limb at the name of the Deity, plunges into the seething vortex far below and is destroyed forever.

Now the waves of the Rhine cover his hideous body and Rhinbod leads the liberated maiden to his castle and she becomes his well-belovèd spouse.

The birds sing, the flowers distill their fragrant souls, the Rhine flows on below me in its silvery course, and meditatively I lean against the walls of the ancient *Burg* and dream out the meaning of the old, old story.

The insatiable dragon is Time, Time that rushes ever onward and destines all earthly things to mutability and to decay.

The gracious vision of the lovely virgin appears before me as Youth, Youth caught in a network of illusions. Who shall free her from her prison?

Rhinbod, dauntless, courageous Rhinbod, comes forth with his radiant love, his protecting care, and soon fragrant flowers unfold from the buds of aspiration.

But when the brilliant colours have faded from the experience

of life, Rhinbod smiles with a glance full of gentleness and mercy and blissful memories float, like a tender cloud, all about us.

And I, a lonely pilgrim on life's great journey, press back the tears from mine eyes, for the beloved companion of my youth attends me in the spirit. Now the loving cup is passed, songs resound through the tranquil air and the eternal covenant is renewed in hearts filled with charity toward all men.

I bring to thee, my valiant Conrad, and to thee, my trusty Hennig, a chalice of sparkling wine of the Rhine, while our souls meet in blessed unison.

And even as the waves of the river move ever onward toward the sea, so shall our longing be satisfied in the Home Land.

On returning to the hotel and its pleasant park, I found hundreds of pleasure-seekers drinking their wine or beer under the shadow of trees, while looking at the steamboats with their merry crew of passengers, or listening to the songs of a "corps" of students enjoying their holiday, and to an excellent band of music. The genuine cheerfulness of these dwellers in the Rhine region seemed to be a reflection of the serene appearance of Nature, invested with its brightest charms, and at the same time lulling the mind into soft dreams of pleasurable reflections on a past time, embellished by poetry and romance.

I hired a boat in the afternoon, to visit the ruin of Rolandseck, opposite the island of Nonnenwerth. In front of the castle of the above name, its owner — returned from a long captivity in Turkish lands during the crusades — is said to have expired, his last look being turned on a grated window of the convent below, which harboured his wife. She had despaired of ever seeing him again, and hence, by taking the veil, had taken leave of all the treasures and vanities of this world. In my imagination, scenes and voices of the past mingled with the present surroundings, and pointed to the unknown future, when, after the dreams and vanished hopes of this fleeting life, nothing will survive, except perhaps the fond remembrance of some loving heart.

After revelling for a whole day amongst the beautiful scenery

of the Rhine, I followed its course southward towards my Swiss home, where it displays the impetuous vigour of a youthful stream that has but recently issued from its glacier-source. On my way thither by the Schwarzwald railroad, I could already see from some elevated points the white summits of the Swiss Alps towering in the air. At Constance I stopped in a hotel, such as can never be found in the United States. It was once the magnificent residence of a bishop, with chapel, vast assembly room (now a dining-room) supported by marble pillars with gilded cornices and otherwise luxuriously adorned. At the end of the buildings is still shown the miserable "hole" (for it can hardly be called a prison) into which the Reformer Huss was thrown previous to his death at the stake; and not far away stands the monument of that noble martyr for truth and conviction, whom a more liberal posterity, even in a Catholic city like Constance, now worships as one of its heroes. From the steamer plying on the lake, I could discern the rocky summit of Mount Säntis, which stands like a sentinel over my native Canton of Appenzell; and the mountain railroad between Rorschach and Heiden brought soon into view that familiar town, the home of three of my nearest relatives, who were as yet totally unconscious that their aged brother, whom they imagined to be three thousand miles away, was standing at their doors.

The first person I saw was my sister-in-law at the "Apotheke" who upon my coolly asking whether the "Herr Apotheker" was at home, stared at me in speechless wonder, and then fell on my neck, exclaiming in her Zürich idiom: "Herr Jeses, das ist ja der Hermann!" The reception of my brother Jacob and his three finely grown daughters was equally cordial.

My next point of visit was Gais, whither I went in the company of my brother, whom, by the by, I did not find among the living nine years afterwards, although I left him in the prime of manhood and physical vigour. The steep ascent to the Stoss (from Altstädten) was not accomplished without the shedding of

many drops of perspiration, but all fatigue was forgotten when the tall form of sister Mina (Frau Doctor Küng) came in sight, with her kind, motherly, yet dignified appearance and manner. No wonder that many "Kurgäste" from far and near felt happy and comfortable in her rustic "Pension." Her aged husband also, Dr. Küng, with all his whims and peculiarities, seemed to be quite popular, although his medical practice was very limited. My arrival was not quite so unexpected as I hoped, on account of a "treacherous" letter sent to me to my sister's address, which of course made her suspect that its recipient could not be far away.

The "Stoss," situated at the top of a long slope descending to the "Rheinthal," offers a magnificent prospect on that valley and on the Vorarlberg (Austrian) mountains beyond the Rhine. It is also historically known as the site of a battle, which took place in 1405 between an invading host of Austrians led by Duke Leopold, and the victorious mountaineers of Appenzell. Although belonging to the parish of Gais, it is about two miles distant from the village. In one of its most elegant buildings I had the pleasure to surprise one of my married nieces, Frau Anna Mösl, who received me with such a hearty hug, given at the top of the stairs, as almost to endanger my balance. There was a decided home-feeling connected with her residence, considering that it stood nearest to our old homestead and school, where I had spent twelve happy years.

*Record.* — In the afternoon I went with my brother to the village of Gais, in order to surprise my niece Anna, who, since my last visit, had married one of the wealthiest and most respected men of the village, Commandant Mösl. . . . As Fate would have it, this was the date of my father's death (the 25th of July) and I visited his tombstone placed in Mr. Mösl's garden, above a little knoll of Alpine flowers, on which my dear father used to gaze with so much affection, almost at the same spot; for our old house stands only a few yards to the right, with its magnificent view on the green plateau (on which Gais is situated) and the noble mountains beyond.

There were two of my relatives, *i.e.*, sister Mary and brother Gottlieb (Dr. Krüsi) to be visited or surprised — at Herisau, in the western part of our Canton. Both were decidedly startled at my sudden apparition, but, like the rest, were intent upon showing me all possible kindness and hospitality. Another sister (Eliza), at that time acting as housekeeper to a doctor at Männedorf on the lake of Zürich, was next visited.

There remained but one sister, Gertrude (Frau Gilli), who, after the sale of her house at Heiden (where we had spent the winter from 1865–1866) had moved to her husband's ancestral mansion at Zuz in the Engadine.

*Record.* — I had found at Herisau a letter from my good sister Gertrude, stating that she was on her way to the Engadine, in order to receive me there. It was certainly a strong proof of her sisterly love that she left her comfortable residence in Livorno, crossed the Alps, engaged a housekeeper in her vacant house at Zuz, and then invited me to come and to bring any of my brothers and sisters with me. . . .

After being conducted into her old quaint house (the aristocratic seat of the former noble family of Planta,<sup>1</sup> to which her husband's mother belonged) I observed with some pain that time — or rheumatism — had somewhat bent her form, and that her step showed some signs of failing strength. But her heart was the same as ever, and if the highest goodness, kindness, and a disinterested disposition constitutes the nearest approach to an angel, my sister deserves to occupy that place.

As I had passed some happy days here — twenty-six years ago — I soon grew again familiar with the quaint, huge halls and rooms, and felt delighted at the prospect of spending the next ten days in these delightful regions.

Having thus introduced my sister and her interesting home, I will give a few details of my trip there, which was accomplished by travelling per railroad to Chur and then by diligence to the

<sup>1</sup> Founders of the Canton of Graubünden.

Engadine. Although the scenery was not new to me, there was still an impression of freshness and majestic beauty made on my mind. Even the wild, desolate grandeur of the Bergünnerstein and the Albula pass did not remove that home-feeling which a Swiss must gain in revisiting his native mountains; while to a dweller of the plain (as was the case with a German lady in the diligence) these vast assemblages of stone and rocks must assume the appearance of cemeteries, and fill their hearts with terror and sinister forebodings.

Although my memory dwells with unmixed pleasure on the days spent with my good sister, I must lightly pass over the interesting walks taken in the neighbourhood, to some romantic waterfall, to the ruin of Guardovall overlooking the valley of the Inn, and to other hills, where the gigantic peaks of the Bernina, Mount Ketsch, etc., appear in grand majesty. It would be interesting to make sketches of the people of the valley, supposed by some to be of Etruscan origin;<sup>1</sup> but even if this theory is rejected, there can be no doubt to the student of the Romanic, or Ladin, language or dialect, that many of its expressions are derived from tribes living near the ancient Rome, and not from those of modern Italy. Thus, for instance, the greeting of the people with “*bun di*” (*bona dies*) dispenses with the Italian “*giorno*,” as does the word “*dom*” (Latin, *domus*; Italian, *casa*) for *house*, “*alb*” (Latin *albus*, Italian *bianco*) for *white*, “*baselg*” (Latin *basilica*, Italian *chiesa*) for *church*, “*cudash*” (Latin *codex*, Italian *libro*) for *book*, etc. The character of the people also shows more gravity and less excitability than that of the Italians, while their morality is decidedly better; as well as their (Protestant) religion.

One mountain excursion, to Piz Linguard, which I made in company with my brother, deserves particular notice. It might appear a rather venturesome undertaking for two “old boys” to scale a summit rising more than eleven thousand feet above the sea; but as Pontresina, the place from which we started, was

<sup>1</sup> See Essay on the Origin of the Romanic Language, p. 408.

already six thousand feet above the sea level, there are hardly more than five thousand feet to climb. To facilitate this task, a practical path has been laid out until near the summit, on which even ladies are able to make the ascent without any danger, although not without fatigue. As the incline on the first part of the way is rather moderate, one feels disposed to gaze on the scenery, more especially on the glacier Monteratsch, which stretches its arms to the sunlit, ice-crowned summits of Mount Bernina, and down into the valley below. It was interesting to follow with our eyes the dark, winding moraines on both sides of the glacier, looking like huge serpents.

The upper part of the ascent was naturally the steepest, and taxed our strength and vitality to the utmost; partly on account of the rarefied air, to which I attribute the necessity of our having to make frequent stops, in order to fill our lungs with a sufficient amount of air. At last we reached the summit, which would have promised a glorious view if the sky had been clear. Unfortunately this was not the case, and we had partly to draw on our imagination to realize that there would have been hundreds of peaks in view within a horizon of perhaps one hundred or more miles. We might have consoled ourselves with the feeling of freedom and absence of terrestrial quarrels and petty annoyances, vouchsafed in these high regions, as Schiller expresses it in one of his plays:

“Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit; der Hauch der Grüfte  
Dringt nicht hinauf in die reinen Lüfte;  
Die Welt ist vollkommen überall,  
Wo der Mensch nicht hinkommt mit seiner Qual.”

Freely translated:

There's freedom on high. Man's fettering care  
Don't venture to poison the pure mountain air,  
The world should be perfect; but imperious man  
Endeavours to spoil the Creator's great plan.

By a singular accident, that “Hauch der Grüfte,” which might

be translated by "prison air," did penetrate to our lofty station. An Italian shepherd boy had followed us to the summit, without any particular reason. We began, however, to understand his motive, on seeing an excited man appear from the valley, who accused the boy of having abstracted his box, while he was botanizing, and threatened him with "prison" if he did not disgorge his plunder.

Somewhat cooled by the icy air as well as by the manifestation of human wickedness and passion on "high places," we retraced our steps, and although we found the descent much easier than the ascent, we did not like its effect on our tired limbs.

After some happy weeks spent with my dear relatives and in the enjoyment of a sublime nature, I took leave of my good sister, who probably thought she would never see me again.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### AGAIN FAREWELL TO SWITZERLAND

*Record.* — The 17th of August is fixed as the day of departure. According to Swiss custom, the whole household accompanied me in a coach as far as Silvaplana. Here I took leave of my good sister Gertrude, whose gentle, loving heart could hardly endure the pangs of separation. She evidently considered it a final farewell, owing to our respective ages, and the uncertainty of fate. I, to whom leave-taking has almost become a habit, and who have become somewhat inured to the American notion of change, was less agitated by painful sensations, but like Körner, could console myself with the motto:

“Nehm’ diesen Kuss, und wenn’s der Letzte bliebe,  
Es giebt ja keinen Tod für unsere Liebe.”

The diligence, in which I occupied the coupé with two lively French ladies, crossed the Julier Pass, where two weather-worn columns — one prostrate — tell a mysterious story of having been placed there by the Romans, or even before their time by the Rhætii, the ancient inhabitants of the country, to offer their sacrifices to one of their gods.

The town of Thusis, through which we passed, brought some vivid associations and events to my mind, which are partly described in the account of my first visit to Europe, and partly connected with a fact which shows the bearing of apparently slight circumstances upon our fate. It was in 1852 (*i.e.*, about twenty-six years before my present trip) when, having spent some time in the Engadine, I resolved to visit a cousin of mine, Miss Neidhart, who lived at Thusis, conducting a private school for young ladies. Miss N., with many good qualities, had the less enviable

one of suspecting that most of her friends and relatives were neglecting her, and having little sympathy with her in her isolated position. In order to reach Thusis from Zuz in one day, I had to make a forced trip of about fourteen Stunden (hours); starting at four o'clock in the morning, and after crossing two mountain passes, reaching Thusis at eight in the evening in good condition. This visit pleased the old lady so much that — as I afterwards found — she bequeathed to me in her will about two thousand dollars, which came very convenient at the time when I planned my third trip to Europe.

At Reichenau, romantically situated at the confluence of the Vorder- and Hinter-rhein, where Louis Philippe of Orleans, when a fugitive, taught for a time in a private school at the Château . . . I looked for old acquaintances — as I did at Chur — but found that death had reaped a rich harvest since the time I enjoyed their society. A few that remained showed, like myself, the inevitable signs of approaching age, but had remained faithful. In one family, where the presiding lady was one of my sister's pupils, once distinguished for her beauty, her husband opened a bottle of exquisite Melanser wine in honour of their American visitor; on which occasion I brought a toast to the health and welfare of our friends "die Lebenden und die Todten" (the living and the dead), of which the former formed a majority.

After returning to my native Canton of Appenzell I made farewell visits to all of my relatives, preparatory to my departure for America, from where I found letters which gave me a satisfactory account of the health and welfare of my beloved family.

*Record.* — The day of the 23d (Sunday) appeared dark and threatening, which did not prevent my trying the ascent of the Gábris, in order to reach Trogen, from which the Post would take me to Heiden. Friend Möslì accompanied me on the well-known path, so often trod when a boy and young man.

When approaching the summit, we met a man descending to church, who proved to be one of my former pupils, and at present hotel-keeper on the Gábris. He immediately returned with us,

and we devoted a bottle of good wine to the memory of old friendship. Möсли went somewhat farther with me over the summit of the mountain, where trees (hemlocks) partially hid the view. When we issued from the forest, we heard the ringing of the bells from five surrounding villages, and their solemnly impressive sound, wafted through the still air, revived memories of the past and at the same time gave reality to the fact that the final parting from the scene of my youth and first activity as a teacher — from the birth and burial place of my respected father, and from dear relatives and friends — was at hand. One hearty handshake to my brave companion, and I descend towards the slope, on which Trogen is situated, absorbed in thoughts, of which the following poem may give a faint reflection:

#### ABSCHIED VON GÄBRIS

Bei dieser Sonntagsglocken süßen Tönen,  
 Die nun mein Ohr auf Bergeshöh' vernimmt,  
 Ergreift mein Herz ein namenloses Sehnen, —  
 Die Wange glüht, das Aug' in Thränen schwimmt,  
 Denn Bilder aus den längst verschwundenen Zeiten,  
 Erheben sich als ernste Wirklichkeiten.

Hier war es wo der leichtgesinnte Knabe,  
 Die bunten Alpenrosen sich gepfückt,  
 Wo er vervolgt in unverdrossenem Trabe,  
 Den Schmetterling der ihm so oft entrückt,  
 Auch jene Hütte kann ich dort erblicken,  
 Wo süsse Milch den Durst'gen mag erquicken.

Dort war's wo er in andachtsvollen Weisen,  
 Im Jünglingschor besang der Schöpfung Pracht,  
 Dem Vater, dann, dem allverehrten Greisen,  
 Zur weisen Lehr' viel bunte Blumen bracht,  
 Die Jungfrauen dort im holden Lebenslenze,  
 Verwanden sie in reichgeschmückte Kränze.

Ein Mann erscheint von Albions weissem Strande,  
 Und steiget auf des Gipfels wald'gen Raum,  
 Schaut sinnend hin auf jene schönen Lande,  
 Bis zu des Horizontes fernsten Saum,  
 Erwegend ob in fernen Weltheils Weite  
 Das Schicksal ihm ein neues Werk bereite.

Er denkt des Vaters der mit seiner Bürde  
 Von Schweiß bedeckt dereinst am Scheid'weg ruht,  
 Und der sodann mit Fleiss und stiller Würde,  
 Beim Meister pflegt der Bildung hohes Gut—  
 Aus der Entwicklung segensreichen Saaten  
 Ist uns zum Heil viel edle Frucht gerathen.<sup>1</sup>

Der Mann verschwindet; doch nach manchen Jahren,  
 Betritt als Greis er den geliebten Ort,  
 Mag ihm im alten Heim viel treue Lieb' bewahren  
 Das Schicksal treibt ihn mächtig wieder fort,  
 Hörst Du der Kirchenglocken dumpfe Noten?  
 Ich kenne sie des Abschieds traur'ge Boten.

So leb' denn wohl o Gábris, heil'ger Hügel,  
 Sammt deinen Bildern die mich sanft umwegen,  
 Die Hoffnung leih' mir ihre leichten Flügel  
 Von nun an aufwärts zu bestirnten Höhn,  
 Mag auch der Erde eitler Tand verschwinden  
 Was sich geliebt wird einst sich wieder finden.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

August 3, 1879.

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the incident in his father's youth which converted him from the ancestral pursuit of "carrier," to the profession of teaching. — ED.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### PERIOD 1878 TO 1881.—DEATH OF GERTIE

OUR domestic matters, even financially considered, I found in a satisfactory condition. The mortgage on our house, two thousand dollars, was entirely paid off. Yea more, the unfinished part of our house — at the back — a year later received improvements on an extended scale, including a fine cemented cellar with furnace and a wash-room below; while an elegant study, and a bathroom, surrounded by three bedrooms, gave to the new second story a very cheerful appearance. Although the expenses were considerable, we had the satisfaction to defray them by our own earnings, so that we could call the house in the full meaning of the word — *our own* home. My income from the Drawing Course, which, however, never exceeded five hundred dollars per year, together with the savings of my wife, by keeping boarders, etc., were of course helpful in carrying out our plans. One drawback consisted in the excessive rate of taxation (from two to three per cent) which was calculated to keep off investors from the city, and to drive out much capital, from the impossibility of making it yield sufficient interest.

The capital in which we took the most pride, and which gave promise for the future, was invested in our children, Hermann and Gertie. The former had done himself great credit in his course at the Normal School, and showed talent for almost everything, but more particularly for the mathematical branches and languages. His oration at the graduating exercises (June, 1879) was a fine scholarly production, distinctly delivered without any notes or hesitation.

It was now time for him to pursue his studies at some University. We decided for Cornell, which, on account of its liberal progressive spirit, as well as for its scientific standard, had attained a high reputation. There he entered the Department of Engineering, for which both his talents and inclinations seemed to have fitted him. It is true that the name of "Krüsi," for nearly a hundred years, had been connected with the sacred office of education, and that with our son's entering a different sphere of work, it would cease to do so. But a useful, honourable career is acceptable to God and man, and hence we have to submit to the designs of Providence or Fate.

*Record.* — SUMMER VACATION, 1880. The events of last year, i.e., from the summer of 1879 to summer of 1880, must be briefly recorded, as they present no new features of importance. The health of all the family has remained unbroken, and we have had reason to be satisfied with the physical and mental development of our children, Hermann and Gertie, of whom the former continued his studies at Ithaca for one term, then assuming the principalship of a school in Hannibal during the other. As for Gertie, her growth has been truly marvellous, and in size she exceeds even now many grown-up ladies, as well as all her companions of the same age (thirteen).

My wife has given her attention less to Natural History — which at one time seemed to absorb all her thoughts — than to History, the teaching of which she attended under the direction of Mary Sheldon. I was rather glad of this change of base, since it is useless to expect *all* the reforms of this age simply from attending to the physical or material part of the Universe. History embodies the evolution of *mind*, as manifested by the growth of civilization in all directions. Even the development of a language is a part of History.

And what shall I say of our dear Gertie? It is possible that the undying longing of a bereaved father for an only daughter may tend to idolize her lovely qualities, which, although not yet tested by life's stern duties and temptations, gave him many moments of sweet bliss and bright hopes for the future. I remem-

ber the pleasure I felt when, on my return from Switzerland, the dear girl played for me my favourite tune, "Alpen-glühen," which she had studied during my absence. Her playing on our excellent upright piano was characterized by accuracy and feeling, and her improvement was rapid, so that she and her bosom friend, Laura Sheldon, could play some rather difficult four-handed pieces. Both in the public and Sunday schools, she gained the affections of her teachers and comrades. With two of the latter, Jennie Hyde and Laura, she maintained a pleasant intercourse until her end, and her unselfish character was such that she shared with them the little gifts and presents she had received.

Like her well-formed body, her mind was rapidly developing, and her original compositions gave evidence of a good descriptive power and fine taste. It was in the fulness of life, as a beautiful, healthy girl, that her last picture was taken, and such she lives forever in our fond memory.

I see her before me, on Christmas evening, near the lighted tree, her countenance beaming with joy in receiving the many presents given to her and Laura by affectionate friends and parents. I see her, with the same inseparable companion, enjoying herself on the shore of the lake formed by the peninsula on which Mr. Sheldon's cottage is situated. I see her gathering flowers and adorning with them her hair and bonnet, an ornament so well adapted to rosy girlhood — although doomed to rapid decay. For alas! in this uncertain life, bloom and decay are often nearly allied. This has been the sad experience of many, it was also to be ours.

There are periods of comparatively short duration which set more fibres of our heart and soul in motion than is often done during half a lifetime. Although a thousand facts or little incidents are linked to this "heart-commotion," that are sacred to the memory, we are yet unwilling to describe them, so as not to renew painful feelings, which only time and resignation can partially allay.

This will account for the shortness of my dealing with the sickness, rapid decline, and death of our dear Gertie.

She was attacked in the winter of 1880–1881 by a sudden fit of violent coughing, which we attributed to a cold, but which none of the customary remedies was able to subdue. After several weeks of attempts, the alarming symptoms of night-sweats and chills gave us the first indications of the real nature of the disease. The doctor who was called, tried to arrest its progress by homœopathic treatment, but — as was to be expected — did not reach the seat of the trouble — the lungs. From our knowledge of late scientific investigations, we knew that the breathing of pure air — free from bacteria — was the only means of stopping the destructive work of the latter. Hence the praises bestowed on the healing qualities of the air in the Adirondacks, together with the advantage derived from inhaling the aroma of the pine-trees, etc., fell upon willing ears. It was, however, necessary to wait for the beginning of the summer vacation, before taking our child there, since the work connected with camp-life required the aid of young men, who besides this work could attend to their sporting and fishing pleasures in a boundless forest studded by so many lakes.

The place chosen for our camping ground was on the shore of Meacham lake. If it were not for the emaciated form and the pale, sad countenance of our sweet girl, which were always before our eyes, there would have been some pleasure and romance in this mode of life, which was especially enjoyed by our two boys, Hermann, and the Japanese Saze. The latter proved a very serviceable and willing help, and often sat near the chair of our dear girl, patiently fanning her, little thinking that he, too, within a year, would fall a victim to consumption.

*Record.* — July 14, 1881. The first day of our camp-life begins. How long will it last? This will partly depend on the condition of our dear child. Fortunately the day is fine, so that she can be near us, when the tents are raised on a bluff at the

northern extremity of the lake, with fine forest-trees for a background. However, it taxes our patience, and especially that of poor Mrs. K. to the utmost, to assign places to the thousand and one articles we need, and to find them again. One of the first things we propose to do, is to put a layer of spruce and cedar branches down, forming a soft aromatic floor, to be covered by a carpet. The operation of hauling trees from the wood, etc., excites considerable appetite, which is partly appeased by the content of the cans we have brought with us, and partly by what is cooked on our sheet-iron stove.

July 15. Operations continued. The night we passed will hardly be forgotten. First, it was keenly cold, so that we would have suffered, except for a good supply of blankets; second, there were such unusual cries of birds, aquatic and land animals, which kept us partly awake; third, the mosquitoes began to make their appearance, to the great annoyance of our boys.

July 16. Still working to make camp comfortable and attractive, aided by our good friends. As the weather is somewhat rainy, and wind and thunder begin to raise their voices, our poor dear girl gets somewhat nervous, and apparently homesick. Mother tries to console her, but with an aching heart. . . .

July 17. Although it is supposed to be Sunday, there is nothing in camp to indicate that day, and we pursue our washing, wood-splitting, cooking operations as usual. We also receive visitors, sometimes in the shape of people, sometimes in the shape of fish, with which some kind friends supply us, until the boys are able to catch some themselves.

July 18. Gertie passed a tolerable night, and awoke in a jolly mood, partook of a good breakfast, but afterwards seemed to feel chilly again, which is discouraging. We have put the stove into our tent so that it feels much warmer. There are occasional rains, but the ground seems always dry, and operations out of the house are still pursued. The Hamiltons and Underwoods visit us about twice a day, and seem to enjoy the warmth of our tents, whilst we enjoy the warmth of their hearts.

July 20. To-day the wind is very high, and the tent rocks somewhat. The usual camp operations are performed. In the evening the clouds thicken, foreboding a storm. The gushes of wind increase, the thunder begins to roar ominously, and a whole deluge of rain breaks loose. Our tent remains dry. In the night

a second repetition of the storm, mixed with lightning, which illumines our tent. Gertie sleeps pretty well, and the next morning awakes singing and laughing, which is always a good symptom.

July 21. The weather is tolerable, and the sun soon dries the trees and shrubs, whilst the sandy soil seems always dry. I cut twenty or more spruce trees, which I drag from some distance, in order to hedge in our wood-house, and to hide the place where washing is performed. This gives to the neighbourhood of our tent a very pretty appearance. Mrs. Hamilton introduces a nice girl, Miss Snow, who will be a companion to Gertrude.

July 22. To-day shows a leaden sky, with occasional drizzling rains of short duration. This is provoking. Nevertheless Gertie seems happy, although not free from chills. In the afternoon she seems more like herself than she has been for many days, talks much, and takes interest in many things. Has a long ride — in spite of the hazy weather — which does not seem to tire her. Saze and I build steps to the lake, in order that Gertie should have a more comfortable means of ascent than the steep ladder stair. . . .

July 25. Poor Gertie, whose birthday falls on this day, cannot even leave the tent, and feels somewhat feverish and tired. I had promised her a ten-dollar gold piece for her birthday in case she should feel better. But now, without waiting for the fulfilment of the last, which was not in her power, I gave her the glittering gold, in order to make her feel better, and to dream, in her childish way, about the nice things she might buy with it. The boys are out fishing, walking some ten miles in dreary wood-trails, and returning after we have gone to bed.

August 8. I write this — sitting on a log — with the sun shining brightly on me, with a view on mountains that bring vividly before me recollections of my old home and of my youthful days. Then and now — how different! I was free from cares for the greater part of my life; sickness never attacked me, and — with the exception of Minnie — hardly any of the members of my family. The cares have come at last, and the evening of my life may bring moments of bereavement, although, I hope, not quite void of sympathy. If the worst should happen, it is some comfort to think that my career on this earth may be short, and that I shall find a portion of my family in Heaven, where sorrow and parting will be no more.

August 9. After breakfast I ascend one of the lovely hills behind the hotel, and seated on a boulder shaded by the dense foliage of beeches, I view the mountain scene before me. My feelings and thoughts are divided between my old country, my sick daughter, and future life. I give vent to these feelings in a simple poem.

### SEUFZER UND TROST

Es winkt mir freundlich Grüsse,  
Adirondacks bergige Flur,  
Doch in Tagen voll Lieb' und Sehnsucht,  
Gedenk ich der Heimath nur.

Was war's das den wandernden Jüngling,  
Erfüllte mit Lebensmuth,  
Als einst sein staunendes Auge,  
Auf Bergen und Gletschern ruht?

Wohl war's der hohe Gedanke,  
Inmitten von Felsenhöhn,  
Blüht doch im fühlenden Herzen,  
Die Liebe und Hoffnung schön.

Was ist's das dem alternden Greise,  
Das Auge mit Thränen füllt?  
Die Liebe ist mächtig geblieben,  
Die Hoffnung — leider — verhüllt.

Eine holde Blume verwelket,  
Vor meinen Augen dahin,  
Was kümmert die Welt mich und Habe,  
Nach ihr nur gehtet mein Sinn.

Ein Lächeln aus süßem Munde,  
Der röhrenden Wangen Schein,  
Des Leibes mut're Bewegung,  
Welch' Balsam für meine Pein!

Es räuschet in hohen Wipfeln,  
Der Cedern und Fichten Wald,  
Gewölk verdunkelt den Himmel,  
Und es fröstelt mich bang und kalt.

Doch sieh! aus dunklem Schleier,  
Ein freundlicher Sonnenblick,  
Ein Flecken von blauem Himmel,  
Ruft uns die Hoffnung zurück.

O, fall auf meine Blume  
Du heilender Sonnenstrahl,  
Und die Welt mit ihren Schätzen,  
Erblüht mir noch einmal!

A consultation with Dr. Loomis at Smith's crushed all our hopes in regard to the recovery of our dear girl. His experienced eye discovered quickly the symptoms of her rapid decline, and enabled him even to foretell the time of her death. We owe him lasting thanks for not advising us to take her to some warmer climate, — for instance, to Florida; as he considered home the best place for the patient to pass her last days, soothed by the sympathy and affection of her family and friends.

*Record.* — August 13. We make a trip to Paul Smith's, about twelve miles away in Essex County. The roads are miserable, as long as we are in Franklin County, then much better, after we pass Mr. Collom's farm. We also look upon beautiful rock formations, and attractive lakes. At Paul Smith's, who keeps an immense hotel with all the modern comforts, we at once resort to the residence of Doctor Loomis, who examines Gertie, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Percival, in regard to their lung troubles. To the latter two persons he holds out many hopes for improvement, *to the former none!* Imagine the feelings of a loving, anxious mother, to whom such things were communicated by a competent authority. I trust in God and in common experience that even the best doctors have often been baffled in their surmises.

August 16. In the morning, ascent to the Debar mountain, accomplished by six gentlemen and two ladies. I am the oldest of the party by thirty-six years. Still I bear the fatigue and exertion well, which is considerably wanted, especially in climbing the last peak. Saze and myself arrive there the first. The view is extensive, and in some respects grand, the eye ranging beyond St. Lawrence River on one side, and the many mountain ranges on the other; of single peaks we distinguished particularly

the White Face and Mt. Marcy. The view also extends over nearly thirty lakes or ponds, between which stretch dark masses of forest. The return home is somewhat wearisome, especially the walking for some hours in a monotonous wood-path until your eye longs to see some blue sky again.

August 17. Our darling has had another good night, with hardly any cough, raising of mucus, and sweating. Indeed she seems really to improve, if we dare to harbour such a thought after the ominous predictions of Dr. Loomis. Gertie amuses herself with crochet-work, or rides with Saze on the placid lake. Hermann, with a party of young ladies and gentlemen, is on a picnic. Indeed, he amuses himself royally, one of the royal privileges being to make others work for him. — Magnificent sunset.

August 18. Another good night for Gertie. She goes with her mother to the hotel and keeps well during the remainder of the day, which is warm and sunny. I go in the afternoon to a raspberry-ground, which we discovered on our ascent to Debar. . . .

August 19. To-day we make an excursion to the outlet of the lake in two boats. The weather fine and balmy. Arrived on the other side, we walk to the rapids, and deposit Gertie in a shady place, near a spring, while the boys are going to some farm in search of victuals, and Mother looks for raspberries. Gertie seems comfortable — without, however, being inclined to talk. On the return of Hermann, he carries her in his arms to the boat, which causes Mother to cry on seeing her so helpless. After this, we lash the two boats together for Hermann to row up the outlet, whilst Mother rows our boat over the lake instead of myself, who am unable to make the oars comply to my will. In the evening the guests assemble near Mr. Waite's grove, which is jocosely called "Central Park," where Professor Swinton, a literary man, has announced a lecture on his experiences as a correspondent during the war of the Rebellion. His lecture proved very interesting, and showed a great deal of common sense and graphic description. We have again one of those gorgeous sunsets, which seem to transfigure the lake.

August 20. Gertie coughs and raises more than she has done for some time. The poor girl feels somewhat worried about herself, and longs for home. I begin to do the same myself. This is a very warm day. Hermann has gone out fishing in Deer

River, from whence he returns the next day quite proud in having caught two trout of respectively one and a quarter and three pounds of weight. In the afternoon, Gertie goes boat-riding with Miss Snow, and afterwards to a tea-party at the Bakers', where I find her. She looks very pretty in her pink dress, with her rosy cheeks. In the evening I have a long talk with Professor Swinton, who reports to me about a syndicate having been formed between the firms of Appleton, Ivison, and Barnes, by which they agree not to interfere through their agents in the introduction of books published by either of the firms, an arrangement which one would think might be profitable to both publisher and authors.

August 21. Gertie sleeps comparatively well, and the cough diminishes. In the morning she is occupied with making little boats of bark, and in the afternoon takes a walk with Mother and myself beyond the Canadian tents. I begin to read Hypatia, for although I have taken with me materials for work and study, I don't feel disposed for any severe mental labor.

August 22. Gertie sleeps very nicely, and awakes in jolly humour, with rosy cheeks. The weather is rainy, and we are not blessed or troubled with visitors, except one, our photographer, who brings a very satisfactory picture of our tent and camp. The figures of Gertie (sitting on a chair) and of Hermann (leaning against the tent) are extremely well given, Saze is tolerable — at least so that everybody will recognize him; whilst I am totally unrecognizable, and Mother wishes she was. But no matter about the old people; they will soon pass away anyhow!

August 25. This morning is the last day of our stay, and we are favoured by the sight of a deer hunt, when the dogs are sent out to scour the woods, which ends in their driving one or the other of the poor animals into the water. When this is the case, the deer is lost, for it has no chance against the hunters, who follow it in a canoe. The animal gets exhausted; still the hunters dare not shoot, since it might sink. Hence they row close to it, cast a noose over its head, and then shoot and stab it. We follow with our eyes the whole affair, which has a cruel appearance, since the animal has no chance. A shot tells us that its last moment has gone, and soon the boat approaches with the slaughtered "innocent," the proud hunters, and the dog, who seems to feel that he has done his duty.

A lady — Mrs. White from Syracuse — brings Gertie a magnificent bunch of grapes (weighing one and one-half pound) from her hothouse; so kind are they all with the dear child. The afternoon and evening are spent with packing and preparations for our departure to-morrow. We have spent many happy and anxious hours at this place, but on the whole are glad that we chose this for our camping-place, on account of the pure air and diversion it afforded dear Gertie and to ourselves, and on account of the many good friends we made there.

After six weeks spent amidst the dense woods of the Adirondacks, we left their dreary recesses — dreary in the eyes of a Swiss accustomed to free, unobstructed views, and to the sight of cheerful towns or cottages scattered on hill and dale, and even encircling the lakes. I do not mean to say that the Adirondacks have not also their wild, romantic mountain scenery, a fact we appreciated on our home journey, when we spent three or four days in passing through the very heart of the "forest," visiting Elba (the home of John Brown) and enjoying the sight of large lakes, bold mountains, picturesque cascades and ravines, and even of thriving villages.

The appended poem will indicate some of the sights and experiences of that trip, the central figure being always our dear, patient girl. In the so-called "visions," the first refer to our stay at Wilmington for a day, from where most of the members of our party ascended a neighbouring mountain with our coachman and guide. I stayed with Gertie, who seemed to be in good spirits that day, her mind dwelling chiefly on the friends and things connected with home, which she was to see again. The second vision refers to Au Sable Chasm, into which nearly all of our party — Gertie excepted — descended. The third refers to the sight of Lake Champlain, when the boys of our party intonated the familiar song: "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," in which they were joined by Gertie's pure voice, which unaccustomed effort gave us a thrill of pleasure. I will also observe that the poem was made four years afterwards, at Burling-

ton, one fine Sunday morning, when, across the lake, the Adiron-  
dacks came into view.

## I

I gaze on the placid waters below,  
On the distant mountains — row on row —  
And through the Sabbath's stillness gleam  
Bright visions before me, as of a dream:

## FIRST VISION

## 2

From a cottage — a welcome resting place —  
I gaze on a mountain's bold, white face,  
But ever I turn with a care-worn air.  
To the pale-faced maiden in yonder chair.

## 3

O Daughter! what caused thee, in Life's fast wane,  
To cheer my heart with thy sweet-voiced strain,  
And speak, as if weary still farther to roam,  
Of the long-missed joys in the dear old home:

## 4

Of the blue room looking on garden and lane,  
Of the fine laced curtain without a stain,  
Of thy youth's companions, lovely and gay,  
With whom it was pleasure to learn and to play!

## SECOND VISION

## 5

Away flies the picture of love and bliss,  
And I gaze with awe to yon dark abyss,  
'Midst towering rocks and the waters' roar,  
Where Heaven's blue vault is seen no more.

## 6

An emblem of earth's never-ending strife,  
A symbol of barren, decaying life,  
Of all bright hopes a yawning grave,  
Where yearnings cease and passions rave.

## THIRD VISION

7

The rocks are gone — green vales and hills  
Are seen, traversed by murmuring rills,  
And over the far-off shelving bend,  
See water and sky in deep azure blend.

8

Does earth recede? There comes a day  
That frees us all from this mortal clay —  
Yon waning form is soon to part  
From tear-dimmed eyes and aching heart.

9

But hark! sad mortal music rings  
Through the desolate air and the chorus sings:  
“Thy will, O Father, be ever done, —  
Let the body decay, but the soul march on!”

10

We heard with a thrill the swan-like strain  
On the lovely shores of old Champlain,  
Its music in loving hearts we retain  
Until we shall find our lost darling again!

From Rouse's Point we took the railroad as far as Ogdensburg, and after some vexatious delays with Canadian steamboats we returned to our old Oswego home.

Over the next two or three months of care and anxious expectation I will draw a veil, and more especially over the anguish preceding and attending the death of our dear girl, which took place on the 12th of November, 1881. I cannot, however, but mention the last words she uttered, when, after a painful struggle for air, she felt apparently relieved, so as to make her say with her usual sweet smile on seeing her dear friend Laura approach her bed: “I thought I was going to die this morning, *but I am better now!*” And better she certainly was some hours afterwards, when her spirit took its flight to Heaven, or to a better abode, for which the goodness and innocence of her short life had fitted her.

[The Record contains this entry, occurring on an other-wise blank page:]

DEAR GERTIE DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
on the 12th Nov., 1881 — aged 14 years, 3 months, 17 days,  
*to await us in her eternal abode*

What better passport to Heaven could have been awarded to her than the words of a poor school-girl, who on account of some “faux pas” was shunned or ridiculed by her comrades, and who on the day of her burial laid some flowers on her coffin, saying: “*She was always kind to me!*” I need not say that there was universal mourning for her by all those who knew her; for to know her was to love her. But the blank that was produced in the heart of her loving parents and in our desolate home I leave those to imagine who have made a similar experience. It almost seemed like a dream; two summers ago she was a healthy, rosy-cheeked girl, a flower amongst flowers; one summer later, a mere shadow of her former self, pale and dejected, as if the things of this world were losing their interest; and again the next summer, vanished from our sight, an angel spirit in brighter spheres. The appended poem tries to express this thought by referring to three excursions at different seasons along the shores of Lake Ontario.

### DREI AUSFLÜGE

#### ERSTER AUSFLUG (1880)

##### 1

Am blauen Ontario's Ufer  
Bei der strahlenden Sonne Schein  
Nun wandeln Vater und Mutter  
Und's liebende Töchterlein.

##### 2

Wie heiter glühn ihr die Wangen,  
Gleich Rosen im lockigen Haar!  
Es strahlen die funkelnden Augen  
Vor Lust so heiter und klar.

## ZWEITER AUSFLUG (1881)

3

Und wieder kommen — im Wagen —  
 Die drei im folgenden Jahr,  
 Die Rosen sie sind verschwunden  
 Aus Himmel und Wangen und Haar.

4

Es sitzet so blass und stille  
 Ein zarter Wesen darin  
 Und schauet ernst auf des Wassers  
 Unendliche Fläche hin.

## DRITTER AUSFLUG (1882)

5

Zwei Pilgrime wandeln traurig  
 Am einsamen Ufer am See,  
 Im Herzen sturm'sche Gefühle,  
 Erzeugt von nagendem Weh.

6

Sie schauen mit thränenden Augen  
 Der sinkenden Sonne Gluth,  
 Und es tönet wie Geisterstimme:  
 "O weinet nicht! Gott ist gut."

*Translation*

## THREE EXCURSIONS

## FIRST EXCURSION

1

Near blue Ontario's waters,  
 On a pleasant summer day,  
 Two happy parents are walking  
 With their daughter so fresh and gay.

2

Her youthful cheeks are blooming  
 Like the flowers, rosy and fair,  
 Which full of delight she gathers  
 And twines in her auburn hair.

## SECOND EXCURSION

3

And again the three are riding  
With the sweet, but silent maid;  
For vanished, alas! are the roses  
From cheeks and curling braid.

4

The sky so dark and frowning  
O'er the watery surface bends,  
And the maid her mournful glances  
To the far horizon sends.

## THIRD EXCURSION

5

Two pilgrims slowly wander  
Near the storm-tossed, roaring lake,  
Their hearts are painfully heaving  
With a deep and gnawing ache.

6

In the storm-tossed flood is standing  
A rock, unmoved. From above  
A spirit voice seems calling;  
“Weep not, for God is love!”

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### SOME REFLECTIONS

THE mortal remains of our dear girl rest in the Riverside Cemetery, where we had bought a lot, which afterwards received also the remains of Minnie, sent from Minot, where she had died sixteen years ago. Although the two departed sisters did not know each other on this earth, we hope that their kindred spirits may have met in a better land.

My wife having left Oswego soon after the burial of Gertie, in order to render assistance to her old aunt at Minot, I was left with two boarders, the Misses Farrington, who kept me company during my bereavement.

In the Christmas vacation we had also with us our faithful Saze, whose bright, sunny nature, combined with his interesting descriptions of life in Japan, added much to our entertainment.

Judging from Saze's narration<sup>1</sup> that — young as he was — he had already tasted the premonition of sudden death, I asked him whether he did not give any thought to what might happen in a future existence after death. He answered, "No." This answer, strange as it appears to us, must be explained from the fact that the doctrine of Confucius is entirely silent on that point, confining its moral admonitions exclusively to the duties of this life. Hence it is, perhaps, not so strange that men whose mind or imagination has not been fed by reflections or pictures concerning a future state should be unable to concentrate their thoughts on a mere "blank." As for myself, I was in a different condition, and the death of my dear child caused me to ponder during many

<sup>1</sup> See page 249.

solitary hours on the grand problem of immortality. Of course, these rambling reflections — of which my Record book bears evidence — were chiefly the result of my deep longing for some future reunion with a beloved being, and of a strong hope that the separation might not last forever.

Between the promises made by Christian revelations, in regard to the future life, the alleged “facts” given by the Spiritualists, and the Buddhist ideas of reincarnation, it is a perplexing task to form a consolatory idea about immortality, and one which at the same time will present sufficient analogies with the working of mundane “forces” to engage the assent of our intelligence. With due respect to the latter postulate, we are at least permitted to say that the tendencies and aspirations of man, as directed and regulated by our desire and will, have the same claim to continuity and indestructibility as have the physical forces of nature. Now Truth and Love are the divine “magnets” which create these tendencies, and hence there is reason to hope that souls of the same kindred will find their affinities in another world or in another state of existence, just as chemical elements or substances do in this world.

Following another analogy, the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, like any terrestrial ruler, governs by laws, which are administered by trusty servants. The most powerful of these laws is the law of *affection*, which, as we fondly hope, will be administered by the departed souls of many of our relatives and friends. These may appear in a superior garb (for there is progress in Heaven as well as on earth) but one — we hope — that does not entirely efface their former identity. As for the administration of punishment (for every deviation from or violation of natural law or right must reap adequate results) we are not allowed to attribute to a loving and just God and his ministering angels those attributes of wrath or vengeance which would have consigned a Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition to eternal condemnation. For assuming that an all-knowing Divinity perceives much better than we do

the circumstances: wicked examples, lack of education, etc., which impel people to commit wrong or vicious acts — how much more reverential is it to invest him with the divine prerogative of *Charity* and power to supply means for their ultimate redemption!

Returning once more to considerations more directly bearing on the premature death of our beloved child, there was one, the correct appreciation of which would save many from a similar fate, *i.e.*, *the knowledge that consumption, especially in its last stages, is a contagious disease*. To this fact, although we were formerly unconscious of it, we are now able to give our testimony. About a half year before our girl was seized with the disease, my kind-hearted wife had invited a young man of our acquaintance, who suffered from a terrible cough accompanied with raising of blood, into our house, in order to take care of him.

After several weeks his condition became so critical that it was found necessary to take him home — where he died in a short time after his arrival. As he had often been in close vicinity to our girl, so that the germs of the disease — through his breath or sputa — had access to her throat, the inception and progress of the disease finds its explanation, and the more, that an inherited tendency to it is out of the question.

The same happened to our poor Saze, who, after frequently attending to Gertie's wants in her last sickness, caught the germs of the disease, which carried him to an early grave, after his return to Japan.

*Record.* — [Inscription on an otherwise blank page.]

HIDESABRO SAZE,  
our young Japanese friend, whom we loved and treated almost  
as our own son  
departed this life  
on the 30th Aug., 1883, in Tokio, Japan,  
in the 24th year of his age.

At the same time, we are bound to render thanks to the reve-

lations of science, which not only have made it a duty to take the necessary precautions, but have also suggested a remedy by which the destructive work of the bacteria may be stopped, if applied at the right time.

We, who were not so fortunate, are sometimes reminded of the mournful passage in Scheffel's "Der Trompeter von Sackingen":

"Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' so schön gewesen,  
Behüt' dich Gott, es hätt' nicht sollen sein!"

## CHAPTER XL

PERIOD 1881-1883

*Record.* — 26th Nov., 1881. I have stated that the heart needs no diary, and shall therefore abstain from giving a record of the last days, and the very impressive sayings and doings of our dear child previous to her death. These recollections are sacred to us who loved her, and will be forever engraven in our hearts, whilst others will make similar experiences, sacred to themselves.

One question, which seriously came up in my mind after the terrible blow just experienced, was: whether my own record of life should be continued, or whether the vanishing of our greatest joy and hope in life was to indicate the end of a desire of recording facts which can never have the same value and significance as before. This conclusion could hardly be justified under existing circumstances, when I have still a faithful wife, a son, and many friends, who care for me, and may treasure my memory after death. But from my own standpoint, foreseeing that the end of my career as teacher is approaching, I anticipate that the future record of my life will rather be a record of my thoughts bearing on the Past and the Future. The record of facts will be treated as short stoppings in the pilgrimage of life, where a weary wanderer pauses for rest, until he reaches the Eternal Home, where parents, brother, and daughters will welcome him forever.

[Page 1000 of the Record contains the following:]

### MILLENNIUM

*Father's Birthday, 12th March, 1882*

Although the weather outside is dull and dreary, and my mind not quite at ease, there is only comfort and peace to be derived from thy calm and serene countenance, which smiles on me from the picture on the wall of my study. — Yes, revered Father, I have found fresh comfort in the thought that thou mayest, in the

heavenly regions anticipated by Faith, Hope, and the nobler instincts of our reason, smile on the beaming countenances of my angel-daughters; that thou, in the attractive power of thy nature, — which combined love of instruction with love for all that is pure and simple — mayest have helped them to find a home in their new surroundings, not far from thy faithful partner in life, my beloved mother.

On this solemn day, which has recurred for the thirty-fifth time since thy death, I promise anew to fulfil my duty in the spirit of thy example, for the remaining years of my strength and life; in the fervent hope to be reunited with those spirits who have given me the most joy, strength, and consolation in this life — and hope in a life to come — a Millennium of happiness and peace.

[The record of facts was, with one slight exception, discontinued for two years, during which time the Record Book is filled with long essays, speculating on the future life, and other serious subjects. Some of these will be quoted in another place. In 1883, Mr. Kriüsi took heart to review the incidents of these two years, and inscribed them in a rapid sketch, from which the following extracts are taken. — ED.]

*Record.* — September, 1883. *Posthumous notes of the Pilgrim who seemed to drop the record of his Life* (after writing Book IV, Page 1000).

A year has again passed by. The summer vacation of 1882 was partly spent in visiting Minot, Bangor, Mount Desert — and then — returning through Vermont, visiting Willoughby Lake in company with the Percival family. The sight of its shores, or rather its granite sides or walls, nearly a thousand feet in height, will always remain in my memory. As Mrs. Kriüsi continued to stay with her aunt, I was the sole occupant of our house, taking meals at Mrs. Wells's house, and writing out my course in Philosophy of Education, to which I added an appendix on Celebrated Educators and their Methods.

The following fall and winter were characterized by Aunt Cyrene taking up quarters with us. She is a nice old lady of nearly eighty years, but erect and prompt of motion, fond of reading, and very pleasant in her manners.

In the summer vacation, 1883, I made a visit to Dr. Farnum

in Binghamton, where I was cordially received and treated by him and his amiable wife.

Returning to Oswego I bade good-by to Aunt Cyrene, whose attachment to her old home and house (which she had inhabited fifty years) was so great as to induce her to return to her solitary dwelling. Who is to take care of her? — was and is still a serious question, although the good old lady never seems to doubt that all will be right. My wife accompanies her home, but does not intend to stay long. After tarrying a few days longer — our girl, Mary, remaining here for some time — I started for Massachusetts, visiting Mrs. Pratt (Howe-Smith) at Shelburne Falls, then my friends at Lancaster (staying with our honest friend McNeil), then George Dunham, going with him to the Cape — Hyannisport and Cotuit — trying at the latter place at "blue-fishing," which proved a rough sport, since the waves drenched us thoroughly whilst we captured only two pretty big specimens of this fish.

After Carrie joined me, we went to Martha's Vineyard, partly to visit an interesting spot, and partly to see our friends gathered at the so-called Agassiz School — a Summer Institute. . . . The so-called Agassiz School was built somewhat outside the town near the Highlands, and might be considered attractive by its situation, if its architecture and interior arrangements were not so bad.

There is, however, a good corps of Professors here, among whom the genial Colonel Parker, known as the promoter of the so-called Quincy System, is the best known and has the greatest number in his class in Didactics. Next to him we must place our own Professor Straight, whose enthusiasm and zeal in behalf of Industrial training have won for him golden opinions, whilst he gets credit for even more educational wisdom or matured plans than we have given him credit for at Oswego.

Another Professor — whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make — Mr. Boysen, seems to excel the above two in philosophical depth and learning, of which I convinced myself by listening to his closing lecture on the bearing of the Sanscrit on other languages. He had — a day or two ago — given a lecture on Pestalozzi, which was universally commended and admired as a masterly production. He had the kindness to make in it some favourable allusion to the work of my father and of myself, the

effect of which I could perceive on my appearance at the hall, where Colonel Parker was about to lecture. This enthusiastic man at once introduced me to his whole class with great warmth, and I was pleased to find that my work on Pestalozzi has found so many intelligent readers. Of course I owe part of the warmth of the introduction to the excellence of Professor Boysen's lecture, for if it had been a dull and tedious production, would the common hearers have taken much interest in the subjects mentioned in it,—for instance, the two Krüsis? However, as it was, I made many pleasant acquaintances whilst the Institute lasted.

One of the sweetest recollections of my trip is connected with beautiful Lancaster, which was the first place that sheltered me on my coming from Europe, and — since I occupied my own little cottage, and enjoyed the company of a wife and two amiable children — my *first American home*. . . .

My good friend McNeil, who still remembers the pleasant hours he spent in our cottage, made me feel the most at home by reminding me of a little incident which happened when he took us in his boat to a lovely shaded spot near the Nashua. Dear little Minnie was seated at one end of the boat, and I at the other, McNeil plying the oars in the middle. The little rosy child tried to throw a kiss to her papa, which McNeil pretended to intercept. Thereupon she blushed and wavered, forming a lovely picture of sweet innocence. This picture stood before me when, the next day, from the top of George Hill, I gazed on the lovely landscape watered by the Nashua River. Although my poetical feelings find generally vent in my native German tongue, I could not forbear penning some sentiments in English, which, as they could be understood fully but by one person, were dedicated to our faithful McNeil. Here they are:

#### THE INTERCEPTED KISS

##### 1

Midst Life's waning shadows,  
On slow-sinking bark,  
I try with dim vision  
To pierce through the dark.

2

And lo! a dear picture,  
So sweet and so mild,  
Is revealed to my longing,  
My own darling child.

3

She floats on the river  
'Long tree-shadowed banks,  
Her head decked with garlands,  
Her heart full of pranks.

4

To the father, who is trying  
The boat's end to steer,  
A merry little voice cries:  
"Take care, Father dear!"

5

"I throw you my greeting  
In this sweet little kiss,  
Stoop down, O big boatman,  
Or it might go amiss!"

6

But the boatman, who too loved  
The sweet little maid,  
Replied: "I shall catch it,  
But you'll be repaid!"

7

And the dear little innocent  
Wavered and smiled. . . .  
Alas! she has left us,  
The sweet little child.

8

But the kiss is still flying  
Through Time and through Space,  
And will reach its fond owner  
At the throne of His Grace.

Let the shadows be falling,  
And earthly joys fly,  
But Love never fadeth,  
For it never can die.

July 22, 1883. GEORGE HILL.

## CHAPTER XLI

### EVENTS AND REFLECTIONS, 1883-1885

*Record.* — HOMeward BOUND (in thought).

Week after New Year, 1884.

I have perused with pleasure all the New Year's letters sent to me by my loving relatives: Mina, the patient sufferer; Gertrude, the loving, faithful soul; Gottlieb, my best correspondent; my two youngest sisters, Mary and Eliza; and two of my nieces, Anna and Hermina. There was a time when we celebrated the exit of the old year together at the parental home, under the lustre of a Christmas tree. At that time we were young ourselves, and enjoyed heartily the various presents and the congratulations and wishes of the members of our family. Many years later — on a visit from America, in 1866 — my wife and I celebrated the same day at sister Gertrude's hospitable house in Heiden, amidst a pleasant company of relations — listening to the inspiring church-bells of Heiden, which resounded solemnly through the still night after the stroke of twelve. This year I sat — on the invitation of a former pupil of our Normal School — at Hoboken amidst a party of Germans, mostly strangers to me, who celebrated according to the custom of their fatherland the departing year. I had come to Hoboken after a visit at Princeton, New Jersey, where I conferred with Mr. Johonnot in regard to some matters connected with the Drawing Course. I was sorry not to be able to see my good friend and celebrated countryman, Guyot, whose life seems gradually ebbing away through age and increasing weakness.

June 28, 1884. The sky is intensely blue, the trees display a most glorious verdure, the birds are singing, and the flowers blooming; everything looks hopeful, and it is but fit that our hearts should reflect this cheerful mood of the Universe.

In my own case, the work of the last school term is done; I have had much gratification from the work and spirit displayed by my pupils, some of whom contributed as a tribute to my birth-

day (26th June) fine bouquets of flowers; the vacation is before us, promising genial intercourse with some of our friends; our Hermann (to judge from his last letters) seems successful and to enjoy the confidence of his employers, who have without his asking added twenty-five dollars to his monthly salary; we have all preserved our physical and mental health—in short, there is much reason for our being grateful for all the blessings we have received and that may be still in store for us. Of course, there are also uncertainties in life, more especially when one has completed his sixty-seventh year, and must be prepared to step out soon from active operations; there comes furthermore occasionally the sad thought that loving and promising children have left us, and robbed earth of many of its charms, whilst making the thought of Heaven more attractive; there comes the thought of where we may pass the last scene on the stage of our existence, and whether the latter will be quite secured. But, whilst thinking of these things, no real fear or care is likely to mar our thoughts; for it would be ungrateful, from all the experiences of the Past, to imagine that the harvest will be less pleasant or elevating than even the planting of the crop. A man who like myself is given to reflection will never miss this resort, even if the wings of practical activity are clipped, and this will make me find a home anywhere.

[The Krüsies spent this summer visiting friends and relatives in New York State and New England. — ED.]

#### END OF THE VACATION

Sunday Evening, Aug. 29, 1884. Two weeks have elapsed, which we spent at home. Physically speaking, they have been the most exhaustive of the year, both for my wife and myself, although the former bore undoubtedly the lion's share of hard work in cleaning rooms and cellar, laying down carpets, etc., besides the usual housework, whilst my work consisted in weeding the garden, bringing untold buckets of water for cleaning purposes, taking up and beating carpets, which latter business is no child's play, when the sun's full rays beat upon you whilst you are beating them. In consequence of this, I have become very sun-burnt, and the watery portion of my flesh has partly evaporated. In the evening, I feel generally drowsy and unfit for mental work; after a day's rest, and when school commences,

I shall probably feel as fresh as ever, and attack my work with the presentiment that it soon will be over. What causes this presentiment to be stronger than ever? There are two principal reasons for it:—the first is the full consciousness of my age, which is verging toward seventy. In one sense, it is true that age—both mentally and physically considered—expresses a relative term. An unbroken constitution of a person old in years may act as vigorously and more correctly than that of a young person with shattered nerves and energies—of one who feels continually and constitutionally *tired*, as seems to be the case with twenty per cent of the ladies of our day. Many old men may even retain a youthful enthusiasm, and enter upon new work with the same ardour as a youth who hopes to see the effects or to reap the benefits of it. Such a man, for instance, was Pestalozzi. As for myself, whose nerves are not often roused to such a pitch, and who see the shady sides of life and of each undertaking together with its luminous side, I feel some difference—not exactly in mental power, which remains intact—but in mental elasticity, which requires to be upheld by aspirations related to this world and its plans, schemes, or methods. I never fail—even now—to be roused in the actual presence of my pupils and treatment of my subject to that sympathetic state of feeling in which the interest and ardour of my pupils warms my soul, and induces it to make efforts which have hitherto procured for me an honourable reputation as a teacher and educator.

On the other hand, I feel no particular stimulus in any decided direction—when my school-duties are over—unless perhaps to collect the scattered results of my investigations in Geometry, and Philosophy of Education. Besides this, I take some interest in living questions, social, moral, and intellectual, and in that case I try to arrive at some elemental or primary conditions necessary to the solution of such problems. Some of my papers will show how natural phenomena, such as the appearance of comets, Northern Light, sun-spots, etc., were apt to excite me to some fuller investigations. I shall ultimately fall back on some historical researches, of which I was very fond in my younger years, and of which I have given evidence in the publication of my life of Pestalozzi.

But as these remarks were suggested by my expressed intention to retire soon from my position as instructor in our Normal

School — under the first heading, *Age* — I will proceed to the second. . . .

[This had reference to plans that did not materialize, and is of no consequence here. — ED.]

OLD YEAR'S EVE (31ST DEC., 1884).

I am sitting alone in our dining-room; yet am not lonely — for the spirits of my beloved ones, of those that have gone before me, and of the surviving ones, hover around me. I received today two messages from my old home, one from my oldest sister Mina, the other from Gottlieb. The former was calculated to raise some sad feelings, since I saw by her utterances and by her handwriting that the gout, from which she suffers, is gaining hold on her, and causes her to contemplate frequently the end of this life, both as a necessity common to all, and a release from pain and care. To me, who have been spared physical pains during my whole life, and whose cares have been chiefly connected with the short sickness of my departed daughters and regret for their death, the contemplation of death has no terror. I read a few days ago the end of Pestalozzi's "Lenzburger-rede" (Speech made to the Society for the Promotion of the Common-Weal — "gemeinnützige Gesellschaft") and was very much impressed by its solemnity and the beautiful hope expressed for a fairer existence, ushered in by the glories of the setting sun.

I give it here in German and afterwards in English, with the omission of some of the gloomy passages expressing the cloud under which he suffered in the year 1809.

"Nach den Stürmen meiner Tage glänzt an dem Abend, an fernen Bergen, hinter deren Dunkel, mein Himmel mir hell. Ich staune nach ihm hin. Die untergehende Sonne entweicht dem grauen Gewölk, das den Himmel bedeckt. Der Rand des weiten Gewölkes röhret sich an seinen Enden und strahlet in Gold-glanz, weltkämpfend in Schönheit mit der untergehenden Sonne. Ich staune nach ihm hin; ich wende mein Angesicht von seinem lieblichen glanze. . . . Aber ob mir ist der ganze Himmel dunkel. Doch ich sehe ihn nicht; ich sehe den gerötheten Gold-glanz seines endlichen Randes. Männer und Freunde! Ich achte das Dunkel und den Schatten nichts, der noch heute, schreckend und drohend wie ein Gewitter, ob meinem Haupte steht. Ich sehe und achte jetzt nur die Freude, die euer Ja und Amen über mein

Tod-bett verbreiten wird, und mein Blick weilt unverwandt auf dieser Stelle."

## TRANSLATION

After the storms of my life, there shines in the evening over the distant mountains, under the dark clouds, a clear sky. I gaze at it. The setting sun escapes from under the gray clouds, which cover the sky. The border surrounding the dark cloud vies in golden splendour with that of the setting luminary. . . . Above me the sky is dark, but I mind it not — I fix my gaze on its gilded margin. Neither, my friends! do I care for the gloomy and dark shadows, which hover threateningly above my head. I see only the immortal, vital part of my work, and your loving approbation sheds light and consolation on my deathbed, and my expiring looks contemplate but this.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY: 1885

A very quiet day, interrupted occasionally by the visits of friends, who come to make their usual New Year's congratulations to the ladies of the house. I was, however, glad to be left to my own reflections. Strange as it may appear, the parting words of Pestalozzi, and his allusion to the setting sun, brought to my mind some utterances of my darling Gertie — when scarcely eight years old — in a letter sent to Aunt Cyrene, and returned by her after Gertie's death. The words of a dear departed being are always highly treasured, and the more so, when we are painfully reminded, by their sweetness and poetic tenor, how much we have lost.

I quote the little letter in full:

"MY DEAR AUNT, — The sun is setting beautifully; there is a dark cloud and — best of all — there is a place that looks like water with golden rocks, with some spots of water between them. I send you a Christmas present, which is the first I ever made. We have a German girl; her name is Pauline; we like her very much. In one family we have Germans, Japanese, and Yankees, and sometimes we hear the three languages spoken. I wish you a merry Christmas. Papa and Mamma send you and Uncle their love and so does

GERTIE.

## THE GOLDEN SUNSET

1

The golden sea its mirror spreads  
 Beneath the golden skies,  
 And but a narrow strip between  
 Of land and shadow lies.

2

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,  
 Dissolved in glory float,  
 And midway on the radiant flood  
 Hangs silently the boat.

3

The sea is but another sky,  
 The sky a sea as well,  
 And which is earth and which is heaven,  
 The eye can scarcely tell.

4

So when for us Life's evening hour  
 Soft fading shall descend,  
 May glory, born of earth and heaven,  
 The earth and heaven blend.

5

Flooded with peace the spirits float  
 With silent rapture glow,  
 Till where earth ends and heaven begins,  
 The soul shall scarcely know.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Compare with this beautiful poem little Gertie's child-like reflections, and we will find that the child made the same poetical sense reflections, which the aesthetic intellect of a poet is capable of expanding into reflections of hope and immortality.

[Mr. Krüsi, in his index, calls the above passage in his record "A Sunset Hymn, by a revered trio: Longfellow, Pestalozzi, Little Gertie." — ED.]

And thus the old man — weary of life — and the young hopeful child gaze alike admiringly at the setting sun; both admire the brilliancy of colours and hues it bestows on surrounding ob-

jects. The old man is reminded of death; the child turns to the pleasures of the moment. Both have met with the same fate, the one full of years and honours, the other without having as yet fully displayed the rich promise of many blossoms just opening during her short, happy span of life. Both were so constituted as to anticipate Heaven by their purity of heart and deep appreciation of beauty and loveliness in God's nature and Kingdom. Is it not natural for us, who are left to continue the pilgrimage of life for some time, to imagine that such beings, who in their unselfish nature thought but to impart pleasure and blessings to their surroundings, should occupy places in Heaven, which surpass in loveliness everything we can imagine here?

Feb. 1, 1885. When I wrote the last sentiment, I did not think that one of our dearest friends — Mrs. Hamilton — universally beloved on account of her genial, sympathizing, and enthusiastic disposition, was soon to pass away into that better life, which our hearts rather than our intellect are able to anticipate. A little more than three years ago, she was one of a party of three invalids who went from Meacham to consult a celebrated lung-specialist (Dr. Loomis from New York) about their conditions; our dear Gertie and Mrs. Percival (our tent-neighbour) being the other two.

Her funeral took place yesterday at her home. How many memories crowded upon me, when I sat amongst the mourners. I remember how her parents (the Rev. Father Parmelee — 100 years old) were within a few years carried out of the same house. I remember how I called here sometimes with Gertie and Saze (the Japanese) — both now among those who have left us. And remembering this, I could not but anticipate the time when we, too, shall be carried to a resting-place for our tired bodies, whilst the soul may be born anew and soar up to a higher destiny.

(22d FEB.) WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1885

To-day (Monday) — the day following the real birthday of the Father of this country — the schools were generally dismissed and so was ours. Although I hold the opinion that a day which is not celebrated at all in the hearts and thoughts of the majority of the people ought not to be celebrated as a holiday, or in other words, as an excuse for not doing the usual daily tasks, — I am to-day reconciled with it on account of the brilliant sunshine,

which illumines the whole snow-covered country, and tempts people to walk or ride for pleasure or duty. Hence, if they don't think of Washington, it is possible that they may, by the law of association, think of many past events, more especially those that have been lit up by sunshine and joy.

To me, as I took a walk to the lonely lake-shore and gazed at the frozen surface of the lake extending as far as the eye could reach, the memory of past times came over me. I remembered one day with a similarly beautiful morning — possibly fourteen years ago — when our little family, increased by some boarders, one of whom was our trusty friend Dr. Farnham, walked for nearly a mile on the frozen, uneven ice, admiring the little ice-mounds and hills. I suppose little Gertie was too small to accompany us, but she welcomed her good friend Farnham on his return with her sweetest smile as, "Lily Roy" (Le Roy).

I also remember how another time, nearer spring, we visited an ice-cave formed by a vast amount of hardened snow stretching from the new pier to the neighbouring mounds. The beautiful forms of frozen spray might have adorned a fairy palace or a "spiritual" mansion. On this occasion dear Gertie was with us, and her mind, ever ready to appreciate purity and beauty until the last days of her short life, was keenly alive to all these impressions.

To-day I wandered alone — our only son being now in regions where hardly any snow is seen, except on the summits of the Rocky Mountains. Still I bless my imagination, which is ever willing to people this earth with past recollections full of hope and sunshine.

The more I advance in age, the colder the earth and its objects seem to become; the transitory actors on it, my contemporaries, and more especially my old friends and relations, become rarer. Many of them have faded away from sight, and are only visible to the spiritual eye. I look for them in the spirit of Love and Hope, as a shipwrecked sailor may try to find in the far-off horizon a saving boat, that is to bring him home. Even to-day, beyond the frozen area of the lake, I could dimly discern on the far-off horizon a streak of blue water, reflecting the blue sky. They were to me symbols of that stage in our development when Heaven and Earth seem to meet; when the former visions of our brain engendered by Love become realities, pure and immortal.

## CHAPTER XLII

ANNALS OF THE HEART, 1885-1886

DEDICATED TO GERTIE

*Record.* — At East Kendall, N. Y., with Rhoda Smith Austin, August, 1885.

My recollections in connection with dear Gertie at this place are partly pleasant and only painful through the feeling: it will never be again. I was here in the summer previous to her sickness, when I saw her daily taking care of the little children of the household. Sometimes she would go with me to the lake-shore — about three-fourths miles away. There was then a steep path leading down the bluff, and below — in the sand — we collected shells, etc., of which she afterwards formed a chain. When tired, we ascended and lay down under one of the apple-trees, and looked upon the blue expanse of water. Who — looking at the beautiful child soon entering into womanhood — would have predicted that she would enjoy this sight for the last time!

When I came again to the spot last named, I beheld with astonishment that the lake had gained on the shore by ten or twelve yards, that the row of apple-trees had been precipitated into the depth below; that the foot-path descending to the shore had fallen with it. "Oh," thought I, "how many bright hopes have crumbled with it!" Such is life! Yet still there is the blue expanse of water and of heaven, emblems of Eternity, where we hope to meet our beloved ones!

I have but little more to add about our visit to East Kendall. I saw externally a well-cultivated farm of nearly two hundred acres, rich in fruit and promise, but my mental eyes sought a bright smiling maiden amongst the trees and between the fences. Indeed there was not a place which was not sanctified by her lovely presence. Still I thank God that in the midst of His beautiful scenery grief was not allowed to be pungent. Death is, after all,

not the worst of evils. Along with us on the shore, to which we drove by a circuitous road, sat a poor cripple, young and intelligent, but partly paralyzed by sickness, and still more by an excessive dose of quinine given by an experimenting doctor. Thanks be to God that, with the exception of a comparatively short sickness, we have before us the pictures of two blooming, happy, loving children, whom we can imagine received by loving hands in the most pleasant regions of Heaven.

### THE SUBMERGED APPLE-TREE

IN REMEMBRANCE OF GERTIE

1

In days of yore  
On Ontario's shore  
A father fond and a rosy maid  
Sat under an apple-tree's cooling shade,  
And the waves came rushing, gaily and fleet,  
And the birds did warble their melodies sweet  
On a balmy summer morning.

2

The maiden went  
By steep descent  
To the water's brink where move or sleep  
The curious forms of the wat'ry deep,  
And gaily she gathered with deft little hand  
Tiny shells that imbedded lay strewn in the sand  
On that lovely summer morning.

3

"O Father dear,  
The shell-wreath here  
Will give my friends at home such joy!"  
The father looks at the coloured toy,  
But more at the generous giver's heart,  
And the fondest of hopes in his bosom did start  
On that happy summer morning.

4

Five years pass by, —  
And with a sigh

The father wanders alone to the shore —  
 He hears from afar the waves' deep roar,  
 And behold! the steep bank has crumbled down  
 And grimly and dark the abyss does frown  
 On that gloomy autumn morning.

## 5

Immersed in clay  
 Amidst the spray,  
 See there a death-like object frown  
 With ghostly arms and outspread crown,  
 Which once did solace with precious shade  
 The doting father, the sainted maid,  
 On a lovely summer morning.

## 6

As yon frail bank  
 Once tottering sank,  
 Thus crumble away on unseen slopes  
 So many sweet yearnings, many fond hopes.  
 But Love is immortal, our highest prize —  
 And what it embraces will surely rise  
 On Spring's Eternal morning.

Oswego, 29th Sept., 1885.

H. KRÜSI.

12th Nov. — Anniversary of dear Gertie's death. The day is one of warmth and sunshine, and — God be thanked — more and more of that element finds room in my heart. With every year the painful recollection of sickness and death is diminishing, whilst the hope of a not far-off reunion increases.

Let Gertie's smiling remark to her dear companion (Lulu) "I thought I was going to die, but I am better now," be also our watchword, when the separation from this earthly tabernacle takes place. In the meantime let us labour as long as we can, so as to be able to leave our sphere of work with calm dignity. Much as the mind requires congenial food, the heart will have its share also, and the pages of this book will bear witness how often it tries to gather the departed members of my family, and how near they are always to the highest aspirations.

My wife and myself have otherwise made some practical arrangements to perpetuate the memory of our dear children, *i.e.*, by placing some tasteful head-stones on the lot, and preparing

an appropriate approach to it by means of steps — all made of granite — besides four posts at the corners.

We have also engaged an artist to enlarge Gertie's last photograph, taken at the time when she was in the fulness of maidenly bloom and beauty. Miss Wilmot has done justice to it, and we are sure to treasure it highly, although its appearance in the drawing-room, near the piano — which used to resound from her sweet playing — will be productive of many a keen pang. At present, we intend to send it to Hermann in California. His heart cannot but be moved at the likeness of his loving sister, who was so pleased to see him even during the last days of her life. Oh! how well I remember the afternoon when I had to send the sad message to him and Saze, who both hurried to the bedside of the dying girl! Well, God's ways are inscrutable. Let us try to be patient and strong and all will end well.

Dec. 27. It is a beautiful sunny Sunday. There is no snow on the ground, and if the trees were not barren of foliage and the temperature warmer, we might imagine it a day of spring. The house is quiet, as two of our inmates have left us for Christmas visits, three others have gone to church, and silence reigns in the house. I have been in the parlour, where Gertie's beautiful face (in the newly made picture) looks serenely happy on the presents placed on the piano, which she formerly delighted to prepare herself in token of her affection for her dear parents, brother, and friends. Once more, and I cannot even say whether for the last time, a poetical sentiment induces me to insert a few lines suggested by her picture and mine, which were finished at the studio of Miss Wilmot. These effusions have at least given *me* some consolation. If some people, whose ideas of immortality and "Wiedersehen" are framed on the material standard of perishable things, pretend to say that the recollection of our beloved becomes more and more faded in our memories, they have not considered the sentiments of aging parents, who come back — after the breaking of many conventional earthly ties — to the dear recollection of former days sanctified by the indissoluble ties of immortal love.

## THE TWO PICTURES

1

Two pictured faces are standing  
In the artist's studio there,  
Both looking with fervent ardour  
On some object loving and fair.

2

The father's eyes are gazing  
On the daughter's modest grace,  
On her thoughtful smiling countenance,  
Inviting to sweet embrace.

3

The daughter's thoughts — who will measure!  
In youth's overflowing life  
She sees but infinite pleasure,  
And hopes 'gainst the future strife.

4

Near her — alas! is hovering  
A spectre — silent and pale,  
Resembling our blessed darling,  
But alas! how wasted and frail!

5

And the look in the father's picture  
Is a look of hope and of fear,  
But the hope still conquers, — and blooming,  
He sees his child reappear.

6

'Tis Christmas, and still in the parlour  
Where once sweet music did sound  
From a maiden's skilful fingers  
And from voices all around,

7

A pictured face looks smiling  
At the presents there and the toys,  
And smiling eyes seem to tell us  
Of former pleasures and joys.

## 8

When for father, mother, and brother  
Some busy hands did provide  
Small tokens of love and kindness,  
So precious still in their sight.

## 9

Though mute the picture, our hearts yet  
In eloquent strains do pray:  
O Father! restore our darling  
On Thy Heavenly Christmas day!

Dec. 27, 1885.

18th April, 1886. Have just returned from Mr. Sheldon's, who invited the whole school to a "maple-sugar" festival on his pleasant grounds near the lake. The weather was exceptionally warm and sunny, the lake so smooth that my wife with several other ladies of the school ventured to go there in a boat and enjoyed it hugely. I preferred starting later on foot, and spent a pleasant hour — partly in conversation, contemplation of the glorious lake, and in reflections of the Past. I need not repeat that dear Gertie again reappeared on the rocky shore, playing with her best friend Lulu. Her cheerful, innocent laughter again resounded in my ears. Lulu was still there, blooming, gentle, as ever. She would with her "petite" figure have somewhat contrasted with Gertie's stately form, but the friendship between hearts and minds thus constituted would never have been broken.

Twenty-five years ago, I visited for the first time this beautiful peninsula. I was then in the strength of manhood, which strength, in spite of my whitened locks, has remained the same. When, in the evening, I returned alone to my home, Gertie again was my companion; she who so often had joyfully wandered on Saturdays to her beloved playmate. I met her spirit at the so-called "Forks," where, when she was a very little girl, I used to accompany her, in order to gather her favourite "Dandy-lions" that grew by the wayside. I remembered her, or I might better say, the shadow of herself, near the house of her dressmaker, whither she used to wend her feeble steps, to have a travelling dress made, against the tight sleeves of which I always protested, since they made her increasing emaciation more and more conspicuous. I remembered her after in the evening, when I cast a longing glance at her pic-

ture, which shows her serene, smiling countenance, opposite to that of her sister Minnie, whom she never saw, but with whom I delight to think she now enjoys spirit-delights in a better land. They are now home, but we parents — verging to old age — feel more and more that we are strangers here, and that we don't know even where our last resting-place will be. Still we are on our way home, and the flying hours beckon us, indicating that we shall arrive there soon. In looking at these lines, I feel with Goethe in his dedication to Faust:

“Was ich besitze, seh ich wie im Weiten  
Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.”

I started to describe a maple-sugar festival, but forgot the maple-sugar, the bevy of playing young men and women, and mostly thought of former times endeared by the caresses and sweet communion with our dear departed.

#### A VISIT TO OUR CEMETERY

30th May, 1886. It is not often that I am induced to visit a cemetery, even when I know that the mouldering remains of two beloved daughters are buried there. It seems a somewhat strange and antiquated idea to think that we are nearer our beloved friends where they are buried — perhaps in a spot they have never trod during their life — than in other places nearer home. To me it seems as if both they and myself are strangers to such a place. And yet there was this time a strong inducement to visit the lot which we bought some years ago, and on which the headstones, with the names of our daughters inscribed, had been recently placed. It was a magnificent spring day when, in company with our cheerful, rosy-looking Miss Sackett, we drove on a dusty road near the Oswego River, to the so-called Riverside Cemetery. It is about three miles from town and has undoubtedly many natural attractions, its undulating hills fringed with woods and its more or less gorgeous and tasteful monuments scattered over a wide surface. On the road to our lot, which is situated on nearly the highest part — facing the river and surrounding landscape — we pass two costly monuments, one of a Mrs. Guimaraes and the other of a Mr. Carrington. Of these it might almost be said, what Byron says in regard to the tomb of Metella: “Behold a Roman's love or — pride.”

To the right the road leads upward towards our lot, which, as the distinctly chiselled letters on the granite announce, is destined for the Krüsi family. The entrance is made by three tastefully cut steps of Quincy granite. On the lot, which has been newly graded and sodded, are the two headstones — of different pattern — the names of the children being surmounted — Minnie's, with chiselled ivy-leaves — Gertie's, with oak-leaves. Three posts, equally of granite, indicate the corners of the lot. The whole is shaded by two beautiful trees, and the prospect, as we have already stated, is charming.

Although the thought of our children comes with far less vividness to my mind than at home, there can be no doubt that thoughts of death cannot but present themselves in view of such a vast multitude of departed fellow-men, and of the place which may at no far distant time be destined to receive our remains.

Returning home, I could not help reflecting what might, in some future time, be the most sensible and impressive way to perpetuate the memory of departed friends. Goethe puts deep and weighty words in the mouth of the Pastor in *Hermann and Dorothea*, when he makes him say:

“Des Todes rührendes Bild steht  
Nicht als Schrecken dem Weisen, und nicht als Ende dem Frommen.  
Jenen drängt es ins Leben zurück und lehret ihn handeln.  
Diesem stärkt es, zu künftigem Heil, in Triübsal die Hoffnung;  
Beiden wird zum *Leben der Tod.*”

“*Death is to become Life.*” Hence would it not be wiser to have a picture of the departed, in that age and condition most known and endeared to us — greatly enlarged and as beautifully framed as our means will allow — placed in the best room of the house, or in that where the departed was often seen! We have done so with the two pictures of our dear girls, and they are seen, with their sweet, serene, smiling faces looking at us full of life and promise. Whoever can spend hundreds of dollars for cold marble or granite monuments representing torpor and death should certainly not grudge the above small expense.

On the other hand, the monuments in the cemetery should be simple, graceful, rather than gorgeous. But why, might one ask, should they exist at all? My answer is, because man, besides being a member of the domestic circle, is also a citizen of a wider

family in village or town, and hence should have some memorial tablet in places which are free of access to everyone. To do this with some order and method there ought to be some plans of the grounds, with an index as to *where* you might find the monuments of people you are in search of. Many would like to see where an old acquaintance, an old teacher, or benefactor lies buried, for it is true what Hölti sings: "Heil der Thräne, die ob meinem Grabe hin auf hingestreute Rosen fällt." (Blessed the tear that falls upon the roses strewn over my grave.)

Such thoughts occupied my head on the return from the beautiful place just described, and, when I entered the drawing-room, I felt anew refreshed and consoled in looking at the faces of my angel girls, smiling serenely, as if about to kiss you, as Körner says beautifully on taking leave from his friends in going to the war which was to end his young life:

"Nehmt diesen Kuss! und wenn's der letzte bliebe,  
Es giebt ja Keinen Tod für unsre Liebe!"

24th June, 1886. This is my sixty-ninth birthday. The milestones of this life seem to appear in quicker succession when one approaches old age, and the last will soon be reached. I celebrate this day in my heart. Thoughts of the day crowd on me, when my father was the recipient of deserved honours on account of his efforts for education and his loving and inspiring influence on his family and friends. In one sense I stand more isolated than he — in a foreign land, surrounded by a less emotional people — although I possess the respect and love of many, who know me in and out of school. But the love I treasure most is that of my two early departed girls. That love cannot die. My wife went to-day to visit their graves and to take steps for their adornment. They have celebrated their new birthday in Heaven, where I shall meet them, to help me celebrate mine. Possibly there will be quite a family gathering of kindred spirits whose years will no more be counted, but who will shine in eternal youth. Our fervent thought goes out on this day to thee, my son Hermann, in far-off California, where we intend to see thee soon. If you aspire to greater riches and honours than your parents and grandparents, may you never forget that they counted honesty and faithfulness among their riches, lived contented, and did not fear death.

Nov. 12th, 1886. Five years ago, on this day and evening, thy soul, my gentle unforgotten daughter, took its flight to a better land, where, as we devoutly hope, sorrows, bodily pain, and the anguish of separation are not known. I have striven — in the firm belief that now all is right with our dear girl — to remember but the bright periods of her existence, when for thirteen years her smiling rosy face and winning manners were the joy of her parents. It is difficult to refrain on this day from conjuring up some episodes of her last days and painful experiences. But the day of "Wiedersehen" is fast approaching, and in the meantime I will gather from the sweet recollections of the past many blossoms, which make those of the chrysanthemum now blooming in my room, with its hundreds of white flowers and buds, appear like symbols of a lasting bliss, where purity and innocence will reign supreme.

## CHAPTER XLIII

### THE QUARTER-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE OSWEGO NORMAL SCHOOL, AND OUR FIRST JOURNEY TO SAN FRANCISCO, 1886

THE Normal School had been in session since the year 1861, and would, therefore, in 1886 have passed through a quarter-century of its existence. It had left its mark not only on other Normal schools that had been founded according to its model, but on the method of instruction in many of the progressive educational circles of this Union. It was to be foreseen that a celebration worthy of the occasion would take place at the period above named, and this required some preparations. One of these consisted in collecting data of the names and residences of all the graduates, and biographical sketches of the teachers, a task which was confided to Miss Cooper, whose skill, knowledge, and accuracy in statistical matters were universally acknowledged.

Among the said teachers, indeed the first of them, was Miss Jones, who, like myself, had been engaged at the Home and Colonial schools in London, from where she was invited by Mr. Sheldon to introduce a course of "Object Lessons" at the Oswego City Training School. After a year she returned again to England, where she was married without changing her name, her husband (a wealthy merchant) bearing equally the classical name of "Jones."

Twenty-five years passed, when she was again invited by Mr. Sheldon to cross the ocean, in order to be present at the quarter-century celebration, and to see how the "small child" once under her care, viz., the City Training School, had grown since to vigorous manhood, under the name of the Oswego State Normal and Training School. Following this invitation, she travelled by

steamer to New York, where Mr. Sheldon met her — alas! only to find that during the passage her reason had become unhinged, in which condition she failed to recognize Mr. Sheldon, or to remember the object of her mission. However, as she required care and attention, she was persuaded to accompany him to Oswego, although her pitiful mental hallucination made it impossible for her to read an essay she had prepared for the occasion.<sup>1</sup> With this exception, the celebration formed a proud episode in the life of the institution, and gave sincere pleasure to the numerous graduates who had come from all parts of the country.

This was chiefly caused by the reunion of many old friends and pupils, indulging in memories of the past, and by the reading of many able and graphic papers on the part of members of the Board, of the Faculty, and by graduates. I happened to be the "Historian" on this occasion, and was pleased at the hearty reception awarded to my feeble efforts,<sup>2</sup> and at the kind, social spirit animating the whole assembly.

For us, this year was further made memorable by our journey to San Francisco. Our son Hermann, after completing his course at Cornell University, had sought a situation in the field of engineering, which he found temporarily at Rochester, and afterwards in the San Francisco Bridge Company with a respectable salary. He gradually obtained a salary which enabled him to marry (February, 1887) and provide for a home at Alameda, opposite San Francisco, where he still resides. His presence in California, even before his marriage, was a great temptation for us parents to visit him and his surroundings. The journey included visits to Chicago, Denver, the Black Canyon, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, the Yosemite, etc. On our return trip we passed

<sup>1</sup> When Mr. Krüsi was in England the following year, he visited Mrs. Jones. In his Record he says: "I had the pleasure of finding her nearly recovered, in her beautiful country-seat in Surrey, near Cheam, where I had made a rather unsatisfactory début in teaching spoiled boys of the English Aristocracy — forty-five years ago."

<sup>2</sup> This paper is preserved in the "Quarter-Centennial" book. — Ed.

through Portland (Oregon), Spokane Falls, Helena, the Yellowstone Park, Chicago, etc. We were thus favoured to see the most sublime scenery in the United States.

The beauties of California, with its semi-tropical vegetation, were enhanced to us by the fact that we enjoyed them in company with our son.

*Record.* — Oct., 1886. The programme of our trip, made in advance with great precision, was carried out to the letter, and nothing happened to mar it or to cause any inconvenient delay. I propose in this book to limit my description to some sketches in regard to scenes which have made most impression upon us, as for instances:

1. Colorado, its mountain scenery, Garden of Gods, canyons.
2. Salt Lake City, the capital of the Mormons.
3. San Francisco, its sights and surroundings, festivities during Grand Army reunion.
4. A visit to the Yosemite.
5. A visit to the Yellowstone Park.
6. A sketch of the rapid growth of some cities and surrounding territories under the influence of mining, agriculture and cattle-raising, etc., and the impulse given by these to the construction of railroads, and hence to commerce.

N. B. I shall translate these sketches into German for my brother Gottlieb, although the last may require yet some further experience, before attempting a description.

[The six sketches descriptive of western scenery and civilization were elaborated in great detail, both as to natural features, and statistics relating to industries, etc.; betraying acute observation and much collateral study. While they are intrinsically of great interest, so much has been presented in newspapers and magazines on these same topics, that it does not seem best to reproduce them here. — ED.]

*Record.* — Feb. 1, 1887. I have now kept my promise, to write five sketches descriptive of the most salient points of our trip, and more than this, I have transferred them by a free translation into German and sent them to brother Gottlieb and friend Blumer for their perusal. The composing of 112 quarto pages and their translation has pleasantly occupied many leisure hours

of a winter which otherwise would have appeared rather dreary. It was some pleasure, during the howling of the wind and other rigours of our northern climate, to live over the sunny memories of the West, and more especially of the Pacific Coast. With the aid of some travelling guides and manuals, and more especially with the valuable printed records on the Yosemite and the Yellowstone, it was possible to gain some more data about various objects only hastily seen, which made such a task as instructive as it was pleasant.

## CHAPTER XLIV

### INTERLUDE

*Record.* — Sunday, 14th March, 1886. I have just returned from a visit to the lake, whose shores are still ice-bound. As the anniversary of my father's birthday had passed (12th March), I made some serious reflections about my own age, and I find that he (having been born on the 12th of March and died on the 25th of July) had lived just 69 years and 135 days, whilst I shall have that amount of age behind me on about the *sixth of November next*. What reflections for Imagination and Faith, for Reason will not support you here! If — as we hope — there is an immortality, a "Wiedersehen in Heaven," how will the spirit-likeness of one whom we called and revered as a *father* appear there, when *we* (by the earthly standard) are in reality the *older*. But as we may — in one sense or another — experience a *new birth*, I should not wonder if some loving angel (even one who left us in early childhood) may in the spirit world exercise some power over us, so as to conduct us higher, lovingly and gently, and yet with thoughtful, heaven-nurtured intelligence. So be it.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

*Record.* — 30th Oct., 1886. I sit again, on a still Sunday morning, in my pleasant study, and enjoy the sunlight — which, after nearly six days of storm and rain — streams in through the large panes of the bay-window. The trees exhibit their foliage somewhat affected by frost, — green leaves mixed with yellow ones, whilst the meadows still wear their beautiful cover of velvety green, which is so seldom seen in the far West.

This brings to my mind the ten weeks passed in a grand journey to the Pacific Ocean and back, with its thousand remembrances connected with the most glorious scenery that can be seen on this Continent. A vision of sunny California often dawns

in my mind, and the more vivid since we have seen our son Hermann moving among its bustling workshops and fertile regions.

The future also occupies my thoughts. I have already hinted that this term and the next may constitute the last year of my actual school life. Indeed, there can hardly be any doubt of it, for my successor has already been chosen. And then! — some grave questions will have to be settled, first the question of support after the loss of my salary. It is but natural that our income will thus be reduced to barely one third what it was before; but as we have in the last year managed to live on less than a half and spent the difference in some luxuries or in travelling, there is not much apprehension on that account. The *where* of our further existence is another puzzle. Shall our comfortable home be sold at a considerable sacrifice, in order to enable us to live with Hermann or near some of our relatives? The answer to that part of the question lies in the German proverb: "Kömmst Zeit, kömmst Rath." Personally, I am strongly inclined towards California. I like its climate, its products, its grand Nature, and — as far as I can judge — the cheerful and hospitable spirit of its people. But it depends chiefly on Hermann and his future steps — in business or matrimony — whether we can build for each other a mutual home. Another question generally raised by my friends is: "What will you do after leaving the business of school, to which you gave your time and thought for nearly fifty years?" There may be, it is true, times when I shall miss the genial intercourse with my pupils; still I have always had some resources by which to occupy my mind, so that my educational work will still remain before me in thought, and draw nutriment from the experiences of a long active life. I have for more than a year been occupied with collecting materials for a *History of Educational Men and of Events which have Contributed to the Improvement of Educational Methods*. This history, although pretty far advanced, requires yet many supplementary chapters and a thorough revision as to symmetry and style.

Besides some educational employment of this kind, I shall probably never be entirely without the task of helping some surrounding friends to improve their knowledge of modern languages. A little garden and the usual business connected with housekeeping may help to give my physical energies occasional occupation, while frequent walks and excursions — even in winter, under the

genial skies of California — will contribute their comforts and pleasures to the humble wants of an old man, who wanders cheerfully towards his final home, where loving eyes and arms await him.

Nov. 12, 1886. I find (after referring to page 214) [just quoted] that I have reached, or even transcended, the age of my good father when he departed this life after an honourable and useful career. Mine is not perhaps crowned with such recollections as centre around the work of the illustrious Pestalozzi and his school. Still, I trust that our school in Oswego, its principal and fellow-workers, will occupy an honourable place in the history of American education. I hope I may be lovingly remembered by some of my pupils. Fate did not grant me to do much for the mental cultivation of my two sweet girls, but the love I bore for them, which was so sweetly reciprocated, will — I trust — bear fruit in heaven. My only wish and hope on earth is, that our only son Hermann may prove himself worthy of his origin, faithful to his trust, and that if God spares to us parents longer the blessing of health and strength, we may be able to join him in the sunny land of his adoption, and conclude our days in peace, wherever God has ordained it should be.

Sunday, 14th Nov., 1886. In a letter written to brother Gottlieb, I drew some parallels between the life of my father and myself. Both were blessed with vigorous health, with *mens sana in corpore sano*. Both were granted to devote fifty years of their lives to the work of education. Both were placed in situations where "the working out of better *methods*" became the chief object of their task. Each rallied to the aid of a man who will be named with respect and admiration in the educational history of a Republic: Pestalozzi and Sheldon; although we must make due allowance for the greater celebrity which the former attained, owing to his originality, philanthropy, ardent enthusiasm, and literary productions. My father's work was systematically divided between four places, in each of which, excepting Burgdorf, he spent about one fourth to one third of his fifty years of educational activity: viz., Gais, Burgdorf, Yverdon, Trogen; whilst I have taught in eight places; Gais, Cheam, London, Lancaster, Providence, Worcester, Trenton, Oswego; my stay at the last named of these places — twenty-five years — being of equal duration to that spent in the other seven.

## CHAPTER XLV

### MY FAREWELL YEAR AT THE OSWEGO NORMAL SCHOOL 1886-1887

To me the year following the Quarter-Centennial celebration was a matter of serious consideration. For while I could look with some satisfaction on my share of the work performed at the school during twenty-five years, I was also aware that my own age at the end of that time (in 1887) would have reached to full seventy years. Although I did not as yet feel any decrease of physical or mental power, I argued that it would be well to make use of the occasion by sending in my resignation, while yet in the fulness of health and strength, and leave my work, as it were, with flying colours, regretted by many or most of my pupils; without waiting until the infirmities of old age would justify the critics in saying that it was time for an old teacher to make room for younger men. Even as it was, I was fully convinced that a substitution of younger heads and hands would be more in keeping with the requirements of this age, which in some branches had entered upon new lines of study and application. At the same time, I felt that I had done something toward the building up of this school, at a time when its growth and popularity were uncertain, owing to many prejudices against it, which were nowhere stronger than in the city of Oswego itself. The school, under the judicious and honest direction of its worthy principal, never resorted to puffing advertisements, extolling its wonderful results, but stood and maintained itself by its own merits. It was recommended mainly by its own pupils, who felt happy in the working of a method which appealed to their own power of thought and

of reasoning, and did justice to their efforts in arriving at truth without a prescribed or memorized text from a book whose statements are seldom intelligently appreciated.

Conscious of the benefits derived from this new era in their educational career, the pupils also felt some love and gratitude towards those who assisted them in their task, and who sympathized with their labours and struggles, their failures and their successes. I speak in this way to show that no unpleasant relations, either with my pupils or colleagues, prompted me in my determination to leave the school at the end of the year. Financial considerations would have caused many to come to another decision, but did not weigh much with me, who was prepared to live in moderate circumstances, with the assistance of a helpful partner, and without any care for the support of children.

This absence of children sharing our home was partly made up by the presence of young people of both sexes, who occupied rooms in our house, and who were considered as members of our family. In this connection I can say that all those who have been thus situated, will give credit to my wife not only for skill in making them comfortable, but also for the help she gave to those who were afflicted with physical troubles, or who required aid and encouragement in their respective branches. She was also indefatigable in devising means by which good manners and taste for literary and scientific subjects could be fostered. Nor did she forget that the pleasures and plays of young people need not be absconded, but rather regulated and freed from coarseness or vulgarity. For this reason, social reunions were arranged — on some free evenings — in which even dancing was admitted for the sake of encouraging grace and lightness of movement, as well as politeness in social intercourse.

I mention these facts as a tribute to my wife for the good services she did in behalf of many pupils, some of whom owe chiefly to her the proper direction given to their moral and intellectual aspirations. This testimony is even now given to her from grate-

ful recipients of her motherly care. It is a strong refutation of some ministerial hints she received at one time in regard to the injurious effect of her liberal opinions in religion, which she had conscientiously adopted, but without any attempt at forcing them upon others. If trying to make people honest, truthful, and attentive to their duties, is a less religious act than turning fine phrases about religion, or making hollow dogmatic confessions a test of it, then we had better be reincarnated backwards towards an age when the application of fire or sword was thought necessary to carry out the Divine will, whose chief essence is really Love.

These reflections may also show that side by side with school routine, which is very much limited in regard to moral development and the cultivation of social manners, it is possible for intelligent parents or housekeepers to exercise a beneficent and lasting influence on young persons in their charge.

It might be inferred from this allusion to our domestic life and its influence on others, as well as from the cherished associations connected with our school, that it would be hard for me to break off suddenly these pleasant personal relations. There is, however, one thought that partly reconciles us to such a change: that in the fleeting scenes of this life, things and persons are continually changing; even if we occupy temporarily a stationary position, there is no great difference in the final outcome as to whether *we* leave our friends or *they* leave us, as was done by about fifty graduating classes, which in their aggregate numbered over twelve hundred members, while a great many left the school without graduating. Moreover, many of these have been snatched away by pitiless death; yea, the death-roll of my own contemporaries shows eight out of about thirty-two who have passed away, most of them in the prime of life.

It may be a distressing thought for many veterans in the cause of education, to give up their work on account of growing infirmities of old age; but I have already hinted that, as yet, I

never suffered from weakness or exhaustion. Some consideration of age, however, entered my mind, when, after twenty-five years of active work at the same school, I determined to make a long visit to my friends and relatives in Switzerland, which, as it would probably be the last, might be extended for one year. Prompted by a feeling of delicacy, I did not, at my age, choose to ask for leave of absence for such a length of time, and hence handed in my resignation a few days before completing the seventieth year of my life.

Considering all these things and circumstances, I attended to the duties of my work in a calm, hopeful spirit during the remainder of my engagement.

When the school assembled on the last morning of the term in the large hall for the *usual* devotional exercises, I found them accompanied with a somewhat *unusual* feature, of which I seemed to be the centre.

A young lady<sup>1</sup> ascended the platform, and after some appropriate remarks, in which my name and services formed the principal subject, a portrait was presented to Mr. Sheldon and the school, which, when the veil was withdrawn, revealed a likeness of myself, enlarged from a photograph (which, by the by, I never considered a good one). Mr. Sheldon, after responding to the presentation in the warm, fervid style which characterizes his utterances on such occasions, wished me to stay for a few minutes longer. Soon one of my favourite pupils<sup>2</sup> appeared on the stage, and in very affectionate terms presented me in the name of one of my classes with a beautiful field-glass, a very appropriate gift to one who would soon — on the wide sea or on his native mountains — endeavour to get a nearer view of outside objects, while his inner view would reveal to him the love and faithful attachment of former pupils.

And thus Hermann Krüsi II leaves a school which he has helped to build up, and which, like that which his father left

<sup>1</sup> Miss Sinnamon.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Chestnut.

seventy years ago, had acquired a national reputation. More fortunate than my father, whose resignation was the result of dissensions between Pestalozzi, Schmid, and other teachers, I was privileged to depart from the school in perfect harmony with its principal, my colleagues and pupils, with the feeling that our combined work had been blessed, and that the school will continue to flourish and march in the van of educational progress and reform, respected by an enlightened public, and fondly remembered by those who have partaken of the instruction meted out to them by their Alma Mater.

## POSTSCRIPT

I have already indicated in the preface that the recollections contained in this manuscript referred chiefly to the time when I was engaged in study or in teaching in various Normal schools in Switzerland, England, and the United States until 1887 — for which reason chiefly an allusion to my experiences in California is here omitted.

At the same time I have not been altogether outside of educational matters, more especially during my visits to Palo Alto at the invitation of my friends Prof. Earl Barnes, and his noble and gifted wife, Mary Sheldon Barnes, and at San José, where I occasionally visited the State Normal School. My many other visits made in California: to Los Angeles, Monte Rey, Mount Shasta, Mount Hamilton, Yosemite, etc., were, if not of an educational, yet of a very instructive character, of which I did not fail to avail myself. I must finally not forget to mention my pleasant association with my son's family, where, in the intercourse with the children — for instance as story-teller — even a grandfather may be able to impart some educational hints or suggestions.



**THE CLOSING YEARS, 1887-1903**

**BY THE EDITOR**



## THE CLOSING YEARS, 1887-1903

### CHAPTER I

#### VIEWs FROM MOUNT PISGAH: 1886-1887

To establish a better connection with the events last presented, selections from the Record antedating Mr. Krüsi's farewell to the Normal School are first given.

Dec. 4th, 1886. My wife read to me, on this pleasant Sunday morning, an excellent sermon, entitled: "Views from Mount Pisgah." This Mount Pisgah — as used there — symbolizes our periods when, from an elevated standpoint, we view our surroundings, past, present, and future, and frame thereby our plans and hopes. According to the preacher, fall or the beginning of winter is one of such "prospecting" periods. This is particularly true in my case. Behind me lies a useful period of nearly fifty years of teaching. Near me lies my present sphere of work, verging to its close, but not yet finished; here is also our house, garden, some good friends. Before us lies the prospect of living with our son Hermann in far-off California. According to his last letters, we may nourish a hope of seeing him soon in company with a dear wife at some cosy home.

Feb. 18, 1887. The marriage day was appointed on the 9th of February, sooner than we anticipated. This caused naturally some commotion in our hearts, a mutual dispatch of letters and congratulations, and a hurried dispatch of presents for the great occasion. I contributed, among other things, a valuable relic of my father, *i.e.*, the large silver cup presented to him on the fiftieth anniversary of his work as a teacher — by his pupils; which, after his death, fell to me as his eldest son, and now was transferred to mine; *i.e.*, from Hermann, grandfather, to Hermann, son, and to Hermann, grandson.

On the 9th of February, knowing that the marriage ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock by San Francisco time, we stayed

up till eleven o'clock, to celebrate in our mind the day when we were blessed with a *new daughter*, and had one of our dear hopes fulfilled; *i.e.*, that of seeing our dear son in a home of his own, loving and beloved, with a higher object in life than ever before. We are delighted to see how the two young people seem to love and to *esteem* each other. The former seems natural and may be based on fallacious evidence, but the latter has deeper roots, and promises well for the future. We were in mind with them on their marriage trip to the beautiful region of Monterey, where they could wander among fine groves and breathe the scent of roses; but more than this, our plans of joining them in California have become more definite, for two reasons: because a married man is more likely to *cling* to his home and that of his wife, and second, because the presence of such an efficient worker and helper as my wife may prove very acceptable, whilst I, with my contemplative and unruffled state of mind, will at least try to be as little burden to others as I am to myself. Hence I say with all my heart, and with a strong hope: "God bless the union of our children!"

It must necessarily depend on Fate as to *when* we parents shall be ready to be with our children. After next July, when my connection with the Normal School ceases, two questions will have to be settled: first, some disposition about placing funds, by which a moderate income is secured; and second, the sale of our house and property here.

On the other hand, I am seriously contemplating whether — before placing six thousand miles between myself and my native country — I ought not to visit the latter before it is too late, either on account of my age, or because one or the other of my sisters and brother may be passing away. If Johannes Küng, on his way from Sumatra, should pass through America, I am almost determined to accompany him, — and stay till next year. There may be some other drawback to such a plan; *i.e.*, the unsettled condition of Europe, when all the great and little powers are arming themselves to the teeth, as if they expected a general war. I confess that I do not yet believe in it, since the figures on the European chess-board seem to be so placed that any imprudent move of one power might lead to a check-mate.

March 12th, 1887. This being Father's birthday, I like to dwell on pleasant reflections. When I think of my present age

and the bright anticipations with which I entered the world at the time when Father's birthday was kept as a festival reunion — and then of the near future, when I may again return to my first home, the land of my youth, I am strongly reminded of the reflections which Victor Scheffel makes on the occasion of the leave-taking of his hero, Ekkehard, from St. Gallen: —

"How full of hope and joy is he who in the days of youth goes out on unknown paths to meet an unknown future! With the wide world before him, blue sky overhead, and the heart fresh and trusting, as if his walking-stick must produce leaves and blossoms wherever he plants it in the ground, and must bear happiness in the shape of golden apple-boughs. Walk merrily on! The day will come when thou, also, shalt drag thyself wearily along on the dusty high-roads; when thy staff will be but a dry withered stick, when thy face will be pale and worn, and the children will be pointing their fingers at thee, laughing and asking: 'Where are thy golden apples?'"

And yet — without making a pun — I see my golden apples in Golden Gate Avenue near the Pacific, where my newly married children reside, and in the midst of their happiness think occasionally of the distant parents. You hardly can realize, dear Ida, what pleasure the passage in your last letter gave to us, in which you expressed your trust in Hermann and your gratitude to those who attended to his education.

## CHAPTER II

### SUMMARY OF THE PERIOD, 1887-1903

AT this point a summary of the remaining events of Professor Krüsi's life will be of service, as a background for quotations to be made from the Record. The year 1887-1888 was spent in Europe, where Mrs. Krüsi joined him for the final few months, making a second trip to Italy with him. The year 1888-1889 was passed in his old Oswego home, in quiet study, writing, and other diversion, waiting for an opportunity to sell the homestead, in prospect of making a permanent residence in California.

In the fall of 1889, no sale having been effected, it seemed best for Professor Krüsi to find a change of scene, and accordingly he was obliged to depart alone for California, cherishing the hope that it would not be long before Mrs. Krüsi, having realized the desired sale, could join him.

The house was finally sold in the summer of 1890, but, unfortunately, the great age and infirmity of Aunt Cyrene, who still clung to her old home in Minot, living there alone, made it imperative that Mrs. Krüsi should for the present give up the idea of going to California, and devote herself to this aunt, who had always stood in a mother's stead to her. Mrs. Krüsi's strong sense of duty in this direction caused her to remain steadfastly at her post with her aunt until the death of the latter in 1898. Meanwhile, Professor Krüsi divided his time between his California home with his son in Alameda, his wife's abiding-place in Minot, and the homes of various friends whose doors were always open to welcome him. Chief among these friends, should be mentioned Mr. Robert M. Rogers, an "old Oswego boy" residing for some



THE KRÜSI HOMESTEAD, OSWEGO, NEW YORK  
Occupied by Hermann Krüsi 2d and his family from 1868 to 1890



years in Chicago, later in Evanston, Ill. (now in New York); Mrs. Rhoda Smith Austin (Morton, N. Y.), and Dr. Leroy D. Farnham, (Binghamton, N. Y.) both Oswego graduates, elsewhere referred to by Professor Krüsi. Mrs. Krüsi's brother, Dr. Dunham of Rockland, Mass., and other New England relatives, also entertained both Mr. and Mrs. Krüsi most hospitably on various occasions.

The monotony of Professor Krüsi's existence in California, without stated occupation, was much relieved by his self-imposed studies and by various trips, but especially by occasional visits to educational institutions on the Pacific coast; notably Leland Stanford University, where Prof. Earl Barnes and his wife Mary Sheldon Barnes were located, and were always proud to introduce Professor Krüsi as a speaker to their classes of students; and San José Normal School, where he was warmly welcomed by an early Oswego graduate, Miss Mary J. Titus (now Mrs. Hazelton). He mentions enthusiastically a visit to Pasadena where he was shown the greatest courtesy and honour by the Superintendent of Schools, Prof. William S. Munro, and by a prominent Oswego graduate, Mrs. Clara A. Burr.

His Record speaks feelingly of the deep enjoyment experienced in addressing classes of students at these several places. He then seemed in his natural element, and realized the full strength of his powers, unabated by age.

His time was divided as follows between the East and the West:  
California: 1889–1893.

Chicago, Minot, and other Eastern points: 1893–1894.

Minot (winter): 1894–1895, here writing his Autobiography.

California: 1895–1897.

Minot: 1897–1898.

Rockland, Mass. (winter): 1898–1899.

The utter collapse of Mrs. Krüsi's health after her aunt's death (1898) and the labour of closing the old house, caused a delay of their intended return to California, which resulted in

their spending the winter, as above, in the home of Mrs. Krüsi's brother, and then gradually making the westward trip, stopping for longer or shorter visits at various homes which were gladly made theirs while they would consent to remain. The chief of these have already been mentioned. Professor Krüsi speaks with great warmth of the shorter visits made in other places, where old pupils welcomed and perhaps fêted him, during this trip; namely, in Hamilton, N. Y., where he was entertained at the home of Prof. Eugene Sisson of Colgate Academy ("the most beloved teacher in that school," says Krüsi); Cortland, N. Y., where he made an interesting visit to his old pupils Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitmore; in Buffalo, where he renewed old memories with Mrs. Mary Hunt Stickney, whose achievements as a teacher and a traveller aroused his warm admiration; with Mrs. Lena Hill Severance, whose services as a public worker in educational enterprises for the State, and whose ever genial personality, entitled her to the special mention he makes of her, — also with other Oswego alumni and old friends; and in Mankato, Minn., where he was overwhelmed with the hospitable kindness of the veteran teacher, Mrs. Defransa Hall Swann, of Mrs. Anna Sackett Brown, and Mrs. Minnie Sweetland Parry. The termination of this journey united the aged couple for the remainder of their days in a domicile of their own near their son's residence in Alameda.

## CHAPTER III

### SELECTIONS FROM THE RECORD, 1888-1895

JUST following his return from his last trip to Europe, Professor Kriisi wrote in his Record book, under date of 22d Oct., 1888:

When on a visit to my sister Mina, as I was turning over the leaves of an album, a little note, written on birch-bark, fell to the floor. This note on further examination proved to be the postscript of a letter from dear Gertie, written to me when I visited Switzerland in 1878, beginning with these words:

“When are you coming home?” The following was my answer, about seven years after her death.

#### 1

I have read thy message, darling,  
Inscribed on a birch-tree's bark,  
And it sounded like distant music,  
Like the warbling of merry lark.

#### 2

I am coming home, my daughter,  
When my pilgrimage is o'er,  
When the heart which still goes beating  
Will quicken the pulse no more.

#### 3

Among my native mountains  
My foot once more does roam,  
But ever my thoughts do wander  
To the other well-loved home.

#### 4

Where on the stool, now deserted,  
I see my blooming maid,  
Who to the returning father  
Once “Alpenglühn” played.

5

Oh! presage full of meaning,  
 That soon, when the sun sinks low,  
 A rosy, softening lustre  
 The way to Heaven will show.

6

And there, my beloved daughter,  
 I see thee smiling and fair,  
 Preparing a home for thy dear ones  
 That's free from sorrow and care.

7

I'm coming home, sweet Gertie,  
 When my work on earth is done,  
 When the soul through earnest struggle  
 May feel that the Victory's won.

GAIS, March 23, 1888.

After the description of his second trip to California (1889) he concludes:

The next pleasant sight of my journey I had in finding at Oakland my son Hermann waiting for me, more hale and robust than ever, and apparently delighted to see his father after three years of absence. My own feelings can be imagined, more especially when I entered my son's elegant cottage and was received by his amiable wife and mother-in-law. The beautiful and intelligent baby, with his winning smile and cheerful prattle, seemed also to welcome his old grandfather, who, on the first of November, concluded his wanderings westward, and installed himself in the comfortable room prepared for him, which looks out into a grove of evergreen oaks. . . .

After becoming settled in his son's home, he says: —

26th Nov., 1889. I have solved a great many mathematical problems during the time when I was teaching Geometry, and now I have another problem of a different kind presented to me; viz., how to pass my time profitably and pleasantly without any regular occupation. Up to this time I have always been in the habit, in times of vacation or other leisure periods, of working at



HERMANN KRÜSI, 3d  
*Vice-President Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf Co.*  
From a photograph taken in Manila in 1906



some literary subject, whose items stood in some logical connection, so as to enable me to take up the thread of my reflections. At one time it was my Drawing Course, at another my Geometry, and then again my work on Pestalozzi, and — last winter — my work on Educational Reformers, which supplied me with materials for thought and investigation.

Here follows an extended description of his occupations in Alameda, reading at the public library, walking to various points of interest, and watching the operations of the Dredging and Bridge-Building Company (San Francisco Bridge Company), of which his son was Vice-president.<sup>1</sup> In the following spring occurs this passage, closing the account of his winter's trips to other places in the State:—

I cannot close my reminiscences of the past spring, without alluding to the pleasure I received in reading Cervantes' *Don Quixote* in the original Spanish. It gave me the two things I have always craved for during the latter part of my life, viz.: (1) a connected subject to be taken up further ahead every successive day; and (2) a task to which to apply my ingenuity. In this case it is not always easy to decipher the meaning of terms used hundreds of years ago, and a language to some extent permeated with idioms and proverbial expressions current in the vocabulary of the people. I do not consider my time lost in engaging in such an occupation, however poor may be the prospect of ever using the Spanish language. The main thing is to keep the mind engaged, so as to preserve it from rustiness and the creeping effects of mental sickness and death. Although the air-castles of *Don Quixote* are very different from mine, since the age of knight errants passed away long ago, yet as a kind of knight-errant pedagogue and thinker on many subjects, there may arise occasionally visions in my mind not always in keeping with reality. Moreover, the sunny climate of California, and its natural scenery, with its relics of Spanish occupation, is not an uncongenial

<sup>1</sup> At this date, 1906, Vice-President Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Company and Manager of the Manila Office. This company have engineered the government harbour works at Manila, Yazoo Canal (near Vicksburg), various bridges and wharves all over the Pacific coast, dredging for harbour works on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts and at Honolulu. — ED.

soil for appreciating the wanderings of Don Quixote through regions of a semi-tropical vegetation, interspersed with rocky mountains and gorges. I shall — at the seashore — proceed with the reading of the second book of that strange story, whose author displays such an immense store of knowledge — history, poetry, philosophy, husbandry, politics, war, etc. — that it tends to encourage your studies in various directions, as every really classic production is apt to do.

8th July, 1890. Pacific Grove, near Bay of Monterey. I am going through another stage of idle, dreaming, and contemplative existence. The shores of this beautiful bay, the blue mirror of its waters under a sky of immaculate clearness, the balmy atmosphere, and the placid calmness all around, may occasionally bring to one's mind the idea of a terrestrial Paradise. There seems to be a solemn stillness and repose in the shadow of those trees, whose huge trunks are enwrapped with ivy, whilst the dark blue of the sky — seen through the massive crown of their foliage — and the murmuring of the waters in the Bay, inspire you with the idea of communing with Nature in her loveliest mood, and through it with a wise and good Creator. In this "garden of Paradise," it is true, the animals are mostly wanting, which is no drawback, considering that the beasts of to-day do not behave as well as those of the Paradisical epoch have done, according to the belief of devout and credulous readers of the Old Testament. Of one thing I am more and more convinced, *i.e.*, that the curse supposed to have been uttered against Adam and Eve — on account of an insignificant dereliction of appetite — proved a blessing, or rather, there was no curse: but the destiny of man to labour is a necessity dictated by his wants and is the cause of innumerable joys; a condition of life, which requires that all the faculties of man should receive a healthy exercise and should be constantly fed by the study, examination, and proper handling of the objects which a bountiful nature has scattered around. Could an idle existence in a supposed Paradise ever succeed in making one consider it in that light for any length of time? It may be pleasant for a poetical mind to sit musingly under the shades of a tree, or to contemplate, from a cliff towering above the waters, the changing phases of the sea, and listen to the murmur of the waves; but soon there would be some yearning for activity and for some usefulness towards others.

I make these reflections during the week when I have reached my seventy-third year, and when I naturally seem to have closed my active career after nearly fifty years devoted to educational matters. But being blessed with an unusual amount of strength and vitality, I feel that the physical powers, which even now enable me to take long walks, and to perform many operations without getting tired, would also be sufficient to pursuing my former active work.

During the early part of 1891 note is made of the death of Oberst Pestalozzi, the last direct descendant of the great reformer.

April 20th, 1891. The more I approach the unavoidable goal towards which we are all tending, the less importance the mundane matters around me seem to have, so that my records will become shorter, until they die out entirely. My main occupation for the last months consisted mainly in settling my affairs. This was also the case in my two last literary performances, one of them being a record of my reminiscences of Pestalozzians I happened to meet in Switzerland, Germany, England, and America; and the other, a re-writing of my course in Philosophy of Education. The former I was induced to do as probably the only surviving son of one of the first friends and assistants of Pestalozzi; and the latter, because I wished to leave behind no garbled résumé of that work allotted to me in the Oswego Normal School, which gave me the greatest satisfaction, and which still does so on account of the interest which these subjects concerning the soul have for me, and because of the pleasant remembrances they are apt to conjure up.

13th Dec., 1891. Many of the writings of Pestalozzi I never read in my youth, but since my brother Gottlieb sent me the fifteen volumes of Seyffarth's edition, I not only read, but study them, and according to my custom write down my remarks chiefly for my own benefit — in the German language — because the mother-tongue appears now the most congenial, both for recollection and expression. It is possible that the occupation I have imposed on myself may end with my life, and there is some consolation in the thought that my last reflections will be connected with a subject which a son of the first collaborator of Pestalozzi ought to cherish until his end.

7th Feb., 1892. The occupation I have imposed on myself

in regard to Pestalozzi's work has not ended with my life<sup>1</sup> but has come yesterday to a temporary end with the review of Pestalozzi's "Lebenschicksale," the whole filling about seven hundred pages of manuscript (Commercial note size) which, after re-reading them once more, I shall send to brother Gottlieb, to dispose of them as he thinks best. It will be seen that I have not been idle during the mornings of the past half-year, and it is probable that I shall undertake a similar task in regard to *Swiss history* if my brother sends me a copy of Dändliker's work, which to some extent is based upon sources that were not accessible at the time of my youth. . . .

Among the "red-letter" experiences of his trip to the East in 1893, he alludes with great pleasure to a reception given him by the members of the Western Alumni Association of the Oswego Normal, at the home of Miss Frances McChesney, in Englewood, a suburb of Chicago. Referring to his residence in the fall of 1893 for a few months at Minot, he writes:—

The comment I am going to make on the three or four months spent in a place somewhat uncongenial to my tastes and habits will greatly explain the original aversion I felt to leaving California for the East, in spite of the but too long separation from my wife. I knew from previous experience that in a place like Minot there would be neither social nor literary privileges. I would have to give up my accustomed walks and rambles, partly on account of the dust and mud in the badly kept roads in spring and summer, and of deep snow in winter. In the otherwise comfortable house of Aunt Cyrene, I should miss the animating presence of young people and of children, and have to pass the days and evenings unenlivened by play or music or cheerful entertainment, chiefly in reading or writing or in some physical work, rather for the sake of gymnastic exercise than for valuable assistance. Knowing this, and always hoping that my wife would join me in California at no distant time, I was a long time hesitating whether to go East or to stay. I am compelled to say, that on the whole the time at Minot passed rather rapidly; during which I could not but admire the extreme zeal and faithfulness with which my wife performed

<sup>1</sup> Professor Krüsi here makes this memorandum: "N.B. I am reading this passage twelve years after it was written, i.e., in 1902."

her duties in the interest and for the care of her aged aunt, bearing patiently the frequent criticising remarks of an old person, who had had the management of house and kitchen in her hands for more than sixty years, and hence viewed and performed all of the operations from the standard of habit and custom, to the exclusion of all argument.

The quietness of my present abode makes it a very good place for study, and, I may add, for sleep to the music of a murmuring river — the little Androscoggin — near whose shores I have frequently performed some wood-cutting operations, or helped to gather apples from the many trees in Aunt Cyrene's meadow.

For study I had set me a task which allowed me to commune with departed spirits of noble men in my own country. For instance, I made quotations and reflections on the principal works of Pestalozzi. I also translated a very interesting treatise of Morf, called "Pestalozzi" (or rather Pestalozzianism) "in Spain"; and lastly a pamphlet referring to the exodus of thousands of poor children during the hard times connected with the French Revolution, in which exodus my late father was an actor as the guide of one of these transports.

I need not say that the newspapers were always welcome on account of the interesting items supplied by the World's Fair, the great business panic and financial condition of the country, made worse by the selfish or bungling actions of legislators in Congress, who acted in direct contradiction to the great republican motto, that the majority should rule.

Early in this winter (1893-4) he returned from Minot to Chicago, spending there some months in the home of Mr. Robert M. Rogers. In the account of his trip back to Minot occurs this passage:—

June 11, 1894. What shall I say of this my second visit in Oswego, after leaving the city and our old home for California? True, the old home seemed neglected and was occupied by persons whom I did not care to visit; but the home built up by love and mutual esteem was still standing intact. If Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon had been our staunch friends for many years, they were now even more so, since time and circumstances had broken down that barrier of professional reserve which the principal of a school has

to maintain occasionally in order to secure freedom and impartiality of action. Now I found in both these cherished persons nothing but brotherly and sisterly confidence, and was delighted to see their strength and enthusiasm unbroken, and bearing new fruits in house and school. The reception granted me by the pupils of the school (to whom I was personally unknown except by reputation) was extremely gratifying. I was also very much pleased to be received by the new members of the faculty almost as an old acquaintance. And why not? For there is a firmer acquaintance between *kindred minds* — even personally unknown to each other — than among those merely united by social or professional ties. Thus, for instance, I felt at once so attracted by the thoroughly rational and effective teaching of the recently appointed Professor Piez, that I attended several of his lessons. The pupils themselves feel the magnetic influence of a teacher moved by enthusiasm and interest for a subject which he uses not only as a means of increase of knowledge, but for mental and moral elevation.

On the whole, the exterior arrangements of the school, especially in the Kindergarten and Industrial departments, seemed to be on a higher plane than ever before. The abolition of the Classical department of old and modern languages may not have affected the attendance of pupils generally, but certainly that of young men. What made me feel quite at home were the intelligent, interested faces of the ladies of a History class, when, at the request of the teacher, I addressed them on a subject connected with Swiss history. Indeed it seemed to me, as if I had to continue my work, which I left seven years ago without any consciousness of failing power, but simply because I thought myself old enough at the age of seventy to give way to younger men. By way of punishment or comfort nearly all of my Oswego friends persist in assuring me that I have not got a day older since the day of my leaving the school.

His autobiography begun in Minot in Autumn, 1894, was finished on the sixth of April, 1895, and his temporarily neglected Record Book was resumed.

10th April, 1895. The rise of the Androscoggin River, and an electric plant to be erected at the foot of the fall for the increase



LE ROY KRÜSI

Son of Hermann Krüsi, 3d, age twelve. Photograph taken in 1906



of power in a leather-board mill, have produced a little variety to the usual monotony. Aunt Cyrene sits for hours at her window, to witness the rise of the water as well as the progress of the work. I sometimes wonder at the old lady, who has looked for sixty years out of the same window, and who seems to feel a curiosity or interest for everything, even for the smallest object, which she may have seen a thousand times before, and with which she has no visible relation. A passage in Heine's "Harzreise," which accidentally came before my eyes, seemed to give an explanation of the riddle: "Die steinalte, zitternde Frau, die dem grossen Schranke gegenüber, hinterm Ofen sass, mag dort schon ein halb Jahrhundert gesessen haben, und ihr Denken und Fühlen ist gewiss innig verwachsen mit allen Ecken dieses Ofens und allen Schnitzeleien dieses Schrankes. *Doch Schrank und Ofen leben für sie, denn ein Mensch hat ihnen einen Thiel seiner Seele eingeflösst.*" ("The aged, trembling woman, who sat behind the stove opposite the great cabinet, may have been sitting there for the past fifty years, and her innermost thoughts and sentiments have doubtless grown over and around and into every corner of this stove, and every carved detail of this cabinet — *Yea, cabinet and stove live for her, for a human being has infused a part of his soul into them.*")

On the other hand, the feelings of youth, especially in spring time, appeal to an imagination which may be called poetical or creative. It is again Heine, who says, prompted by a loving sentiment: "Love, Immortality! I felt suddenly such warmth in my breast, that I thought the geographers had changed the place of the equator, and had laid it so as to pass through my heart. And from my heart feelings of love penetrated longingly the darkness of the night. The flowers in the garden and before my window seemed to increase their odours. Odours are the feelings of flowers and as the hearts of men beat stronger when darkness and silence surround them, then also do the flowers, with maidenly shame, exhale their feelings in the night through their sweet scents."

20th May. The time for leaving this place for California is rapidly approaching. The occasion which it seemed best for me to make use of was when Mr. Sheldon informed me that he intended to visit California about July 3d with his wife and sister. I need not say that I was glad at the prospect of joining this company, although sorry that my wife did not seem ready to start at

the above time, but intended to do so later, after spending some months — for her health — in the mountainous region of Colorado.

But whatever directions Fate will give, I shall follow them with calm confidence, having been convinced by all my more important experiences that they have been for my best.

## CHAPTER IV

### MEMORABLE DAYS, 1896-1897

Alameda, 17th March, 1896. The interval between the last day of the year and the present day did not pass without some interesting and partly exciting events.

For instance, the 12th January was a day celebrated in Switzerland and many parts of Germany as the 150th anniversary of Pestalozzi's birth. One glorious feature for the memory of the celebrated Swiss philanthropist and reformer was the co-operation of the Swiss and some Cantonal Governments in the celebration — besides that of a great number of schools and societies. Zürich, his native city, took the lead, and started the idea of the erection of a statue to the memory of one of their greatest fellow-citizens. A great number of pamphlets, of which some were sent to me by brother Gottlieb, still further tended to refresh his memory among the people. Although separated by more than six thousand miles from this celebration, yet I, the oldest son of the oldest assistant of Pestalozzi, took part in it in my heart and soul, happy in the thought that I have contributed my mite in the dissemination of his method and principles, and that in many gratified pupils, and in their work, I can see the blessed fruit of my work.

My father's birthday, 12th March, which we used to celebrate at Gais, when all the members of the family were living, brought out vividly the fact, that of that family of children *four* are missing.<sup>1</sup>

A week afterwards I received the news of the death of an old friend, Mrs. E. A. Sheldon, of whom, hardly six months ago, I took leave at the Oakland depot, when she seemed to be in apparently good health. She was one of the noblest women I have ever known, a faithful consort and helpmate to her husband, a loving and intelligent mother to her children, a cheerful and sympathizing friend to all who came in contact with her. Her memory will be blessed!

<sup>1</sup> Sisters Mina and Gertrude among the number. — ED.

Minot, Maine, 31st Aug., 1897. Here I am once more, in rural Minot, after having traversed about four thousand miles, by sea and land, passed through the exciting scenes of a birthday celebration, given to me after having completed the eightieth year of my life; made visits to many good friends at Oswego, Morton, Charlotte, Hamilton, Hoosick Falls, Rockland, Portsmouth, and Ogunquit.

The birthday celebration alluded to was tendered to him as a complete surprise by the Principal and Faculty of the Oswego school. The following extracts are taken from the account given by an Oswego paper.

To Dr. E. A. Sheldon had been assigned the pleasant duty of presenting Professor Krüsi with a beautiful loving cup on behalf of the faculty and alumni of the Normal School, and this presentation followed the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." Dr. Sheldon's address was as follows:

"Nothing could be more befitting than this assembly of teachers and friends on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of our old teacher, friend, and comrade, Mr. Hermann Krüsi. For twenty-five years he was a teacher in this school, during which time many hundreds came under his influence in the class-room, who are, for the most part, still living witnesses to his skill as a teacher and his nobility of character as a man. His knowledge of educational principles was manifest in his careful analysis of every subject. Beginning always with the simplest elements and proceeding in a clear and logical way, step by step, he never failed to interest his students and give them a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the subject taught.

"By his simplicity of character, his strong sympathy for his pupils, his sense of justice, his uprightness, integrity, and purity of life, he won every heart, and no one ever went away from the school who did not love Mr. Krüsi most dearly.

"In an educational way he has been to this generation the most interesting man of this century. So far as our knowledge goes he is the only man living who links the great educational movements of the past with the present. He was born in the very midst of the greatest educational reformation the world has ever seen.

His father was associated with the great Swiss reformer, Pestalozzi, and comes down to us in history as one of the movers in the wonderful educational awakening of that time. At a later day he established a Normal School of his own for the training of teachers in the doctrines of Pestalozzi. In this school of his father our beloved Krüsi was trained, and he imbibed from his birth the educational principles that have ever characterized his work as a teacher, and which have done so much in giving direction and character to the work of our school. He has been one of its strongest pillars and has added greatly to its usefulness and reputation.

"When he resigned, a strong educational force went out from our school. We could never fully understand the reason for his resignation. He was still in the full vigour of manhood, in full possession of all the vigorous faculties of both body and mind that ever characterized him. He had never been absent from his post for a single day, and had never manifested the slightest indication of weakening either physically or mentally, and was in every way just as capable of doing his work at the end as at the beginning of his term of service. Being of an active imagination, he may have fancied that he was growing old, or remembering the Biblical record as to the usual limit of human life, imagined that he, like ordinary mortals, was approaching that limit and would prepare for it by giving up his life work of his own free will, rather than wait for any compulsion that might terminate it. It is now ten years since his resignation, and to look at him one might well imagine that he had found the fountain of youth and had been spending these years in bathing in its waters.

"Mr. Krüsi, we turn to you for an explanation. We would like to understand the secret of growing young and growing old both at the same time. Please tell us how it is? We would like to go and do likewise. We are interested also to hear the story of the long time ago of the days of Pestalozzi and the elder Krüsi. Some other things in your life we know better about and can understand. For a quarter of a century our associations with you were of the most intimate and endearing character, and we find no difficulty in interpreting the power that won the hearts of all your pupils and linked them to you by indubitable ties. The only explanation possible is that you loved your work and your pupils. Nothing but love could produce such results as we wit-

ness to-day. Although many years have elapsed since your pupils met you in the class-room, and they have been scattered up and down the land and have taken on new avocations and new interests, the love for their teacher lives in their lives. Knowing that his eightieth birthday was approaching, and that day would be spent at the home of their Alma Mater, they expressed a desire to give some objective evidence of their love, and have chosen this loving cup as a befitting token of the love they bear for you, and have requested your old comrade and fellow-worker, in their behalf, to present it to you. Please accept it as a message from a multitude of loving hearts, who are the conquest of your life.

"And to you, Mrs. Krüsi, who have been a helpmate, in a way that no one can understand who has not been an eye-witness, who have relieved him of every care and burden that he might give his whole strength and undivided thought to his life-work, who have been to so many of our pupils a mother, and have shown them so many kindnesses, and given so much encouragement to many a struggling soul, I am requested to present this pin and these flowers as an expression of the love and gratitude that goes out to you for your many acts of loving kindness, and helpful words and deeds."

Mrs. I. B. Poucher followed, presenting Mr. Krüsi with a large bundle of letters of congratulation which she had received as secretary of the alumni association. She assured him that they had all been answered. The following letter was read as an illustration of the many that had been received:

"I know of nothing better to send as my individual greeting for the occasion, than a few lines from the poem Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote for Whittier's seventieth birthday. Please say them to Mr. Krüsi for me:

" ' What story is this of the day of his birth?  
Let him live to a hundred, we want him on earth!  
One life has been paid him (in gold) by the sun:  
One account has been squared and another begun;  
But he never will die, if he lingers below  
Till we've paid him in love half the balance we owe.' "

SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Class of June, '73.

Chicago.

Mrs. Mary Sheldon Barnes was the next speaker. She spoke

most tenderly of the pleasant memories that clustered around her early association with the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Krüsi. To her their home was like a world of romance, because through pictures and books and conversation she saw the beauties of Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and other Old World countries. She spoke of the delightful Christmas treats for the children; of the inspiring influences of the reading circles started by Mrs. Krüsi. She said one of her earliest recollections was that of lying in an orchard reading a copy of Faust lent her by her beloved teacher. The delights of the acquaintance were traced through the association with Mr. and Mrs. Krüsi in foreign travel, and their pleasant neighbouring in California, down to the present time; and the conviction expressed that although they might be parted for a time they would be sure to meet again somewhere.

Prof. Earl Barnes followed with most excellent remarks upon the personality of Mr. Krüsi, speaking of him as one whose life had the right ring in it, as one in whom a strong, central idea dominated the life and cast its beneficent influence upon all around him. He spoke of him as a man who dared to live, and to live broadly; as one standing in every way for a strong, vigorous, practical, intelligent expression of life. His life in Oswego was referred to as one embodying always an atmosphere of learned leisure.

The last address of the evening was made by Rev. Wayland G. Bassett, of Brooklyn, representing the alumni association of Greater New York, and bearing to Mr. Krüsi their greetings. Mr. Bassett spoke very warmly of Professor Krüsi's work and influence, saying that New York is greater to-day and will be greater in the future because of the direct personal influence of Mr. Krüsi, and that which has spread itself out more broadly through his pupils. His teaching and example in endeavouring to make of his pupils all-round men and women was commented upon. Turning then to Mr. Krüsi, an interesting scene took place, when, the handles of the loving cup being grasped by Professor Krüsi, Dr. Sheldon, and Mr. Bassett, the speaker in most eloquent words "poured into the cup the love, good-will and blessing of the alumni of the school, thus filling it to overflowing!"

## NOTES

The loving cup presented to Professor Krüsi is of elegant workmanship, of solid silver with gold lining, and bears upon it the following inscription :

To  
HERMANN KRUSI  
for twenty-five years a Teacher in the  
Oswego State Normal and Training School  
from the  
Faculty and Alumni in Loving  
Remembrance of the Past.  
Oswego, New York,  
June 24th, 1897.

The pin presented to Mrs. Krüsi was a beautiful diamond pin.

The same entry in the Record which details the events of the trip, including the birthday incident, concludes as follows:—

The very first news we received by telegraph after our arrival here was the death of our dearly beloved friend, Dr. Sheldon. . . . On witnessing the universal sorrow of a vast circle of friends, one might apply the sentiment which he expressed regarding my work and influence on the occasion of my eightieth birthday: "Nothing but love could produce such results!" . . .

## CHAPTER V

### FAREWELL TO MINOT

Minot, 15th July, 1898. *Her task is done*, since on the morning of the 12th July — after a two days' severe sickness on account of congestion of the lungs, aggravated by weakness caused by old age — Aunt Cyrene was called hence at the ripe age of ninety-six years and six months.

My wife, who during nine years has bravely struggled through all the difficulties of her position, has at last been released from her task, and might now, at her entrance into old age, enjoy her liberty by visiting with me many good old friends, and finally settle at or near the home of our son Hermann in far-off California.

In November, 1898, we find Professor and Mrs. Krüsi still in Minot, owing to the delay caused by a serious illness of Mrs. Krüsi. In his description of this sad period occur the following graphic passages:—

Nov., 1898. During this period of care and anxiety I had time to make many reflections, to which I will refer here by classifying them in several chapters, partly in the shape of monologues. This — to me — unusual form of presentation may be considered as an outcome of the unusual situation, in which I found myself placed during Carrie's sickness.

These reflections are classified into "first, second, and third series." The first, entitled "First series of reflections some days after Aunt Cyrene's death and burial," consists partly of a repetition, in slightly different form, of matter before presented; and refers partly to private family matters. This series is omitted, as also the third.

*Second Series of Reflections, During my Wife's Sickness*

The scene has not changed. It is true that Carrie never was quite confined to her bed, but generally managed to be dressed towards noon; but it was a sad sight to see her so emaciated, and moving about with great difficulty owing to the extreme weakness to which she was reduced, after many years of vigorous house-keeping.

*A Morning Scene During the First Weeks of Carrie's Sickness*

I come down from my room ready to do the necessary chores, first in bringing up wood, making fire in the kitchen stove. I then try my skill in making the beds, and await Carrie's directions for getting up a decent breakfast, or, more concisely stated, for making the coffee. If anything more is wanted in the cooking line, my wife, sitting in a chair, has to give minute directions as to handing her such and such an article or ingredient, some having new names — at least to me — while I have some difficulty in getting acquainted with the localities where they had been placed by my order-loving wife. Of course, the dishes, tables, etc., have to be cleaned and errands performed, which oblige me to ascend the steps up and down the cellar or wood-shed a great number of times, not to speak of my periodical excursions to get the mail, or the incidental ones to go to one of the neighbours for some purpose. When my wife feels well enough to listen, I have to perform the office of reader — either from a newspaper or the "Outlook" — an office to which, in order to save my eyes, she had formerly devoted herself, more especially by lamp-light. All these occupations keep me rather busy during a part of the day, and cause me to feel sleepy at an early hour of night; but at the same time, I feel that they are rather instructive — for one is never too old to learn — and moreover there is a pleasant feeling in the fact of being able to give a helpful hand during the trying time of my wife's sickness, and to be able to do so in spite of my advanced age. They have also tended to dispel some gloomy thoughts which threatened to enter my soul on account of the probable outcome of her malady.

*A Night Scene*

I awake from a pretty sound sleep, for this blessing has been granted to me, that I can forget for many hours the saddening

thoughts called up by my present situation. At the same time, anxiety with its light slumber makes my senses — especially that of hearing — more sensitive to outward impressions. I wonder whether the signal (knocking the floor with a stick) has been given, or is likely to be heard soon, and in order to be sure of the fact, I descend to the bedroom of the invalid below, and find generally something to do, although she bears her pains and bodily disturbances patiently and without complaint. Returning to my couch and musing for some time before falling asleep — I feel some apprehension in regard to the duration of her disease, which has but slightly abated, and in the absence of a doctor's care and advice seems to have but little chance of being reached. The state of things just alluded to is caused partly by my wife's inability to keep any medicine in her stomach and partly by her lack of confidence in the judgment of the village doctor, who, although a good and estimable man, is a great "gabbler," whose endless talks about the merits of this or that remedy become tiresome. At the same time you are anxious to know how the great emaciation and weakness of the patient can be relieved under her inability to retain food in her stomach. Her appearance is certainly calculated to raise great apprehension regarding a speedy recovery. Coupled with this thought is another, that our stay in Minot may be indefinitely prolonged, far away from our relatives, and lacking many comforts in a home almost deprived of its furniture, and hence presenting a desolate appearance — and in a place where it is difficult to get appropriate food, for instance, meat; while for bread, cakes, or pies we are absolutely dependent on some kind neighbour, as well as for other services for which we would be willing to pay.

I do not dare to dwell on a thought most painful to contemplate — as to what I should do, if I were left alone, to mourn her loss and to attend to all the formalities necessary before leaving a place to which a singular and unusual decree of fate has fettered my wife for eight years, and myself during several periods of more or less long duration for three or six months at a time. Being of a hopeful disposition, I try to dismiss the above thoughts by drawing comfort from the sentiment expressed in a German poem:

Befiehl du deine Wege  
Und was dein Herze kränkt  
Der allerhöchsten Pflege  
Dess, der dein Schicksal lenkt,  
etc.

Commend thou thy ways, and whate'er grieves thy heart, to the supreme care of Him who directs thy fate.

Within this calm confidence, I fall asleep again and rest until near six o'clock, ready for my multifarious duties of the coming day.

The following extract from the description of the final trip westward will be of interest.

Speaking once more of the Normal School, it was a pleasure to find it in a prosperous condition under the able management of Mr. Poucher and the instruction of many capable teachers. They, mostly men and women in the prime of life, show perhaps more learning in the teaching of their special branches than did the pioneers of the school, to whom I belong, but to whom belongs at heart the credit of having fought the battle which made the school so popular and so respected as to cause its work to be a turning-point in the history of American education, or at least of the public school.

Arrived in California, Professor Krüsi describes thus his little home:

About seven minutes' walk from my son's house, and in the neighbourhood of stores, a fine library, and a restaurant — places we, or at least I, may often have occasion to visit in the future. The two rooms — a sitting-room and a bedroom — are spacious and airy, and the little pantry furnished with some cooking-apparatus, is so conveniently situated as to give but a moderate amount of trouble to my wife, who dislikes going up and down stairs. Poor woman, she has been sufficiently tired by the unpacking of our things, and rearranging in the new rooms, which, thanks to her taste and energy, present a tasteful and cheery appearance.

## CHAPTER VI

### “REFLECTIONS,” AND THE CLOSE OF THE “RECORD”

MUCH to the Editor's regret, only the conclusion of this series of “reflections” can be given.

. . . If life has value only when one can give some help to the family by useful and profitable work or by the support, comfort, and improvement of others belonging to the human family, then there might be something discouraging in the life of many people, and more especially of aged people like myself, who, without being sick or mentally weakened, yet are not expected to fill either paid or voluntary situations for work, which can be better done by younger ones. The least that it is the duty of such men to do is, to give a good example of purity, honesty, and kindness of soul, and to keep the mind fresh; taking it for granted that old men — being destined to die at no distant time — should prepare to meet this contingency. There are two ways of doing it. The orthodox view would be to spend a great part of the remaining time in prayer or reading the Bible, partly with an intention to obtain grace at the Mercy-seat. The more liberal view, not relishing such an attempt at “buying,” so to say, the grace and forgiveness of God by an increased amount of mechanical praying and reading passages of the Bible — without much thought to their application — might think it wiser to keep all the faculties of the soul, and more especially the moral ones, in fresh working order, so as to be ready for new phases of eternal life, in which we may suppose that, under different circumstances, the same laws and principles will be operating as in this. In doing so, they will also acknowledge that the soul and spirit of man is eternal, as are also the tendencies of the will engendered by the development of mind and heart.

If this be so, then we must not be discouraged by the apparent smallness and monotony of the things performed by us and for us

in old age, since nobody can prevent our harbouring thoughts both useful and sublime. If these are able to keep us in a cheerful mood we shall exercise a pleasant influence on others, who will be sorry to see us depart.

Reflections like the preceding are quite in order when I consider my age and the number of dear friends who have departed this life, *four* of them having taken an active part at the celebration of my eightieth birthday, three years ago. These four are (1st) Mr. E. A. Sheldon, (2d) his eldest daughter, Mary Barnes, (3d) Mr. Bassett, (4th) (a few weeks ago) Mrs. Matilda C. Poucher.

After many pages devoted to comments on the important historical events grouped about the end of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century, Professor Krüsi finally closed his "Record."

#### CLOSING OF MY JOURNAL OR RECORD BOOK, KEPT FOR HALF A CENTURY

I have made the experience, that the older I grow, the less inclination I feel to make new entries into this Journal, which occupation formerly I performed with much pleasure and interest. The reason probably is, that formerly in the possession of greater vitality I was more interested in passing events, besides their supplying a pleasing novelty even during some of the last years which I passed in California. After returning here (in 1899, after a two years' visit in the East) much of this novelty had disappeared, and in the monotony of secluded home-life, the events or doings of one day being almost or quite similar to those of the preceding one, do not require to be inscribed. . . .

Yet this old man has never ceased to harbour devout and kind feelings toward God and his fellowmen. He is thankful for a life and the opportunity given him to do some good in the cause of education untrammelled by sickness or care, thankful for the signs of affection he has received from his relatives, friends, and pupils in different parts of the world, and awaits now, with calm resignation and hope, the summons which will call him to another existence. Hence he may say, what Schiller puts into the mouth of a maiden tired of life:

"Du, Vater,<sup>1</sup> rufe dein Kind zurück,  
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe *gelebt* und *geliebet*."

ALAMEDA, 10th March, 1902.

<sup>1</sup> In the original, "Heilige."

## CHAPTER VII

### A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR WIFE, WHO DEPARTED FROM THIS LIFE ON THE 31ST OCT., 1902

IN the first days after a painful bereavement, such as the above, our thoughts are almost exclusively occupied with one object, *i.e.*, the fate of the faithful companion with whom we have been united for nearly fifty years, whose whole life we pass in review, but not before the pang caused by her last sickness and death has gradually lost its sting. For this reason I will give, as concisely as I can, the principal episodes in the life of my departed wife, to be followed by a sketch of her character, her activity in various situations of life.

Caroline W. Dunham was born in Maine, in the neighbourhood of Bethel, where her father, a Baptist clergyman, preached to a small congregation. As both her father and mother died at an early age, and before I knew my wife, I can say but little about them or about their daughter's early education, except that she was expected at an early age to take care of her younger brother and sister, whilst she received a good home education, and later partook of the instruction given at the Bethel Academy by Dr. True. There she took an interest in some branches of study, which she continued afterwards at the Lancaster Normal College. Like hundreds of young people of both sexes in the rural districts, she had to earn the means for living and for education by the work of her hands, which she did in the manufacturing town of Clinton, Mass. — and in the neighbouring place of Lancaster. There she made the acquaintance of many pupils and their teachers. To the latter I belonged, myself, who had but lately come from Switzerland (in 1853).

At the time of our coming to California she had scarcely recovered from a severe sickness, the effects of which she felt for the



CAROLINE DUNHAM KRÜSI

From a photograph taken in Alameda, 1900



remainder of her life. However, I consider it a great blessing that I was permitted, during the three years of her declining health, to be in close communion with her in the limited, and yet in some respects convenient quarters, we occupied in Mrs. Schröder's house. These she left but rarely, owing to her growing infirmities, stiffness, and occasional pains in her limbs. Her condition was aggravated at the beginning of the year by a stroke of paralysis, which, although she partly recovered from it, was followed in the summer of the year by other strokes, which so enfeebled and disabled her as to necessitate the assistance of an efficient nurse — at the home of our daughter-in-law, to which we had been kindly invited in order that she might receive all possible care and comfort among loving relatives. She breathed her last on the evening of the 31st Oct., 1902, mourned and regretted by all who knew her, and loved and respected her for her noble and self-sacrificing life, devoted to duty and to the welfare of her friends.

PRINCIPAL TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE DEPARTED MOTHER,  
WIFE, AND FRIEND

Among these we name as the most prominent her sterling honesty and love of truth; hence absence of flattery, and faithful adherence to any idea which appealed to her conviction, pursuing her aim with a strong will and tireless persistence, aided in all her doings by great practical skill and sound common sense. Hence it may be said that she would probably have been successful in all her undertakings besides those which Providence and attending circumstances provided for her, and in which she so honourably acquitted herself.

1. *As wife and mother.* — In both these vocations she acted with the utmost conscientiousness, giving an example of system, order, cleanliness, in spite of the amount of work which fell to her share, sometimes without the help of a servant. To be able to do this, she had to view with some strictness the conduct of the other members of the house, who might have thought her too particular in small matters. On this subject, in a letter written soon after marriage, she expresses herself in a manner calculated to disarm all resistance: ". . . . I do not speak of these things in a fault-finding spirit, but because I know that you are soon to enter into public life. Perhaps it is pride, for I am just as anxious for you to excel, as if it were myself, for you are a great part of myself. It

is perhaps my misfortune, that the more I love, the more I notice, and feel anxious that little defects may be corrected. Errors of the head I may commit, but . . .”

In the physical education of her children she was guided by sound sanitary principles, and their moral culture was fostered by that rational treatment which does not consider gratification of all the child's capricious demands as a manifestation of true love, nor harsh treatment the best means for preventing wicked thoughts and actions — but which *insists* that a thing which has been ordered for the child's good shall be duly performed, until he is himself convinced of its beneficial effect.

2. *As a teacher.* — Although she never formally acted in the capacity of an appointed teacher, except once in her sixteenth year in a village school of Maine, she did a great deal of voluntary teaching with her children as well as with young people, who were inmates of our house. This instruction — generally given in the evening in one of her free hours — was calculated to promote their intellectual as well as their moral growth, and will be gratefully remembered by those who were benefited by her truly maternal care for their welfare.

Mr. Sheldon, in his address delivered on the occasion of my eightieth birthday, recognized her services rendered to many members of the Normal School, by giving her specific thanks for her unselfish and efficient work in that direction. Besides keeping herself posted on the progress of science and civilization, she profited much by the experience made on some large journeys and excursions, of which we name especially the trip to and from Europe, twice performed (in 1865, and 1888) the overland trip to California also twice performed (in 1886 and 1899), and a very interesting one to the Saguenay, all of which tended to enlarge her knowledge through the contemplation and study of the wonders of Nature and of Art.

3. *As a manager.* — I believe that all those who had occasion to witness my wife's indefatigable energy, and her practical skill even in matters generally supposed to be outside of a woman's domain, as for instance in regard to building operations, will agree with me, that it did not require much persuasion to confide to her the supervision and direction of matters connected with the house, a supervision which extended to the smallest details. But in spite of her wish to economize her resources as much as possible,

she did not sacrifice taste to mere utility and cheapness, and her plans or designs suggested for this purpose sometimes excited the admiration of expert workmen. This sentiment was active even in the last year of her life, when she made a plan for a tasteful monument for herself and husband to be placed in the Riverside Cemetery of Oswego, near the graves of our two early-departed daughters.

In spite of her enterprising spirit, she did not unnecessarily encroach upon the income of her husband. On the contrary, her love of independence in financial matters was such, that at one time she raised our house at her own expense — *i.e.*, from the receipts obtained through renting rooms, etc. She also defrayed the expenses for the second trip to Europe by the translation of an English reading-book into German, and by acting as my substitute in teaching German at the Normal School after my resignation. In the last three years of her life, during a long period of partial and complete helplessness, her own resources, mostly earned by her long and faithful service at home and with her old aunt, were sufficient to defray the rather heavy expenses for doctors, sanitarium, nursing, etc.

4. *As a Christian.* — We use this term not in a confessional sense, by which many so-called orthodox believers seem to assign to oral confession, formal prayer, the reading of long passages of the Bible, etc., the test for recognizing a Christian. To this kind of Christianity my wife never made any claim, and abstained from parading it, presenting instead a true spirit of love and of kind, charitable action. We do not refer particularly to that kind of charity, which is prone to give alms and temporary aid, but rather the earnest endeavour to strengthen and elevate the soul for a higher vocation. Who will deny that the dear departed has done this to the full extent, by helping young aspiring souls in their studies, not only by teaching and good advice, but by furnishing occasionally — with her limited income — the means by which to accomplish their object. There are many who will bless her for her noble, self-sacrificing work in this direction. The exercise of much patience, far from rendering her austere or severe in criticism, did not prevent her from giving to the young people a wholesome recreation by appropriate plays, etc. In the fulness of her strength she delighted in games, such as chess — which taxes the ingenuity and power of combination of the participants, and

in which she was often the winner. These were afterwards abandoned and she was satisfied to be merry with the merry ones, and to share the delight of the children and others in the receipt of their Christmas presents and on other occasions.

The occupations which fell to her share in later years — more especially during her somewhat lonely and monotonous life in Minot, with her aunt — gave to her mind a serious turn; and still more the infirmities of her body, which after our moving to Alameda began to impede her movements, and ended at last in total paralysis and physical and mental prostration, pointing to rapid dissolution. I have no doubt that she was prepared for death, and had no reason to fear it, in the consciousness of having done her duty in this life and leaving to a wise and benign Providence the disposition to be made in a continued existence, with spiritual bodies expanding into new activity, cheered and animated by eternal Love.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LAST DAYS AND DEPARTURE, JANUARY 28, 1903 MEMORIALS

MRS. IDA M. KRÜSI, the much-loved and devoted daughter-in-law, writes: "You know Father was well and active until a few days before his death. After his wife passed away, he spent much time writing tributes to her memory, reflections on her character, as a scholar, a mother, a teacher, a wife, and a Christian. . . . He passed away in my arms after three and one half days' weakness. He was perfectly conscious and conversing with us until ten minutes before his death, which was apparently caused purely by old age."

When the notice of the death was received at the Oswego school a meeting of the Faculty was called and the following committee of teachers who knew Professor Krüsi during his life was appointed to draft resolutions on his death: Dr. I. B. Poucher, A. W. Farnham, W. G. Rappleye, H. J. Smith, Miss Caroline Scales, Mrs. Mary H. McElroy, Miss Amanda P. Funnelle, Miss Harriet E. Stevens, Miss Mary L. O'Geran, Mr. Charles S. Sheldon.

Professor Krüsi's remains were cremated and the ashes sent to Oswego, along with those of Mrs. Krüsi, and were buried in the lot in Riverside Cemetery, where their children were interred.

#### RESOLUTIONS IN PROFESSOR KRÜSI'S MEMORY *Adopted by the Faculty of the Oswego Normal School*

##### IN MEMORIAM

It is with feelings of sorrow that the teachers of the Oswego State Normal School receive the news of the death of Mr. Hermann

Krüsi, Sr., which occurred January 28, 1903, at the home of his son, Hermann Krüsi, Jr., in Alameda, California. There is but one other institution besides our own whose members are so deeply moved by this bereavement; that institution is the stricken home in California. Mr. Krüsi's relation to the Normal School was a unique one. He not only taught in the school for a long term of years and endeared himself to his colleagues and pupils, through his capable and forceful teaching, his genial nature and exalted character, but he brought from the old world in a concrete form the principles enunciated by Pestalozzi which had already reformed the educational work in German and other European secondary schools.

Mr. Krüsi died at the advanced age of eighty-five years. Fifty years of his life were spent in teaching; the last half of this period was spent in the Oswego Normal School. Of the present Normal School Faculty ten have either taught with him or studied under his direction in the Normal School. In reviewing his professional career, at a recent date, Mr. Krüsi said, "I need hardly say that my fondest recollections cling to my work at Oswego."

When he came back a few years ago, and this coming proved to be his last, as he at the time believed it would be, the door of every friend swung wide open to admit him, and the hand of every friend was extended to receive him. He truly found himself embarrassed by the number of expressions of affectionate regard tendered by loving friends.

Mr. Krüsi is remembered for the even balance of his life — a life in no measure unsymmetrical. Although he had a warm heart, he had also a cool head. He formed his judgments with deliberation, and expressed them with a philosophical clearness. The judgments of others were respected, and even their prejudices were regarded. He lived an unhurried life, quiet, serene, free from worry and the friction of care which are so often the lot of others. Notwithstanding his life was unhurried, it was, nevertheless, a life of well-directed energy and well-regulated activity. While he never hurried, he was never late at his post of duty.

He had a strong personality which was an essential element in the success of the Normal School during the first quarter century of its existence. Every one who came under his tuition was profoundly impressed with the worth of his character.

To say that he passed into a beautiful old age may be another way of saying that his youth was perennial.

It is not surprising that he so soon followed Mrs. Krüsi from the scenes of earth. They had the same purposes, the same hopes, the same joys and sorrows, for so many years together that their lives had become interwoven to the extent that each formed a part of the other. His life was incomplete without hers. It was impossible for it to retain the poise that had characterized it so long. It went out and on to realize (using his own words) "the conditions of growth and further development tending toward gradual perfection."

The members of the Normal School Faculty extend their sympathy to the son and his family, from whose home have gone out so recently two lights of unusual brightness.

AMOS W. FARNHAM,  
CHARLES S. SHELDON,  
AMANDA P. FUNNELLE,  
MARY L. O'GERAN,

*Committee of the Faculty.*

Memorial exercises were later held at the school, as indicated by the following invitation sent out to the Alumni and other friends:

HERMANN KRÜSI, Sen.  
Yverdon, Switzerland, —, 1817.  
Alameda, California, January 28, 1903.  
"Death shall reap no braver harvest."

We desire you to be present at the memorial services in honour of our friend, which will be held in Normal Hall, Friday evening, 8 o'clock, May 29, 1903.

*The Local Board and Faculty  
of the Oswego State Normal School.*

At a meeting of "The Normal Boys," an association of Oswego Alumni living in or near New York City, resolutions in Professor Krüsi's memory were also adopted (Feb. 27, 1903) and copies sent to the Faculty of the school and to the family. (Irving Washburn, President; Arthur S. Hoyt, Secretary).



KRÜSI'S INTELLECTUAL LIFE  
ILLUSTRATED BY HIS MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS



## KRÜSI'S INTELLECTUAL LIFE

### CHAPTER I

#### ILLUSTRATING KRÜSI'S RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES

PROFESSOR Krüsi's incidental remarks throughout his auto-biographical writings have sufficiently indicated his general attitude toward religion and Christianity; so that for mere information it is unnecessary to add anything. However, at certain periods of his life he devoted himself with special earnestness to thinking out deep religious problems, embodying his reflections in long essays so full of interest that some reference to these, including a few extracts, is imperative in this place.

The first extended presentation of his religious views appears in the Record, about 1874, under the heading "Some Remarks on the Bible." Following a minute argument on the inspiration of the Bible and the theory of Christ's divinity, in which Krüsi shows his acceptance of the same under a modern "liberal" interpretation, he goes on to present the following aspects of allied religious questions, giving us an idea of his modified "liberalism."

It is easy to prove that Christianity was not a sudden or unexpected growth, but was planted in favourable soil, where the idea of *one* God and of Unity in the great plan of the Universe had taken firm root, together with the idea of a Messiah, who was to be the liberator from bondage. The spiritual meaning of this "liberation" could not of course have been distinctly apprehended without the appearance of the God-man himself. The existence of wise men, philosophers, scribes and even prophets, did not give any real satisfaction, since their sayings or writings referred chiefly to mental speculations, a crude deification of matter or of earthly passions without true moral attributes, — often couched

in language unintelligible to the uninitiated, and therefore affording neither edification nor consolation to the "poor in spirit."

The old religions did not give any satisfaction to the pure instincts and yearnings of human nature. For instance, the evidence of the senses and of experience showed mankind the perplexing fact that innocence often was suffering and vice triumphant; that death closed the career of every man, and reduced him seemingly to dust and ashes. But a true instinct whispered already to reflecting minds, that everything would be righted in the order of Nature, and that the doings and experiences of this world did not demonstrate the close of human destiny. The instincts of conscience, the instincts of immortality, required but the soothing influence of a feeling heart, the convincing effect of a thoughtful mind, and the magic touch of a powerful hand, to issue forth as living agents for the moral elevation of mankind.

Jesus combined all these great qualities of a Reformer. The obscurity of his origin, as well as his immense influence on the poor and humble, followed by a spreading of his doctrines through all the civilized world — in spite of the opposition and persecution of the mighty of this world, in spite of the then fashionable orthodoxy — have stamped him as the Saviour of the World, with attributes belonging to God alone, yea, as God himself.

He then discusses the adequacy of the "rationalism of philosophers" and various materialistic views, to meet the needs of human life. Although in harmony with these to a certain extent, and feeling also in doubt about the miracles and other supernatural manifestations conceded by the average Christian's belief, yet he finally says:

I like to see little children have faith in Jesus and even in the words of the Bible, as long as their intellects and feelings do not give them an adequate substitute for those flowers which will have to fall off when touched by the tooth of time. I would rather have adults believe in *something*, than in nothing at all.

Again, in 1879, he enters into a long written discussion of these problems, closing:

I am resolved, if God grants me longer health, and the use of

my faculties, to ponder more on this problem. When life is drawing nearer to its close, it is but right to consider the probabilities or possibilities of existence, always relying for ultimate success on the proper fulfilment of one's duties, and a hope in a loving intelligence, which governs the Universe.

The relations of religion, science, and every-day life are again analyzed, at about the same period, in articles entitled:

“What Are the Objects of Science?”

“What or Who May Be Called Practical?”

“Is Life a Reality, a Dream, or a Reflection?”

“The Beyond.”

The latter two contain large quotations from Professor Swing's lectures, with which Krüsi finds himself very fully in harmony. But space forbids the presentation of these interesting speculations.

Soon after, we find him entering into a more strictly religious vein, in a little study entitled “What is Prayer? Is it of any Use?” He says:

This important question is the immediate result of the reflections contained in the previous pages [on the reality and destiny of life], as also of my present state of mind, which harbours one anxious care; viz., the health and preservation of my beloved daughter.

After several pages of close argument, he concludes:

Far be it from me to deny that there may be agencies at work, or spirits in communion with us, who may have some power in the changing of our destiny, or who — as all good Catholics think — may intercede between us and the Eternal Powers. But whilst we are unwilling to reject this view, simply because it is outside of our knowledge, let us strictly adhere to the other view, in which the prayer reacts chiefly on ourselves, and which is also a guarantee of its depth and sincerity. Hence, let us not be afraid or ashamed to pray, according to the beautiful sentiment in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*:

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte,  
An einem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr Himmliche Mächte.

At the sick-bed of beloved persons, we learn to pray. True there may be a good deal of selfishness in these prayers, since we can less afford to lose their sweet presence, than they to lose ours. But love is thus constituted, that it can hardly bear the thought of separation, strengthened as it is by the habit of daily communion.

But shall we not pray for others? Supposing we have fears that a son or a dear friend may be corrupted by the influence of bad example, shall we not pray for him? We certainly feel so strongly, that we do pray; but in that prayer, how many duties are revealed, which are incumbent on ourselves, before we can or ought to hope for a miraculous intervention!

The main results to which these reflections have led me, are:

- (a) There will always be prayer where there is sincere and true feeling, and a trust in some higher power.
- (b) It is not always necessary that this prayer should be expressed in spoken words.
- (c) It should always lead to *reflection* as a necessary condition to hope and success.
- (d) A "machine prayer" or one that is simply meant to fill out time, is no prayer at all.
- (e) A prayer from a *pure* heart has the advantage that attending angels or spirits (if such there be) may see into it, and carry the thought to the uppermost Throne of God.

During Gertie's sickness (1880-1881) religious speculations begin to arise more strongly than ever in Krüsi's mind, and we find these first expressed in an essay entitled, "Some Reflections on God and His Providence," in which are manifest the same reverence, and the same earnest desire to assign to Providence a deep wisdom and an infinite love in all His dealings, that we find throughout Krüsi's religious speculations.

Gertie's death, in 1881, gave rise for a time to unceasing reflections on spiritual subjects, beginning with an elaborate essay

entitled, "Grave Reflections turning into Bright Visions of Eternal Life." He says:

I declare here at the outset, that I shall not *reject* everything I can not *prove*. "Yes," says the Rationalist, "but you do not accept it." This may be true or not: for instance, I accept the Universe and all its creations, although I cannot prove *how* they are made. The reply to this may be: "But you *accept* at least the *existence* of the Universe upon *indisputable testimony*; but the same testimony will not demonstrate to you the existence or continuance of the soul."

Let us see! Upon what testimony do I accept the existence of the Universe? Answer: Because you are *conscious* of it. What or who makes me conscious of it? Answer: Impressions made upon the senses and conveyed to the brain. What is brain? Answer: Matter. Then I must assume that matter influencing matter becomes conscious of itself, is reflected in the other. This exceeds *my* comprehension.

This little passage in particular (as well as the whole discussion, indeed) is a striking instance of Mr. Krüsi's love of close analysis, and his conscientious desire to arrive at exact truths. How these traits were tempered, will also be seen. He continues:

I do not see, nor have I ever seen it explained, how consciousness arises. Hence it requires no apology, to denominate the *dawning of consciousness the beginning of the soul*. If I had not that consciousness, *i.e.*, that soul power, I would not be conscious of matter, of the Universe. Hence the very idea of matter arises from the consciousness of it, and — as Descartes truly said: "I think, therefore I am." But more: — the farther back your consciousness goes, by enlisting in its service the indirect testimony of things *of the past* — the farther it may pierce *the future*, until it penetrates to the threshold of Heaven, or to the unknown Spirit Land. So much for the expansive power of the soul.

Here follows a discussion of various conceptions of an ultimate source of things — that of scientific materialists in particular; and Krüsi declares his preference for the conception of a higher Spirit who planned the Universe; but, with this conceded, he sees

no hindrance to belief in the whole theory of Evolution, culminating in the creation of Man, *i.e.*, "the animal with a soul."

About ten pages are now devoted to various proofs of the existence of "soul," as distinct from matter; and of its probable immortality, closing thus:

The conclusion forces itself on us, from the *universality* of this belief, that there is amongst the masses of mankind what might be called an *instinct of immortality* and of *personal existence after death*.

To be sure, instinct is not reason, but it points to a supreme reason as sure as the magnet points to its pole. . . .

Under the title "Additional Reflections on the Continuance of Life, which may prove as Consolations to some Scientists and Educators," Mr. Krüsi soon afterwards writes many more pages of speculation on the ramifications of the subject, discussing agnostic and other philosophic views, and finally alludes to a book expressing new theories of Matter and Spirit, which had interested him greatly: "The Unseen Universe," by Professors Taite and McMillan; "both," he says, "distinguished scientists in the sphere of electricity." These theories are very thoroughly turned over in the pages of his Record, and extensive quotations are made, closing thus:

"Each thought of man is accompanied by certain molecular actions and displacements of the brain, and part of these, let us allow, are in some way stored up in that organ, so as to produce what may be termed material physical memory. Other motions are however communicated to the spiritual, invisible body and are there stored up, forming a memory, which may be made use of when that body is free to exercise its functions."

I confess that such a view (whether it be proved or not) has something edifying for me, and more especially as an educator who has adhered to Pestalozzian principles from the beginning of his career. Is it not elevating to think, that since the impulses, energies, and aspirations of our mind and heart may tend to form and mould the spiritual body, they are also eternal? Hence a method applied in that direction tends to *hold good for eternity*.

Now is introduced a lengthy discussion of Swedenborg's philosophy, after which he concludes:

The logical links in the foregoing reflections seem to be the following:

- (a) That there is a *soul* in man, which is distinct from his body.
- (b) That this soul survives as a spirit and inherits immortality.
- (c) That there are higher and lower spirits.
- (d) That there must be progress and development for all, and salvation for the fallen.
- (e) That the Christian religion — of all religions on earth, is the most in harmony with the above views.

### Conclusion

I shall append, on the following pages, some sayings both in prose and poetry of men of various modes of belief, but still agreeing on the main points. These extracts have not been collected with any care as to their logical connection, but simply because they are familiar to me and contain what I consider some germs of higher truth.

Quotations are next made, to the extent of about twenty pages, from "honest rationalists": John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Bain, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Fichte; Rev. R. A. Holland, Colonel Ingersoll ("Reflections of a So-called Infidel at the Grave of a Little Child"); Victor Hugo, Goethe, Salis, Moore; also the 23d Psalm and Corinthians I, chap. xv, 35–56.

In the midst of these quotations occurs a passage of his own, a devout acknowledgment of God's ever-present support to himself, which might be likened to one of the Psalms, and is entitled "Der Vater Waltet" (his father's favourite motto).

Saze's death, in the following year, gave rise to further reflections on the subject of immortality. Here occurs a long quotation from Mott's "Was Man Created?" which Mr. Krüsi copied into his Record "partly in memory of Saze, partly to satisfy my own mind." This treats the matter in a profoundly scientific, technical

way, and arrives at the conclusion "that the spiritual theory is one which intelligent people can safely entertain, combined with the hope of Immortality."

Several years later (1886) the Record still manifests his studious attention to this whole field of research; as, for instance, in the tabulation of "Goethe's Ideas on God and Religion," as expressed in "Faust," in answer to Gretchen's question "Glaubst du an Gott?"; and again in his quotation and discussion of Pestalozzi's views, "when, on the inquiry of the noble Nicolovius (afterwards Prussian Councillor of State) he gave his idea about Christianity." Krüsi quotes:

"Led as I was, by a peculiar fate, I consider Christianity to be nothing else than *the purest and noblest modification of the doctrine of the elevation of the Spirit over the Flesh* — and this doctrine I deem to be the great secret to, and the sole means to bring our nature in its inmost essence nearer to true perfection — or to express myself more distinctly, to arrive through the development of the purest sentiments of love at a dominion of Reason over the Senses." (Pestalozzi observes that he does not believe many men capable of becoming Christians or wearing heavenly crowns, as little as he thinks them worthy of wearing earthly ones, and then continues):

"I believe Christianity to be the Salt of the Earth, but as much as I esteem this salt, I yet believe that gold and stone and sand and pearls have their value independent of this salt. I believe that *all the mud* of this world (common affairs) have their order and value independent of Christianity, and whilst I make my reflections tending towards this right and order *I feel* at the same time the limits of my standpoint and I feel, like John, my voice to be as one calling in the wilderness to one who will come after me, to prepare the way. In the meantime my heart draws me with irresistible power, to give expression to my feelings in words, which I may truly say proceed from my *honest, earnest* conviction.

"So much, my friend, for this time about my non-Christianity."

Krüsi concludes:

This, the Orthodox will say, is Christianity minus a Christ,

and yet it would be difficult to deny to the noble, self-sacrificing heart of the great educator the tribute of having at least acted in the spirit of Christ, although he castigates the hollow word-Christianity of his age, which substitutes the smoke for the fire, and believes in the redeeming quality of professions. Contrary to the self-sufficiency of these men — Pestalozzi acknowledges with pleasing modesty his yearning for *more light*.

The culmination of Mr. Kruisi's thought on the whole subject is found in the Record of 1887 (spring, near the end of his service at the Oswego Normal School) in an essay which is next quoted in part.

#### EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL

At this time, an increasing host of scientific men clamour for Evolution, and are so much convinced of it, that they maintain that the question, whether there is evolution, is as much settled as the law of gravitation, and that the real question is only: *How* is evolution performed? At the same time the ardour of some of its extreme defenders, Haeckel amongst others — is bent upon referring this evolution to the body alone, and incidentally to the soul as a physical outgrowth, which, although difficult to locate, is nevertheless doomed to share its dissolution and decay. This view has always seemed to me to be wrong, and never more so than now, when I have been induced to investigate the principles of Herbart's philosophy, applied to education. Frankly speaking, I have not yet been able to arrive at a clear idea of that which distinguishes him from other philosophers and educators. I am too old to follow the intricacies of German abstruse philosophy, even when it applies to psychological problems. In regard to Education, I see Herbart firmly planted on the base of Pestalozzi's idea, *i.e.*, that of "Anschabung" and "Entwicklung," to which he applies the terms of "*Aüssere und innere Vorstellung*," and "*Apperception*." What took the most hold on me was his rejection of the usual classification of the powers of the mind as Mental and Moral faculties.

The mind is a unit. Making allowance for some inherited tendencies, the mind of every man is a growth, a structure, the evolution of a kind of universe (microcosm), the thoughts from without and within acting and reacting on each other, by a kind of

struggle produced by opposition — giving rise to new products of thought which survive for a while, like those proceeding from the "Survival of the Fittest" until they evolute again, and ultimately, by the help of an educated will, produce character and conscience, lead to invention, and institute a line of progress, which death cannot stop. . . .

If — as Herbart says — we could *see* into the minds of little men and of great men, we would see in the latter a "world exposition" of ideas finely arranged and sorted, and in the latter a crude collection of a few local objects, suitable for food, shelter, or social intercourse. As Longfellow has well said:

"The means of action,  
The shapeless masses, the materials,  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal.  
That fire is genius."

There, then, we have an evolution of the mind, as striking, or more so, than those of the physical universe which required myriads of years. But the physical universe still develops and progresses under the influence of eternal laws and impulses. And shall the mental universe perish because the brain perishes and decays? We may ask here — what made or caused those many evolutions and that abundance of gray matter and nerve-connection, which characterize the brains of highly intellectual men or races, when compared with those of a lower order? Was it not the *mind*, or *thought* that produced them?

In conclusion I will say that it is somewhat strange, that my occupation with Herbart's system should have produced and renewed thoughts of this kind, considering that it treats of different matters. But this is how our mind is affected. A certain class or series of ideas — derived from the outside — bears strongly upon some that were formerly deposited in our consciousness, and produces a new struggle and perhaps a new result. In this case my views of the soul and immortality, which I have expressed in another of my Records, soon after the death of our beloved Gertie — have only been strengthened and widened through the bearing of a philosophy which seems based upon the *evolution of the mind*.

P.S. I have just been reading (I am almost ashamed to say, for the first time) the celebrated novel "Paul and Virginia," by Bernardin de St. Pierre. Amongst the fine and impressive passages of this book, I mention one sentiment, that bears upon death and immortality, which the author puts in the mouth of an old man, consoling the despairing Paul for the sad loss of his beloved Virginia:

"Meanwhile Virginia exists. My son, you see that everything changes on this earth, but that nothing is ever lost. No art of man can annihilate the smallest particle of matter; can, then, that which has possessed reason, sensibility, affection, virtue, and religion be supposed capable of destruction, when the very elements with which it is clothed are imperishable: — can God only dispose of human life in the territory of death? — What! is there no supreme intelligence, no divine goodness, except on this little spot where we are placed? In these innumerable glowing fires — in those infinite fields of light which surround them, and which neither storm nor darkness can extinguish, is there nothing but empty space and an eternal void?"

Words like these were written amongst the sceptical influences preceding the first French revolution. They have still their meaning, although they do not entirely solve the great riddle.

From a lecture heard by Mr. Krüsi at Stanford University in 1892, he quotes some passages, as forming a crystalline expression of his own views on the great subject which had filled his mind and heart for so many years.

*Extract From one of Professor Griggs' Lectures on God, Duty and Immortality (From the Standpoint of Science)*

"Ideas on these subjects have been universally held in various forms. Generally they have been held on the authority of some religion or church. The old reasons for the blind acceptance of these ideas being gone, the scientific man inquires whether there are other valid reasons."

The speaker found a new basis for them in the fact "that they are products of human life and grow with its growth. Because this is true, may we not safely trust them? We cannot — it is true — prove them, but can we prove anything that is worth believing?"

*"That the ideas of God and Duty change with the development of the soul, is really a reason for trusting them.* As these ideas have their source in human life and grow out of it, so when one can find no eternal basis for belief in God and Duty and Immortality, he will find it *within himself* — in his heart and life. If we live the *highest* life, there is no anxiety as to Immortality. In the flowing of Truth and Love there is no question about it, for these take no account of Time. One who thus lives may be like a child at play, playing as if it had all eternity for its game, without any sense of time-limits to human life."

## CHAPTER II

### KRÜSI'S POLITICAL STANDPOINT

WHILE Professor Krüsi has "confessed" that he had never become a naturalized American, he still followed with the keenest interest all the twists and turnings in American political movements, informed himself thoroughly on political personages, and meditated deeply in his mind concerning all these; so that he was doubtless better fitted to vote than most of the voters.

A remarkable number of essays and shorter passages setting forth these meditations are found scattered through his Record. One of the most notable is that bearing the title: "A Chapter on Politics and on the Moral and Intellectual Traits of American Character." The text underlying this discourse is a brief description of the peculiar conditions and the outcome of the exciting Presidential campaign of 1872, when Grant and Greeley were opposing candidates, Greeley being actually the candidate of each of two distinct parties. It is unnecessary to repeat Mr. Krüsi's expressions of disgust with the condition of American politics. His discussion of American character and his comparison of it with that of other nationalities are both very interesting in themselves, as examples of keen analysis; but they would have been of fresher interest at the time the essay was written, — this subject having been perennially discussed in periodicals and lectures. We may therefore omit this, merely referring to it as an instance of the activity of Professor Krüsi's mind on all subjects that came under his observation. The mathematical and philosophical habit was as natural to him, always and everywhere, as sleeping and waking.

In summing up his observations he shows some anxiety for the future of the nation, but attempts to make a hopeful prognostication, based on the redeeming features. For Mr. Krüsi was always a hopeful man; and where he felt himself inclined to apprehensions, he tried to force himself to find the hopeful side.

In considering the future outcome to the nation from its own salient characteristics, he examines their effects as seen in the character and training of children. Here he finds very much to blame, but looks to the true application of Pestalozzian principles to overcome these evils, in the course of time.

Although some of the ideas presented are no longer new, they show how far Mr. Krüsi was in advance of the mass of American teachers and parents at the time of his writing; and in advance even of many of the present day; for there is still need of some of the criticisms he makes on home and school training.

Again, we find him indulging in what he calls "Political Grumblings." The "grumblings," which detail all phases of political corruption, and deplore the public inertness in remedying evils, occupy nine finely written pages of his large note-book.

In 1896, the contest between McKinley and Bryan, "which aroused this nation to a higher pitch of excitement than has been witnessed since the War of the Rebellion," also roused Mr. Krüsi to "more grumblings," which he closes, however, with these words:

But enough of these sinister auguries. There is always hope that a people which has been able to grapple with the monster of slavery, and settle it for all time to come, may also find means to deal successfully with those insidious agencies which, like spectral apparitions, seem to loom up in the future.

The discussion of other leading questions, to which he devoted many hours and pages, — such as "Free Trade," "Socialism and Anarchism," must be passed over.

There remain yet to be spoken of two minutely detailed descriptions, presenting pictures illustrative of political purity and

healthfulness as displayed in Krüsi's native country. These are entitled:

"My Native Village Gais: a Solid Community at the Foot of the Appenzell Mountains."

"The Landsgemeinde at Trogen (29th April, 1888): A modern Survival of an Ancient Custom."

Unfortunately space forbids introducing these here, interesting as they are. The main outlines of the latter appear in an early chapter of the "Recollections."

## CHAPTER III

### LINGUISTIC, HISTORICAL, AND LITERARY STUDIES

Most of the essays falling under the present general head are contained in Krüsi's volumes of "Miscellany," whose origin he explains as follows:

When, before her departure to Europe, Miss Mary Sheldon lent me an interesting treatise on the Sanscrit language and its derivatives, I became vastly interested in the numerous analogies existing between it and the allied (Aryan) languages, more especially the German. As the inhabitants of the Canton of Appenzell (to which I belonged) speak a peculiar dialect of German, I discovered in many of its expressions, more especially in the words used in the occupations of the field and the dairy, resemblances to those used by our Aryan forefathers. This discovery offered to me a new and pleasant problem, to hunt after these expressions, chiefly for my own satisfaction, since I could not hope, with my deficient preparation, to satisfy comparative philologists who fail to satisfy each other. Besides this, I gave some attention to the probable origin of the Ladin, or Romanisch language (spoken in some valleys of Graubünden). The two resulting essays, written in German, were transmitted to brother Gottlieb for safe keeping.

Other essays that engaged my attention in my free hours, or in moments of solitude, were called forth by passing incidents or occurrences, as for instance, the transit of Venus, the appearance of a large comet, or gorgeous polar lights, large sun spots (in 1882). All these phenomena gave ample scope for thought, research, and speculation. At one time (in the winter of 1883) I wanted to refresh my memory and increase my stock of knowledge in regard to American history. I became greatly interested in the development of the United States, proceeding, as it does, from the co-operation and amalgamation of many different nationalities,

although the English Puritan element seemed destined to leaven the whole.

The origin and fate of the Indian tribes (of which most have died and others are rapidly vanishing) was a matter of intense interest to me, combined with the reflection: What is the origin of this singular people? Why do they show such amazing diversity in language, manners, traditions and civilization? Whence arose the Aztec and Peruvian civilization, which astonished the Spaniards and the world by its glittering state and organized institutions?

A book that fell into my hands at that time, "The Lost Atlantis," calling attention to Plato's story about a submerged island of vast domains situated between Europe and America, suggested some means for the solution of otherwise very mysterious questions, pertaining to striking analogies between the records of the New and the Old World. Hence, in one of my scrap-books I have collected some of the most striking facts contained in Donnelly's book, without, however, subscribing to all his deductions.

If, in investigations like the preceding one, I have not directly strengthened or laid a foundation for one of my regular branches, I have at least cheered and strengthened my own mind, so that neither myself nor my pupils have suffered from such an "aerial" flight of imagination.

Nevertheless, I felt for many years a growing duty to make myself more acquainted with the original structure of the German language, my native tongue. To this duty I mean to devote myself in the present essay. I make no claims to a knowledge of comparative philology, except a more or less slight acquaintance with four modern and two ancient languages, aided by a moderate amount of common sense.

My object is chiefly to point out some characteristics of the German language in its inflectional stage, when it became known to the civilized world, through the invasion of a warlike and not altogether uncivilized people: the Ostgoths (Visigoths).

The particular volume of the Miscellany, which is introduced by the above remarks, presents a thorough study, based on the best English and German authorities, of the origin and development of languages. Numerous examples of various languages, in

their different stages of development, are given, and comparative studies are made.

The matter contained in this volume would make an excellent foundation for a course in comparative philology. An able historical study of German Literature also finds a place here. Among the rest, an exhaustive study of the Gypsies, their history, language, and literature, is represented by a lengthy essay.

Special mention should be made of Professor Krüsi's profound study of Goethe's *Faust*. As he had occasional classes reading this work, he found direct cause for his labours on it, but he undoubtedly went even deeper into the subject than the demands of these classes would require. Two entire note-books (1885-86) are devoted to his analysis of the work and comments upon it. They form but one example of his usual thoroughness in preparation of class work, and a fine illustration of his philosophical and critical turn of mind.

Other instances of literary criticism are found among his writings; as in his remarks on Scheffel's "*Ekkehardt*," a book of which, as well as of Scheffel's other works, he was a great admirer; and again in a detailed discussion of "*Little Women*," which he appears to have read with the greatest interest and enjoyment.

Numerous quotations throughout the Record, from various authors, betray his familiarity with both general and special literature, in several languages.

Among his historical studies, we find long dissertations on Japan, as follows:

"Our Japanese Neighbours."

"Our Japanese Friends and Co-Workers."

"Our Japanese Boy."

"The Japanese Language."

The latter consists of tables presenting the Japanese alphabet with its English equivalents, sets of common words in both languages, and the Japanese form of the Lord's Prayer, with its literal translation.

It has been possible within the limits of this volume only thus briefly to comment upon a few of the literary productions to which it is necessary to call the reader's notice, in order to do justice to the depth and breadth of Professor Krüsi's mind and interests. For a more complete comprehension of the subject, reference must be made to the Appendix, in which is given a list of Krüsi's works completing the present partial survey. The few essays which now follow, and are given in most cases entire, have been chosen as possessing the most general interest.



**SELECTED ESSAYS**



## SELECTED ESSAYS

### I

#### LUTHER, THE EDUCATOR

SELECTED FROM "LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE MASSACHUSETTS  
INSTITUTES, 1854-1860"

[We quote the "introduction" to this set of lectures, which Krüsi supplied at the time (much later than their original production) when he reviewed them, and ensured their preservation by entering complete copies in his notebook.—ED.]

The reason for my entering the above lecture-field was this: it was customary at the Massachusetts Institutes to amuse, entertain, or edify a mixed audience during the evenings of a session with some instructive talk or lecture. Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Board of Education, even had made an arrangement by which he sent lecturers to some of the towns contiguous to the place of the Institute's session for the purpose of extending the interest in the work of education and of the Institutes. One lecture, which happened to be the first I ever delivered in my life, that on *Pestalozzi*, was given at New Haven, Conn., at the invitation of the President of the National Association of teachers. Another, which I was occasionally induced to give, either alone or in connection with the labours and life of Pestalozzi, was on *Switzerland*.

My lecture on *Luther* was always listened to with particular interest, and deservedly so, not so much on account of my own reflections, but chiefly for the sake of the extracts from Luther's own writings, the pithy and vigorous style of which can hardly be surpassed.

When in Trenton, considering that a part of my work at the Institutes consisted in introducing the principles of Inventive

Drawing as *the best means to cultivate Taste*, I wrote an address on the latter subject, which I consider one of my best, since it was the result of original thought and of scientific investigation.

One of the last — or perhaps the last lecture — I composed was: *Originality of Thought and the Means of its Cultivation*. Having read that lecture again yesterday (September, 1886), after twenty-five years for the first time, I complimented myself on having — especially toward the end of the lecture — indulged in a more fluent and poetic style of expression than I could do now.

CHICAGO, 22d Sept., 1886.

When we consider the immense blessings of the Reformation, of which Luther was undoubtedly the most energetic and successful champion, we feel in the first instance a grateful pleasure in seeing how the minds of the people were gradually awakened from the spiritual slumber and bondage into which the doctrines of sectarian teachers and the assumed dictates of selfish Popes and priests had plunged them during centuries. We delight in seeing the Bible restored to mankind, containing in simple language those fountains of truth that can never be exhausted, and which will expand into great rivers of hopeful knowledge. No doubt the preachers of the New Faith (as Protestantism was once called) have done a great work in the civilization of mankind. But they have not done it by preaching alone. Their untiring efforts to promote the sacred cause of Education constituted an important part of their labours.

Education, when rightly understood, brings the soul into proper relations with all the surrounding facts, and hence speaks to the child and adult in simple and intelligible language. This being the case, shall we wonder that the first school-reformers, Luther in particular, should have directed the attention of the public to this important task? Several weighty reasons, besides the one above named, induced them to raise their voice in its behalf. In the first place, they were aware that Religion can only be effective when supported by an intelligent mind. They also knew the power of first impressions on the susceptible heart of the child,

which mould his character, and thus affect even the destinies of his life. Moreover, as the light of better knowledge dawned upon their minds, they felt keenly the sad neglect of their own early education, which had been productive of bitter pangs and painful doubts, crushing the noble aspirations of their free-born souls. Let us exemplify this by casting a look into the principal features of education at the time of Luther's youth, *i.e.*, towards the end of the fifteenth century. We need hardly say that we refer to Germany and will not apologize if, in the course of this lecture, we shall often quote Luther's own words, as a direct testimony to his feelings, bearing as they do the stamp of sound common sense and displaying such force and originality as to render them at once clear and popular.

Common schools, as now found in every village, there were none. The schools to which we refer were generally found in town, mostly in connection with a monastery. A little monkish Latin, the pieces of music commonly sung at church, and the elements of arithmetic, constituted the chief studies of schools. They were all taught by a master, assisted by theological students and candidates for some of the lower clerical offices. The character, however, of both pupils and teachers was as unclerical as possible. The ecclesiastics, to whom the school was nominally entrusted, became indolent and chiefly employed substitutes as teachers, living themselves in ease and plenty.

The assistants just named were commonly taken from those strolling young men called Bacchanti, who at that time infested the country. They were grown-up students, with more or less University education, who were accustomed to wander over Germany, like the travelling journeymen, stopping at some place or other to teach, and leading with them a number of boys, nominally their scholars, but in reality their "fags." The chief occupation of these fags was to beg for bread and money, and to steal fowls, geese, etc., for the maintenance of their hungry and exacting masters. Thomas Platter, who became afterwards one of the

Twin Reformers, relates some of his experiences, and says among other things: "Many a time have I suffered bitterly from hunger and cold, when walking the streets far into midnight, singing for bread. Often I felt the gnawing of hunger so keenly that I would snatch a bone out of the dog's mouth, or would pick the crumbs from the crevices of the schoolroom, where we slept on the floor."

The moral influence exercised by said Bacchanti, or itinerant teachers, who allowed their fags to starve, while they were engaged in bacchanalian revels, may be easily imagined.

The arrangement of a school, generally connected with a convent, was as follows: the teachers and pupils who were from abroad occupied large buildings with gloomy cells, and were distinguished from other persons by a sombre monastic dress. A large portion of each day was devoted to services in the church, and at High Mass they all had to be present.

Luther laments that in the schools he often attended in his youth, he had not read the poets and historians, but much which he had equal trouble to unlearn. He says: "Then was taught and practised only the invoking of the Virgin Mary and other saints, much fasting and praying, making pilgrimages and going into monasteries, and while we were doing such things we dreamed that we were meriting Heaven. Those were the times of darkness, when we knew nothing at all of God's work, but with our mummery and dreamy cogitations, plunged ourselves and others into misery. Whereof I was one, and was myself bathed in this hot bath of sweat and misery!"

Luther, in his far-sighted mind, recognized already the great truth, that the State is in a great measure responsible for the education of the people, and that the sacrifice brought in that respect, even independent of its blessed result to the student himself, is to society an act of self-protection; or, to quote his own words:

"Since we are all required, and especially the magistrates

above all others, to educate the youth who are growing up among us, and to train them in the fear of God and in the ways of virtue, it is needful that we have schools, preachers, and pastors. If the parents will not reform, they must go their way to ruin, but if the young are neglected and left without education, it is the fault of the State and the effect of it will be that the country will swarm with idle and lawless people; so that our safety, not less than the command of God, requires us to foresee and ward off the evil."

The appeals in this cause are numerous. In 1524, in an address to the Common Councils of all the cities of Germany in behalf of Christian schools, he says, amongst other things:

"I entreat you, in God's behalf and that of the poor youth, not to treat lightly of this matter, as so many are prone to do. If so much be expended every year for weapons of war, roads, dams, and countless other things for the prosperity and safety of the city, why should we not expend as much for the benefit of the poor, ignorant youth, in order to provide them with skilful teachers? Such towns as will not have good teachers now that they can be gotten, ought, as formerly, to have Locati and Bacchanti, who cost money enough and yet taught their pupils nothing save to become dunces [*asses* in the original] like themselves."

We see by these rather strong expressions, that Luther gave to everything its deserved name. In what high esteem he held the teacher's office, we see from this passage:

"The diligent and pious teacher who properly instructeth and traineth the young can never be fully rewarded with money. If I were to leave my office as preacher, I would next choose that of a schoolmaster or teacher of boys; for I know that next to preaching, this is the greatest, best, and most useful vocation, and I am not quite sure which of the two is the better; for it is hard to reform old sinners, with whom a preacher has to deal, while the young tree can be made to bend without breaking."

Luther, if we are not mistaken, was not altogether opposed to the use of the rod, or at any rate was no advocate of spoiling

the children by over leniency and the effects of luxurious habits. On this subject he expresses himself in forcible language:

"The young should especially learn to endure suffering. It is God's way, of beggars to make men of power, just as he has made the world out of nothing. I have been myself, a beggar of crumbs and have begged my bread at the door, although my dear father afterwards supported me at the school of Erfurt, and by his sweat and hard labour helped me to that whereto I have attained. Now I have prospered so far that I would not exchange for all the wealth of the Turkish empire. Therefore, hesitate not to put your boy to study, and if he must needs beg his bread, you nevertheless give unto God a nice piece of timber whereof he may carve a great man."

We will insert here Luther's remark about school and family discipline, which will show that he took the right view on this delicate matter, and that although he recommends a severe discipline of mind and body, he does not consider the use of the rod as the best incentive for begetting love, confidence, and willing obedience.

"It is impossible that a scholar can love the teacher who is harsh and severe; for how can he love one who immures him, as it were, in a dungeon; that is, who constrains him to do that which he will not, and holds him back from doing that which he will; and who, when he does anything forbidden by him, straightway flogs him; and not content with this, compels him to kiss the rod besides. A most gracious and excellent obedience and affection is this in the scholars, that comes from enforced compliance with the harsh orders of a brutal taskmaster! My friend, do you suppose that he obeys with joy and gladness? But what does he do when the teacher's back is turned? Does he not snatch up the rod, break it in a thousand pieces, or else throw it into the fire? Or, if he had the power, he would not suffer the teacher to whip him again, nay, he would turn the tables on him and cudgel him soundly.

"Nevertheless, the child needs the discipline of the rod, but it must be tempered with admonition and directed to his improvement; for without it he will never come to any good, but will be ruined soul and body. A well-informed and gentle teacher incites his pupils to diligence in their studies and to a laudable emulation amongst themselves — and thus they become rooted and grounded in all kinds of desirable knowledge, as well as in the proprieties and virtues of life, and they now do that spontaneously and with delight, which formerly, under the old discipline, they approached with reluctance and dread."

It is hardly necessary to observe to my hearers that Luther speaks from his own experience, for he states himself, that by one of his masters he was whipped fifteen times on the back during one forenoon. Even allowing that he deserved it once or twice, we cannot but abhor a system which, in order to reach the guilty one, applies the whip to a whole class, thus blunting the sensibilities of those of the children who are naturally timid and innocent.

I have mentioned before that he and the other church and school reformers had to make great efforts to convince the parents that their children could afford to go to school and yet not neglect their work at home. On this point he says in one of his addresses:

"You say: 'Who can give up his children and train them? they must attend to their work at home.' My counsel is, that the boys shall be suffered to go to school an hour or two each day and not the less work at home the rest of the time, learn a handi-craft and whatever is wanted of them. So likewise, a girl might find time enough to go to school an hour a day and still attend to her work at home. They sleep and dance and play away more time than that. The only difficulty is that there is no hearty desire to train the young and fill the world with good and wise men. The devil loves rather coarse blocks and good-for-nothing people, that man may not fare too well upon earth."

Had Luther lived at the present time, he would not, perhaps,

have uttered this sentiment in such strong, unadorned language, but would have grumbled in a more genteel manner. Yet the difference between the grumblers and fault-finders of the present day, and himself, was that he showed at the same time the way, how to exchange the wrong for the right.

If we consider the time and circumstances of Luther's labours, we cannot but think that he had less difficulty in persuading the working and industrious classes to adopt the blessings of a better education than those knights and nobles who had set their pride in the antiquity of their name and castle, in the management of their horse, in the handling of their sword and lance, and in the so-called manly exercise of war and hunting. I am obliged, for shortness' sake, to omit Luther's eloquent appeal to this class of men, as also his exhortation to the study of Latin and Greek, chiefly as a means by which to investigate the sacred writings from original sources.

In spite of the roughness of this appeal it must be remembered, that no man has done more for the purification and development of his native tongue (German) than Luther and his fellow-reformers. Through the translation of the Testament and publication of many other religious and polemic writings, they succeeded in showing its native vigour and strength, they thereby inspired the German people with feelings of nationality and patriotism, and raised the dialect spoken in the middle states of Germany to a standard language, which is used everywhere in literature and polite conversation, and is known under the name of "Hochdeutsch" (High German).

From the extract we are going to give it will be seen that even his method of teaching a modern language is quite up to the method now advocated in this more progressive age:

"We learn German and other languages much better by word of mouth, at home, in the street, or at church, than out of books. Letters are dead words, the utterances of the mouth are living words, which in writing can never stand forth so distinct and so

excellent as the soul and spirit of man bodies them forth through the mouth. Tell me, where was there ever a language which men could learn to speak with correctness and propriety, merely by the rules of grammar? Is it not true, that even those languages which possess the most unerring rules, like the Latin and Greek, are much better learned by use and wont, than from these rules? Is it not then extremely absurd to neglect a straightforward and pertinent search into the subject-matter and attempt instead to pick the language out of grammar alone?

"Our knowledge is twofold: relating to words and to things, and accordingly he who does not possess a knowledge of the thing or of the subject he is to speak of will not find a knowledge of words of any service to him.

"There is an old proverb which runs thus: 'If you do not know of what you are talking, you may talk forever, and no man will be the wiser for it.' Many such people there are in our day. For we have many learned and eloquent men, who appear extremely foolish and ridiculous, because they undertake to speak of that which they have never understood.

"True eloquence does not consist in a tinselled flourish of gaudy and unfamiliar words, but in that chaste and polished expression which, like a beautiful painting, shows the subject-matter in a clear, suitable, and every way admirable light. Hence, we should accustom ourselves to use good, pointed, and intelligible words, — words that are in common use and thereby fitted to call up and set forth the matter, so that men may understand just what it intends, and if any man has that power let him give God the glory; for it is a special gift and grace, since blinded writers often disguise their sentiments with astonishing, far-fetched, and obsolete words, so double-sided, double-tongued, and intertwined that when convenient they can bend their language into whatever meaning they choose."

Thus lucidly does the straightforward, honest German discourse on the properties of good style and against the crooked

phraseology of the sophistical opponents, against whom he had to battle during the greater part of his life.

Let us now refer to another branch of study, of which Luther was a great admirer, and which he recommended with the full strength of his heart and conviction, namely, singing and music. Up to his time, singing in church was limited to the priests and a choir of boys destined for the church, who chanted hymns and prayers unintelligible to themselves and to the multitude. But Luther wanted all the people, young and old, to sing. To effect this purpose he had, as in other matters, to lay hand to the work itself, by translating the Psalms and by composing original hymns. In 1526 the first hymn-book was published under Luther's sanction. "These hymns," as he says in the preface, "are set to music in four parts, for no other reason than because of my desire that the young, who ought to be educated in music, might have something useful and practise something virtuous, as becomes the young. I should be glad to see all arts, and especially music, employed in the service of Him who created and made them." It is an interesting testimony to the power of music, which caused a writer of that time to say, that "the Reformation in the city of Hanover was first there, not by preachers, nor by religious tracts, but by the Hymns of Luther, which the people sang with delight." Such a fact can only be accounted for by the great talent and love of the Germans for singing.

Of Luther's own love for music one of his friends and biographers says: "I have spent many a happy hour in singing with Luther and have often seen the dear man so happy and joyful that he could neither tire nor be satisfied. . . . He conversed splendidly on music, and said, among other things: 'It is a beautiful and lovely gift of God; it has often so excited and moved me as to give me a desire to preach. It is needful that music be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing or I do not think much of him. Music comes next to theology. I would not exchange my knowledge of it for much money. Singing is

the best of arts and exercises; it is not of a worldly character and is an antidote for all contentions and quarrels. Singers are not gloomy, but joyful and sing their cares away. There can be no doubt that in minds which are affected by music are the seeds of much that is good, and those who are not affected by it I regard as stocks and stones. Music effecteth what theology alone can also effect, and gives peace and a joyful mind. Therefore the prophets have employed no art as they have music, inasmuch as they have put their theology not into geometry, arithmetic, or astronomy, but into music. Hence it cometh that by teaching the truth in psalms and hymns, they have joined theology and music in close union.'"

From the subject of music and harmony we are rationally led to the importance of education in the domestic circle, where all the members of different age, sex, and talent may yet act in harmony for each other's benefit as well as for that of the whole household, thus singing as it were in a pleasant choir of well-regulated voices the praises of the Creator. Luther, with his clear understanding, placed the welfare of the whole country on the firm rock of domestic education. Let us listen to his arguments in his exposition of the 20th chapter of Exodus:

"We have explained how father and mother are to be honoured, and what this commandment includes and teaches, and have shown of what vast consequence it is in the sight of God, that this obedience toward father and mother should become universal. Where this is not the case, you will find neither good manners nor good government. For, where obedience is not maintained at the fireside, no power on earth can insure to the city, territory, principality or kingdom the blessings of a good government; and it is there that all governments and dominions originate. If now the root is corrupt, it is in vain that you look for a sound tree, or for good fruit.

"For what is a city but an assemblage of households? How, then, is a whole city to be wisely governed, when there is no sub-

ordination in its several households, yea, when neither child, maid-servant, nor man-servant submits to authority? When, now, the households are lawless or misgoverned, how can the whole territory be well governed? Yea, nothing else will appear from one end of it to the other, but tyranny, witchcraft, murders, robberies, and disobedience to every law. Now, a principality is a group of territories or counties; a kingdom a group of principalities; and an empire a group of kingdoms. Thus, the whole wide organization of an empire is all woven out of single households. Wherever the fathers and mothers slack the reins of family government, and leave children to follow their own strong courses, there it is impossible for either village, city, territory, kingdom, or empire to enjoy the fruits of wise and peaceful government; for the son, when grown up, becomes a father, a judge, a mayor, a preacher, schoolmaster, a king, etc. And if he has been brought up without constraint, then will the subjects become like their ruler, the members like their head."

There follows another weighty passage about the consequences of bad training of children, which often causes parents, when they have come to piety and old age, to lament about the wickedness of the present generation, for which they ought partly to find the fault within themselves. Thus speaks Luther:

"Are we not fools? See, we have the power to place Heaven and Hell within the reach of our children, and yet we give ourselves no concern about the matter. For what does it profit you if you are ever so pious and yet neglect the education of your children? Some there are who serve God with an extreme devotion; they fast, they wear coarse garments and are assiduous in such exercises; but the true service of God in their families, namely, the training of their children aright, this they pass blindly by, even as the Jews of old forsook God's temple and offered sacrifice on the high places. Now, I deem that those destroy their children who knowingly neglect them, and suffer them to grow up without the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and

though they do not themselves set a bad example, yet they indulge them overmuch, out of an excess of natural affection, and so destroy them. But their excuse is: these are mere children; they neither know nor understand. That may be; but look at the dog, the horse, or the ass; they have neither reason nor judgment, and yet we train them to follow our bidding, to come and go, to do or to leave undone, at our pleasure. Neither does a block of wood or of stone know whether it will or will not fit into the building, but the master workman brings it to shape; how much more, then, a man!

"There are others who destroy their children by using foul language or by a corrupt demeanour or example; others who are extremely well pleased if their sons betray a fierce and war-like spirit and are ever ready to give blows, as though it were a great merit in them to show no fear of anyone. Such parents are in the end quite likely to pay dear for their folly and to experience sorrow and anguish, when their sons, as often happens in such cases, are suddenly cut off. Again, children are sufficiently inclined to give way to anger and evil passions, and hence it behooves their parents to remove temptation from them, as far as possible, by a well-guarded example within themselves, both in words and actions. For what can the child of a man, whose language is habitually vile and profane, be expected to learn, unless it be the like vileness and profanity?

"Others again destroy their children by inducing them to set their affections on the world, by giving them no further thought, except to see that they cultivate gracefulness, dress finely, dance and sing, and all this to be admired and to make conquests. For this is the way of the world. In our day there are few who are chiefly solicitous to procure to their children an abundant supply of those things that pertain to God and to the interests of the soul; for most strive to ensure them wealth and splendour, honour and pleasure."

Luther speaks of these things as happening in "his days." Is

is not a striking arrangement of God that a master-mind seems to be ordained to tell the truth also to coming ages, and to convince them of the folly of all pursuits at whose shrine honesty and independence of soul are sacrificed for the sake of so-called "independence," built upon transitory and imaginary wealth, and so dependent withal that the least disturbance in the commercial relations makes it tremble to its foundation? In this wild hunt after riches the young generation is often impelled to participate, at an age when it would be wiser for them to indulge in innocent sports, that would give strength to their bodies,— or to contemplate the treasures of Nature, in order to get an idea of real beauty and perfection. There is a good feature in England, and still more so in the better circles of Continental Europe; viz., the participation of elder persons in the pleasures and sports of youth, by which the exuberance of the latter receives a wholesome restraint, which tends to brighten their pleasure, instead of forcibly restraining it; thus purifying it from the dross of coarseness and sensuality.

In viewing German domestic life we find occasionally displayed a poetic-artistic element, which is full of deep meaning; as for instance, the planting and adorning of the Christmas tree with its hundreds of shining tapers and manifold presents exposed to view. Luther also is described as having, heart and soul, joined in this amusement offered to his four children. Much which is worthy of imitation might be said about his family relations. It seems natural enough that he loved his children dearly and sympathized with their feelings. But there is one feature which in a man of such learning and extensive occupation seems truly astonishing; viz., the power of adapting his language to persons of every class, age, and condition. This is illustrated by the style of a letter which he wrote during a protracted absence to his little son Johnny (Hänschen). Here it is in full:

"Grace and peace in Christ, my darling little son. I am glad

to see that you study and pray diligently. Go on doing so, my Johnny, and when I come home I will bring some fine things for you. I know of a beautiful garden where many children go, and have little golden coats and gather from the trees fine apples and pears and cherries and plums. They sing, play, and are happy; they have beautiful little horses with golden bits and silver saddles. I asked the owner of the garden whose children they were. He replied, ‘They are children who love to pray and are good.’ I then said, ‘Dear Sir, I too have a son, whose name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into the garden?’ The man said, ‘If he loves to pray and learn and is good, he shall come into the garden, and Tilly and Jussy too, and when they are all together they shall have fifes and drums and lutes and all kinds of music, and shoot with their cross-bows.’ But it was early and the children had not yet dined, and as I could not wait for their dancing, I said to the man, ‘O my dear Sir, I will hasten away and write all about this to my dear Johnny; that he may pray, learn diligently and be good, and then come into the garden. He has an Aunt Lene and she must come too.’ The man said, ‘This is right; go and write to him.’ Therefore, my dear Johnny, learn and pray, and then you may all come into the garden; and now I commend you to God. Go see Aunt Lene and give her a kiss for me.

Your dear father,

MARTIN LUTHER.”

If this letter appears too trifling to some of my hearers, let us not forget that it is in the spontaneous effusions of the heart that we are able to discern the stamp of a truly great man. The deeds and speeches, or even public letters which the world records, are alternately dimmed or exaggerated by the flattery of friends and the rancour of enemies. But in the unostentatious sentiments of private life we have only to deal with the man, the father, the Christian. A great man, who bends down to assist the feeble and helpless mind in its development, “stoops but to conquer.”

He gathers fresh fuel from the heart in order to fight the better afterwards in the cold arena of fame, exposed to the gaze and criticism of the world.

After the lapse of more than three centuries the world has had an opportunity to form a judgment in regard to the champion of religion. True, it cannot be expected that the Roman Catholics should be equally just in their estimate of a man who has shaken the throne of Popery to its very foundation; and yet on reflection they will find that they too have profited by his work.

As a proof of this assertion, let us quote the opinion of Rotteck, one of the most popular historians of Germany, who, himself a Catholic, has raised for him an everlasting monument by the honest and bold acknowledgment of his deep conviction. In speaking of the effects of the Reformation, he says:

“When we say that the Reformation has been the liberating element from political as well as ecclesiastical bondage, we have with this one sentence borne testimony to its immense blessings. We intend here only to indicate some particular points worthy of attention.

“Concerning science, we say boldly, that without the Reformation Europe would never have reached the fruits of higher knowledge. There was at that time, a formidable conspiracy formed to extinguish the dawning light of knowledge. Pope Alexander, previous to the Reformation, had issued severe edicts against books translated from Greek, Hebrew, and Arab writings. The Inquisition, whose power and influence the Popes tried to make general, might have succeeded in suppressing truth and the blessings of knowledge.

“It was the Reformation which has forced even its opponents to foster the sciences, although not in a liberal sense. They saw the necessity of resisting with similar means their opponents, who challenged them with the weapons of science; for, if they failed to do so, then public opinion, which was anxiously waiting for the best arguments, would have indignantly turned away from the

ravings of their ignorance. It was for this reason that both parties engaged in the studies necessary for polemic warfare; with this difference, that the Protestants raised a torch (although some of its adherents have occasionally tried to extinguish it), that of free examination, the vital principle of all progress and civilization.

"But (continues Rotteck) it is impossible to foster one science without at the same time opening the door for others. Whatever the mind of man designs belongs to the whole world. Even through the best guarded gates some rays of light are yet to enter, and one free workshop of science may fill the world with its splendour.

"Finally (concludes Rotteck) it is chiefly owing to the Reformation that the living languages — instead of the dead — were made the vehicles of thought. The reformers had to address the people at large, — in order to win its assent. They had, so to say, to educate it, and science, which hitherto had only spoken to a few select in a foreign tongue, opened its temple to every devout scholar and became *national in its application*."

Ladies and Gentlemen, in conclusion, even if there should be Catholics in the audience, let us follow the example of the intelligent Germans, who in the Catholic cities of Constance and Worms have erected monuments to the memory of the Reformers Hess and Luther, for the benefits they have directly or indirectly bestowed on Posterity. If we cannot entirely agree with their religious tenets, we cannot withhold our respect for their educational labours and more especially for those of grand old Luther and his friend Melanchthon; but the greatest monument erected in their honour is undoubtedly that of which the Americans have reason to be most proud; viz., *an universal unsectarian system of popular Education!*

## II

### MY CONTRIBUTION CONCERNING THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE RHETO-ROMANIC OR LADIN DIALECT SPOKEN IN SWITZERLAND

If, from a point where the boundaries of Uri, the Grisons, and Tessin meet, we could trace a circle with a radius of about six miles length, which would pass through the village of Andermatt (Uri), Airolo (Tossin), Stellaria (Valley of Medels, Grisons), we should witness some interesting facts:

1. Two different watersheds, by which the waters from the glaciers are transmitted (a) to the German Ocean, (b) to the Adriatic.

2. We should find in the languages or dialects of the people inhabiting those places the impress of three nationalities: of the German, Italian, and Romanic. Accordingly, an object which in Andermatt would be designated as *haus* would be called *casa* in Airolo, and *dom* at Stellaria.

Supposing that the colour given to that object was in question, it might be designated in Andermatt as *weiss*, in the second place as *bianco*, in the third as *alb*.

The variety of name becomes still more interesting if — on the western side of St. Gotthard, we follow the watershed washed by the river Rhone for about sixty miles (say to Sider), where the above two words would be substituted by *maison* and *blanc*.

A glance at the physical character of those regions is sufficient to convince us that the great variety in the distribution of these languages is by no means accidental, but is to be attributed to the tendency of all primitive nations, in the absence of artificial roads,

to follow the direction of valleys conditioned by the action of traversing rivers. Hence the fact, that near the central knot of St. Gotthard *three* nationalities have come so near together.

It is true that according to this law the Engadine ought to contain German-speaking inhabitants proceeding from Austria, whilst those of the upper part of the Valois ought to speak the French instead of the German language. These exceptional facts must be explained by a tendency of cattle-raising tribes to ascend the mountains for pasturage and to proceed down on the other side in search of other. In this manner German-Bernese shepherds may have peopled the Upper Valois, while Italian-speaking (Bergamask) shepherds may have visited the Engadine.

It can hardly be doubted that at the time when the names *Rhaetus* and *Rhaetia* occur for the first time, a Celtic or Gallic population occupied the western portion of Europe, among whom also the old Helvetians must be counted, as is evident from the names of many places in the lower parts of Switzerland.

It is hardly probable that the Celts, who were generally devoted to agriculture and fishing, should have ventured into the inmost recesses of the mountains, which therefore became asylums for fugitives driven from their more southern homes by hostile invasions.

Livy mentions that one division of Galli, after crossing the Alps under General Bellonesus, expelled a portion of the Etruscan and Umbrian populations from their domiciles, which resulted in an exodus over the Alps under a leader Rhætus. Etruria and Umbria were different countries, the one situated on the western and the other on the eastern side of the Apennines. But the Umbrians were already at that time partly under subjection to the Etrusci, who were vastly superior to them in culture and the arts.

Livy thus alludes to the language of the Rhætians (V. 1): "The Alpine inhabitants are descended from the Etruscans, more especially the Rhætians, who have become so wild through their

abode that they have preserved but little from their primitive state, unless it be the accent of their language, nor even this pure."

Pliny also, who lived in Como, where he must often have had the opportunity of seeing Rhætian visitors, says somewhere: "There is hardly any doubt of the common origin of the Rhætians and Etruscans."

Recent researches about the languages of the Italian peninsula have brought to light that the *Umbrian language* bears great affinity to the *Latin*, and may have greatly contributed to the formation of the latter.

Based upon this fact we are inclined to assert that the Engadiners at least (to judge from their language) may have been descended from the Umbrians or some kindred population. This opinion is strongly backed up by corresponding appellations of places or towns. Before illustrating this, we would warn the student unacquainted with the law of derivative terms not to expect, for instance, to find such names as *Zutz*, *Schuls*, etc., *literally* existing in distant places, but to allow the usual law of modification.

For instance, we find that according to this law the name *Augustus* has passed through *August*, *Aust*, *Août*; the word *anima* through *anma*, *anne*, to *âme*, etc. We would also like to refer to the most frequent termination of Romanic names, which occurs even more frequently in the Oberland than in the Engadine. It is there, for instance, where we find between Mayenfeld and Dissentis (without any omission) the names: *Jenins*, *Malans*, *Marshlins*, *Igis*, *Lizers*, *Trimmis*, *Masons*, *Ems*, *Tamins*, *Trins*, *Flims*, *Lax* (Lags), *Sagens*, *Schlövis*, *Hanz* (ts), *Ruvis*, *Brigets*, *Sumvix* (vigs) *Compadjels*, *Dissentis*.

According to our view these names express a *plural form*, which is based on the laws of the *Latin language*, while the present *Etruscan* plural is formed by the termination *a*.

But why this plural? If we go back to primitive conditions of civilization, this will become clear. As in the case of the North

American Indians, one of their colonies or camps is not designated by the name of a place, but by the name of their inmates, as the camp lodges of the *Sioux*, *Chippewas*, *Oneidas*, etc. In the same manner the tribes or populations, perhaps occupying but temporary residences, were indicated by Latin historians.

Thus we find Pliny (Book III, Chap. 19) alluding to Umbrian populations as the *Sentinates*, *Suillates*, *Vettenenses*, *Solinates*, from which we may easily obtain, by derivative laws, the present names of places: *Sins*, *Schuls*, *Fettan*, *Sohlins*.

Assuming, therefore, that Umbrian populations might about 600 B.C. have emigrated towards the present Rhætia, we may further assume that about two hundred years later another emigration took place. The last one may have been necessitated by the invasion of Brennus and his Gallic army, who even occupied Rome for a short time. In consequence of this invasion, many inhabitants of the surrounding places of Latium, Samnium, and the territory of the Sabine, may have been induced to turn their steps towards the mountains, whose passes and ravines could be easily defended, whilst the pasturage found on them and in the valleys might afford, to their cattle and themselves, a frugal existence.

However this may be, it can certainly not be ascribed to an accident, that we find now the two villages of Lavin and Ardetz, which were designated in Pliny as *Lavinium* and *Ardea*, and their inhabitants as *Lavinii* and *Ardeates*. Not far from these places is the little place Remus, the name of which reminds us of the unfortunate brother of the founder of Rome.

On a lateral valley, proceeding from the Inn, is the valley of Samnaum, rich in pasturage, which may have once strongly reminded the exiles from Samnium of their own dear home country. In the same manner some expelled Umbrians may have preserved the name of their Umbrian home, by the name of Umbrail given to a high mountain near the boundary. Certainly no thoughtful man can refuse to see the coincidence of all these

names, and to doubt the universal testimony of Roman historians about the causes, which alone are able to explain it.

How have we to explain the name of *Rhætus*, or that of the people *Rhætii*, who, since they are very distinct both in origin, language, and customs from the Romans, must have left some traces of their existence in the places which they colonized? From the very scant list of words, which the unwearied diligence of historians has been able to gather from the epitaphs on Etruscan monuments, there is one particularly significant, that is, the name of the people which they gave to *themselves*, which was *Ras.*, pl. *Rasena*. I call this an important discovery, since it is no more necessary to assume the existence of doubtful *Rhætus*, in order to derive the once current name of *Rhætii*, but can go back to the name of the people itself, and construct by legitimate laws the term *Rhætii* from *Rasena*.

Based on this, we will attempt (with some help of the imagination), to accompany the fugitive Rasena on their march over the Alps. The remnants of a dominant nation, who had formerly conquered some of the neighbouring tribes, they may have formed the avant-guard of the exiled multitude. We assume that the long procession of men, women, and children were obliged, on their march through Lombardy, to avoid the victorious hosts of their Gallic adversaries, and hence had to pursue their way through the lower mountain passes, which led them to the valley of the Adda (the Valtellina of to-day). After this they had to attempt the crossing of the Bernina, a pass in the chain of the Rhætian Alps, which they could not do before the snows of the winter had partly melted away.

We cannot surmise what impression the sight of the mighty Alps, with their white glaciers and forbidding rocks, may have made upon the Etruscan and Umbrian hosts, but we assume that their practical mind (for which they were more celebrated than for their taste or imagination) must have been sorely taxed in finding means of exit in the ascent of the mountain and in its

descent, when they were obliged, on their arrival in the valley, to cross some swollen rivers by means of temporary bridges. One of these, which may have survived (considering that the Etruscans were known for their massive structures) may have preserved to us the name of Pont Rasena or Pont Resina. The adjoining villages, Samada and Celerina, exhibit the same Etruscan plural *a* in their termination. It is possible that the Umbrian part of the emigrants were satisfied with the appearance of the valley (Engadine), which extends eastward with its green meadows and rich pasture, and reminded them of their native land, and might have occupied it, giving the names which, as we have shown, remind us of their Umbrian and Latin origin. But the proud Rasena may have obtained information of milder regions farther north and continued their march over the Julier pass. There they may have passed by the columns of the Sun-God erected by their Gallic enemies, and possibly have precipitated them to the ground, where their fragments are lying to the present day. Their path led them through the valley, where Oberhalbstein and Tiefenkasten are now situated. The name of the former is thoroughly German, but that of the latter shows affinity with the old Sanscrit, "kasta," which signifies a receptacle made of *wood*, the deep, forest-covered ravine presenting that appearance. In that "kasta" there runs, foaming and rolling its white waters, the Albula, whose name is naturally explained by the colour of its waters, but which may have reminded the home-sick Etruscans or their allies of *their* Albula within the Apennines, which the world has afterwards known under the name of *Tybris*, or *Tiber*.

At last the wandering host, passing over the giddy abysses of the Via Mala, reached the valley of Domleshg, where the locality (at the entrance of the ravine) presented them strong means of defence, whilst the name Thusis (from Tusci or Tusces) and the fortress Alta Rhætia, remind us of the builders. Farther down, near the confluence of the two branches of the Rhine, the village and castle of Rätzuns reminds us of the same origin (Rasenas).

We will finally allude to an obvious fact, viz.: Rhæto-Romanic names are not only found in the "Grisons" but in the whole territory incorporated in the ancient Rhætia, whose limits enclose the present canton of Glarus, a part of St. Gall and Thurgau and Appenzell; further, the Vorarlberg, Tyrol (Austria), the valleys of the Addin and Tessin, etc. Such names as Sargans, Ragaz, Bregenz, Bludenz, Vaduz, Glaris, Mollis, etc., are evidently not German, nor Italian, but are in no way distinct from the Rhæto-Romanic names which we have discussed. Such old names as were used by the German-Swiss rulers of the Ticinese bailiwicks (Vogt-schaften); e.g., Airels, Trins, Belenz, instead of the present Italianized names of Airolo, Giornico, Bellinzona, are probably more antique than the latter, since they preserve the character peculiar to Rhæto-Romanic names.

As long as Comparative Philology had not yet supplied its binding laws, it was excusable in Ebel to declare that the language spoken nowadays in many valleys of the Grisons was a direct daughter of the Etruscan language. To be sure he knew nothing at all of that language, for it is only owing to the immense labours of modern antiquarians and philologists, that many Etruscan monuments have been unearthed from which the latter have tried to decipher the inscriptions, the character of which bears some resemblance with the Greek, and are partly to be read from left to right.

Yet, in spite of the known sagacity and learning of some great philologists, assisted by an adequate imagination, none of these inscriptions have hitherto been deciphered so as to present any connected meaning. As for single words, they have been impartially interpreted from Latin quotations, or from their resemblance with Celtic, Latin, Hebrew and Phoenician roots.

But why, it may be asked, is the Etruscan language, vanished even from the supposed descendants of that people, more espe-

cially from the Rhæto-Romanic population, which in their Alpine recesses were less exposed to amalgamation?

This, according to my opinion, arose from the following facts: the Roman civilization exercised a powerful influence over conquered nations, which was intensified by the obligation of sending the young men of the country to Rome, in order to be enlisted amongst its legions, whilst the jurisdiction, and even the religious exercises of the early Christian era, were administered in that tongue. We find this rapid extinction of this primitive language wherever the people had no literature and but a few terms for concrete objects, as for instance in France amidst a Celtic population. It is true that the *extinction* of this old language may have been effected more slowly in secluded valleys. But that it was effected has been already stated by Pliny.

But however this may be, it must be conceded that not a single word of the Rhæto-Romanic language can be with any certainty declared as belonging to the Etruscan tongue. Of the fifty or sixty deciphered words of that language, there are only two to which the Rhæto-Romanic family bear a slight resemblance; namely, the name of a high mountain near Coira, the *Calanda*, with the Etruscan *Falanda* (sky). According to Celtic laws of language the transition from *f* to *c* can be explained, nor is it quite impossible that a mountain whose summit, so to say, pierced into the sky, might have been designated by the latter name, as a kind of Olympus, on which the Gods were throned. The other word is *Thusis*, which bears some resemblance to the Etruscan *turses* (walls) and might have stood for the walls which the fugitive Etruscans built across the valley of the Rhine, to be protected from their pursuers. These of course, are mere surmises, and are likely to be wrong.

As the final result of our investigations, performed with but limited means of knowledge of the language in question, and at a great distance from the land in which it is spoken, we beg to offer the following facts:

(a) *In Regard to the Origin of the Rhæto-Romanic Populations*

(1) That we are compelled to assume an emigration from Etruria, Umbria, and other neighbouring countries of the Italian Peninsula.

(2) That the first emigration must have taken place about 600 years b.c. whilst others may have followed afterwards.

(3) That through the subjection of the Rhaetian territory under Roman dominion, many Latin elements have crept in, from which we have also to deduce the names given to the language; viz., Romanic and Ladin.

(4) That through the vicinity of the Italian territory, more especially of the Valtellina, which was once a subject territory to the Grisons, many Italian elements have come in, from which also the names of a great many families in the Engadine have originated.

(b) *In Regard to the Language*

(5) That from the combination of all these elements has arisen the present Rhæto-Romanic Language, which as a whole, is probably not more different from the standard *Italian* language than are other dialects or *patois* spoken in parts removed from the centres of civilization.

(6) In regard to *Etruscan* remnants, we have come to the conclusion that to our knowledge not a single word can be traced to it, whilst, however, there seem to be *many* terms related to the Umbrian dialects spoken at the foundation of Rome.

(7) That the Celtic language explains some of the words, whilst others, like *crap*, *giavüsher*, *panch*, etc., can only be satisfactorily explained by reference to the Sanscrit.

In conclusion we indulge the hope that an intelligent native of those regions, familiar with the language and the customs of the people, may attempt to give us a table of the most interesting words, sayings, legends, and proverbs current in these valleys. In that way perhaps we might succeed in restoring and raising again the historic column which, like the one mentioned on the Julier Pass, lies now in fragments on the ground.

### III

#### A VISIT TO THE KŁÖNTHAL IN THE CANTON OF GLARUS NEAR THE BIRTHPLACE OF MY MOTHER

ON the day I write this in my lonely room, there are perhaps a hundred thousand people moving in the streets of San Francisco, partly as spectators, and partly as members of a monster procession in honour of the admission of the State of California into the Union, forty years ago.

Personally, I am no friend of witnessing such processions, and it is chiefly my aversion to mingling with great crowds that has kept me at home, and induced me, by way of contrast, to feed my imagination on one of the loveliest — although solitary — spots of my beloved Switzerland.

It was in the spring of 1887 that I visited — for the first time after more than forty years — the little Canton of Glarus, which, although situated off the ordinary route of the tourist, yet by its situation among imposing ranges of mountains, and by the beauty and wealth of its villages situated along the rushing Linth and scattered on the green pasturage, deserves our tribute of admiration. In my case it represents sacred ground on account of its containing the birthplace of my mother — at Nettstall, an industrious village close to the capital (Glarus). Of course, it would have been useless, nearly a century after the time when my mother was born and passed her youth in a humble cottage near the steep slope of the mountain, to make any inquiries respecting it. All I could do was to conjure up the picture of my mother as one of the children living at the time of the French Revolution and witnessing some of the horrors incident to the cruel devastation

committed by invading armies, — for instance, the Russian and French. Well do I remember my mother telling how, during the roar of a battle, her mother made the children go down to the cellar and — at the explosion of a cannon — used to call to them excitedly: "Lie down quick!" — Alas! this lying down and protecting their young lives did not keep out the dire hunger, almost amounting to starvation, which tormented the families of the poor in an unproductive valley deprived of its resources — and which obliged them to allow their children to be taken away into distant parts of the agricultural portion of Switzerland, to be received and fed by benevolent persons.

I shall never forget the beauties of a trip to the Klöntalersee, a beautiful gem of the clearest water. At the end of our drive I took a walk along the left shore, and gazed with admiration on the rocky masses of three peaks of the "Glärnisch" which rise boldly to the height of 9000 or more feet. A solemn silence reigns below them, and the surface of the lake in its mountain cradle is hardly ever disturbed by wind or storm, nor are its waters, coming from the neighbouring glaciers and filling up a bed of solid rock, dimmed or soiled by impure particles. To this must be ascribed the distinctness and purity of the reflections. I gazed with admiration at the beautiful colouring of the inverted summits of the mighty peaks, as reflected in the water, a colouring heightened by the velvety green of the grassy borders of the lake. My soul seemed to partake of the peace and serenity of the scene, and I asked myself the question, whether it was possible that the tramp of armies and the rattling of artillery or musketry had ever awakened the echoes of this peaceful amphitheatre, which seems to have been destined as an asylum for those who seek rest from their physical and mental troubles. Alas! that history has to answer this question in the affirmative. The passage of the Russian general Suwaroff with his fugitive army through this very valley (in 1799) presents many striking scenes, which, in order to be fully appreciated, must be considered in their connection.

From this it will be seen that never perhaps in the history of the world was an army like that of the Russians, composed of the dwellers of the Steppes and boundless plains, condemned within a short period to make so many involuntary mountain ascensions, amidst dangers and fatigues from which barely one half survived to tell their hair-breadth escapes.

On the 24th Sept., 1799, Suwaroff forced his passage over the St. Gotthard Pass, after a sanguinary struggle with the opposing French. His desire to form a junction with the Russian General Korsakoff, then camping before Zürich, was frustrated by the news of the defeat of the latter, which forced him to turn aside from the main road and to scale with his exhausted, half-starving army the fearful cliffs of the Kinzerkulum. After reaching the Muottathal the ever vigilant French again forced him to turn his army towards the heights of the Bragel and to pass along the shore of the Klönthal-see to the valley of Glarus. But there also the indefatigable enemy had not only consumed all the available provisions, but guarded the outlet of the valley, so as to oblige the unfortunate Russians again to turn their faces towards the inhospitable mountains, which the beginning frosts of winter had covered with a deep mantle of snow. But there was no choice for the shoeless, hungry sufferers of Suwaroff's fugitive army, other than to brave the horrors of a painful ascent, and a still more painful descent to the other side, during which hundreds of horses, carriages with artillery and ammunition, slipped down fearful precipices, carrying with them scores of the unfortunate warriors, a prey to vultures and eagles. The inhospitable path was strewn with the wounded and those dying from the freezing cold of the wintry night, without food or shelter. When the surviving part of the army at last reached the valley of the Rhine, occupied by their allies, the Austrians, it is no wonder that after their involuntary scaling of mountain passes in the short time of two weeks, the dreams of glory and further laurels had fallen down to the "freezing point" and they hailed with joy the command of

their emperor, which recalled them to their native steppes in Russia.

ALAMEDA, 9th Sept., 1890.

P.S. — The above date, the 9th September, on which the Californians celebrate their admission to the Union, reminds me forcibly of the 9th Sept., 1798 (as history tells us) when a few thousand Unterwaldners fought the whole day with the troops of Schauenburg (being unwilling to swear the oath of allegiance to the Helvetic government, a tool of France), and perished by the hundreds amidst their burning homes. It was at that scene of desolation that Pestalozzi soon afterward collected the poor orphan children.

## IV

### A RIVER IDYL

BEFORE all rivers, which have left a deep and pleasant impression on my soul, I must place the Rhine, near whose head-waters lies my native Canton. But grand and picturesque as are some of the scenes near its source, amidst the mountains and gorges of Graubündten, or near the thundering falls of Schaffhausen, we find the most charms united in its course between Mayence and Cologne, and no traveller can ever forget the beauty of its windings between bold slopes, adorned by quaint-looking towns, picturesque ruins and castles, and numerous vineyards. Of course, the imagination peopling these ruins, etc., has much to do with the pleasure we feel in passing through these regions, a pleasure always renewed even to one who, like myself, has made the passage for the seventh or eighth time. But even imagination did seldom venture further than to the times of mediæval knights and barons, who owned these castles. Although the occupation of many sites by the Romans is well attested by the annals of history and by such names as Cologne (*Colonia*), Coblenz (*Confluentes*), etc.—it was generally assumed that they only point to military stations, where some unwilling pretorians were stationed in apparently wild and inhospitable regions, opposite the territory of as yet unconquered tribes of the German family. But the river-idyl written by an educated noble Roman of the fourth century may prove to us that there were beautiful castles, vineyards, and thrifty, cheerful husbandmen not only on the Rhine, but even on tributaries, such as the Moselle, to which the idyl is in reality consecrated by the poet Ausonius.

He begins by telling how, after a wondering glance at the massive fortifications recently added to the even then ancient town of Bingen — he plunged into the seemingly pathless forest on the left bank of the Rhine. He was bound for Augusta Trevorum (now called Trèves in French and Trier in German) which at that time might have been considered as the Rome of the north, and seat of the Western Empire. It was hardly three years since the Pannonian General Valentinian had received the imperial insignia at the hand of his legions, and forthwith, dividing with his brother Valens the unwieldy empire, had left the latter to reign in Constantinople, while he himself established his headquarters in the northern capital. It was this Valentinianus who had entrusted the training of his heir-apparent, Gratianus, in the year 367 after Christ, to Ausonius.

As the birth of the latter falls about the year 321, he must have been near his fiftieth year on assuming his tutorship. He left Bordeaux (Burdigala), his native place, with some regret, which was, however, relieved by the unexpected beauties he discovered along the Moselle, to which he devoted his Muse, not by any means rivalling that of Virgil in classic elevation, but sufficiently interesting to us, as affording a glimpse which shows that the same features of nature and art were to inspire a poetic soul 1500 years ago, as they do now. The following is a prose translation of the beginning of the song, which naturally is much inferior to the poetic flow which characterizes the Roman hexameter:

"The fields enjoy a purer air, and bright Apollo rides the purple ether in serene light. No longer does the eye go vainly seeking a heaven obscured by the green darkness of interlacing boughs. Hail, O river, joy of the fields and the husbandman, to whom the Belgians owe a city of imperial state! Thou art a pathway, O green river of the grassy banks and hills and redolent with grape — thou art a pathway for ships, like the ocean, yet thou faldest softly as a river should. Thou rivalest the lakes in clearness and the brooks in murmuring music, and thy waters

are good to drink as those of the coolest fountain. To thee are gathered all the varied charms of lake and stream and sea."

Ausonius then devotes many lines to the description of the fishy tribe, of which some specimens probably delighted his palate, and then turns his attention to the riverside vineyard and to the bountiful gifts of Bacchus, a description which equally applies to scenes now witnessed on the Rhine:

"For tier above tier, as in a natural theatre, in all the curves and recesses of the winding shore, and on the sunny slopes and bare ledges, and along the verge of the sheer cliffs, the ordered vines arise. The folk who till them are merry at their toil. The countrymen work diligently on the hilltops and adown their sides, calling to one another with lusty shouts. The gliding boatman flings out to those behind snatches of a mocking song, which the rocks and the rustling woods repeat far down the valley of the river."

How natural and life-like is this description, and perfectly applicable to the present time! Ausonius then is amazed at the unexpected magnificence of the country-seats, whose towers he begins to discern, and which inform him that he is approaching the proud capital where his journey will be at an end:

"How a villa springs from a cornice of natural rock! Another has made its own deep bay formed by a bend of the river; and yet another, perched upon the steepest cliff of all, commands a prospect over fruitful tracts and forest lands where the enraptured eye revels as in its own domain. One has planted its foot in the moist meadows and is well consoled for the lack of mountain grandeur by the daring pitch of its lofty roof, and a tower that soars like that of the Egyptian Pharos! And what of the porticoes beside the verdant lawns, the gleaming colonnades, the steaming baths? A Cumean might fancy that he had found here another Bajae, but without the insidious enervation of the old one!"

It will be seen by this description, that lordly castles and mansions were already seen at Ausonius' time, possibly different in

many particulars from the feudal castles, which are now mostly in ruins.

It may not appear in good taste for a poet to annex to his poetry his own name and country and business; yet posterity will be rather grateful, in this instance, to get an accurate picture of the author, so as not to oblige searchers of antiquity to indulge in imaginary theories. Says he at the end of his poem: "I, Ausonius of Bordeaux, yet bearing a memory of Italy in my name, lately arrived as a guest among the Belgae, from my home under the shadow of the Pyrenees, in the uttermost parts of Gaul, where laughing Aquitaine softens the rudeness of indigenous manners — have dared attune my slender lyre to sing this song. Hereafter, when the days of my tutorship are ended, and the Cæsars, father and beloved son, shall have dismissed me to the nest of my old age, crowned with all the honours of a Roman citizen, if any sap yet trickle in my veins I will make thee famous, O Moselle, not at thy source only, but in all the lands thou threadest in thy sinuous goings, until thou yieldest up thy watery life at the gates of Germany."

One word may be said here about the city of Trèves. Its monuments, for instance the Black Gate, the foundations of the Basilica, the grass-grown amphitheatre, many ruins of baths, etc., show that at the time of the Roman occupation it was a city superior in size and splendour to the present. Some writers maintain that it antedates the Romans; for instance, the Black Gate (*Porta Niger*) and the bridge over the Moselle. The celebrated art critic, Winkelmann, declared that if he had seen these works in Italy, he would have assigned them to the fifth century before Christ, finding their parallels in Volterra, Pæstum or Mycenæ.

That splendour, however, was not destined to last long, and the pupil of Ausonius, later a temporary emperor, Gratian, whose short reign was disgraced by dissipation and eccentric unbecoming conduct, had to flee from the invading troops of Maximus, a

new candidate for the imperial honours — and was murdered at Lyons, in the twenty-fifth year of his life.

Ausonius, however, seems to have reaped considerable honours, being chosen prefect of Gaul and afterwards *consul designatus*, which brought him back to Italy. The worthy emperor Theodosius, who followed Maximus, made friendly advances to him, but the poet, still vigorous in spite of his seventy years, preferred a retreat to his humble estate, as he chose to call it, although it consisted of two hundred acres of arable lands, one hundred acres of vineyards, fifty of meadows, and of woodland twice as much as the rest.

In this elegant retreat the Muses continued to visit him, and there remain, amongst much that is puerile and trifling, some specimens of genuine feeling and noble taste.

I subjoin here the translation of an idyl entitled "Roses" which exhibits almost a modern style of expression. Although the poet was not unacquainted with the spirit of Christianity, since the emperors and a great part of the Roman people, from the time of Constantine, professed an external adherence to its doctrines — a remnant of heathenism adheres occasionally to his poetic effusions. On the other hand, his rapt admiration for one of God's and Nature's finest works gives him a claim as an interpreter of noble and holy emotions.

#### THE ROSES

The breeze that runs before the sun-steeds, ere  
They kindle fire, appeared to summon me,  
And I went forth by the prim garden beds,  
To taste that early sweetness, and behold  
The bending blades, dew-frosted, and the heads  
Of the tall plants impearled and heavy-rolled.  
O'er spreading leaves the sky drops crystalline.  
There, too, were roses as in Paestum gay;  
Dim through the morning mist I saw them shine  
Save where at intervals a blinding ray  
Flashed from a gem that Sol would soon devour.  
Verily, one knew not if the rosy dawn

Borrowed her blushes from the rosy flower,  
Or this from her, for that the two had on  
The same warm colour, the same dewy veil!  
Yea, and why not? For flower alike and star  
Live under golden Venus and exhale —  
Maybe — the selfsame fragrance. But afar  
The planet's breath is wafted and is spent, —  
The blossom sheds its perfume at our side.  
Yet still they wear the same habiliment  
The Paphian goddess bade them — murex-dyed.  
A moment more and the young buds were seen,  
Bursting their star-like sheathings. One was there  
Who sported yet a fairy helm of green,  
And one a crimson coronal did wear.  
And one was like a stately pyramid,  
Tipped at the apex with a purple spire.  
And one the foldings of her veil undid  
From her fair head, as moved by the desire,  
To number her own petals. Quick! Tis done  
The smiling casket opens and we see  
The crocus therein hidden from the sun  
Dense-seeded. But, another rose — Ah me!  
With flame-like hair afloat upon the breeze,  
Paled suddenly, of all her glory shorn.  
Alas! for the untimely fate of these,  
Who age the very hour wherein they're born —  
I cried — and lo! that glorious birth, I do assure  
Of yon poor blossom dropped upon the mould,  
Clothing it far and wide with colour pure.  
How can the same sunrising see unfold  
And fade so many shapes of loveliness?  
Ah! cruel Nature, is thy boon of flowers  
So quick withdrawn and growing less and less?  
Ah! life of roses, told in one day's hour!  
The morning star beholds a birth divine,  
Whereof the evening star shall find no trace.  
Think then upon the roses' rash decline,  
Since the one rose revisiteth her place  
Never again! and gather, sweetest maid,  
Gather young roses in the early dew  
Of thine own years, remembering how they fade,  
And how, for thee, the end is hastening too.

The end was hastening even then for old Ausonius, whose

death occurred in 394. And the young maiden addressed at the end of the poem, a fond daughter or friend, has met with the same fate nearly fifteen thousand years ago. It may be that to the poet who advised her to "gather young roses in the early dew" had not yet come the consoling Christian vision — to see a new life and bloom beyond the grave.

The writer of these lines, who spends the winter from 1889 to 1890 in the mild, snowless regions of the Pacific shore, feels a particular interest in Ausonius' glowing admiration for the roses, since he too has often occasion to witness gorgeous displays of that noble flower. A few months ago I went with my daughter-in-law to the cemetery of Oakland, where her first-born boy, our little grandson Hermann, lies buried. The cemetery rises towards the hills and the seashore. After passing through a fine massive gate, the main road leads you upward between two rows of roses, representing many species and delighting you with their noble appearance and delicate scent. On arriving at the children's graves, we find again hundreds of roses and callas placed there by the loving hands of mothers and dear relatives. But the human roses have gone, to be gathered by their angels in heaven. Need I say that these tokens of fond remembrance on the peaceful graveyard brought to my mind my two sweet daughters, alas! but too soon departed, and yet consoling my heart in the hope of meeting them again at no distant time. It is a hope which Ausonius could not have, and which the mind of materialistic philosophers receives with a doubtful smile. But whatever doubt there may be about the kind or place of a future existence, one thing is engraved in my heart, the nearer my body approaches its dissolution; that Love can never die; for in its strong tendencies towards a beloved object there is a *force*, and if the material forces of the Universe can never subside or die, as little can the loving forces which form the true links between this earth and the spiritual world.

## V

APOSTROPHE TO A BOULDER ON THE ALPS  
(FRAGMENT)

IN the summer of 1888 I took a stroll from the rural home of my oldest sister to the woods crowning the eastern extremity of the Hirschberg. When I came to a clearing, which disclosed to the view the fertile valley of the Rheinthal and the glorious mountain scenery across the Rhine, I sat down near an immense granite boulder, which in its turn attracted my attention. How came this isolated wanderer to be carried hither nearly two thousand feet above the valley? Suddenly there rose before my imagination the sight of an immense glacier covering the whole valley, and even partly the plateau on which now stands Gais, my native village. As this reflection carried me back to a time which our limited knowledge forbids us to express in numbers, I looked at the above stone with a kind of reverence and admiration. Being a lone wanderer myself, there arose also a feeling akin to that we have towards an aged relative. "What didst thou experience, O venerable boulder, on thy long wanderings? Were there already settlers trying, like the Greenlanders of to-day, to eke out a scanty existence by feeding on animals or plants which can stand an arctic cold; living in caverns near by which gave them some shelter and warmth? Or was the awful silence entirely unbroken, whilst thou, a lonely wanderer, didst perform thy long journey — and at last, after ten thousand of years, when the more vertical rays of the sun and the rising Fohn (Southwind) caused thee to be released from the icy embrace of the glacier and safely deposited (although greatly diminished by friction and wounds received in thy passage)

on terra firma? What scenes thou must have witnessed by looking on the streams of water issuing from the melting mass of the glacier, the formation of lakes, the breaking down of dams, the roaring waterfalls!

Thy pilgrimage is ended. The letters S. S. G. P. F. (Society of St. Gall for the Protection of Foundlings) seem to be reverently inscribed as an epitaph to an honoured dead, whose bones are to be protected from further injury or from destruction!



## **APPENDIX**



## APPENDIX

### LIST OF KRÜSI'S WORKS NOT INCLUDED OR HERETOFORE REFERRED TO IN THIS BOOK

VERY near the end of his life, Mr. Krüsi reviewed all his writings, and left us a classified list, which has been of much assistance in sifting the large mass of material. Also, every volume of his "Record," his "Miscellany," and his "Bändchen," was carefully indexed. Some of the more important themes enlarged on in these volumes, but omitted here, are as follows:

What is Will? Is Will free, and are men responsible for their thoughts and actions? — *Record*.

A Reign of Peace and Tranquility, both in Inner- and Ausserrhoden, during the Ice Period, as revealed by its boulders. — *Miscellany*.

Various astronomical studies, *e.g.*: My contribution to compute by geometrical deduction the distance of our Earth from the Sun. — *Miscellany*.

Spanish Castles, and Reflections on Realistic Literature. — *Record*.

A Synopsis of the Nibelungen Lied. — *Miscellany*.

Remarks on the Obelisk in Central Park and its historical significance. [A very extended essay, occasioned by Mr. Krüsi's visit to Central Park. — ED.] — *Record*.

Additional remarks on Rameses II., the renowned ruler of Egypt, and his wife, — the supposed daughter of Pharaoh mentioned in the Old Testament. — *Miscellany*.

A Theory about the meaning and purpose of the Egyptian Pyramids, more especially those of Gizeh. — *Miscellany*.

Moses [an elaborate treatise, showing much research and original speculation. — ED.] — *Record*.

A Study of the Chinese Question. — *Record*.

A Historical Tragedy: the judicial murder of Landamman Suter by the temporal and spiritual rulers of Appenzell Inner-Rhoden. — *Miscellany*.

Special studies on the following philological topics:

Emphatic power of expression inherent in the structure of ancient forms of language. — *Miscellany*.

Brevity of modern forms of language when compared with old Aryan and Non-Aryan languages. — *Miscellany*.

Numerous exhaustive studies of Pestalozziana. — Of these Mr. Krüsi says, in his synopsis of his writings:

"I will add that the reason why so many papers are found relating to Pestalozzi and his works, was, that I felt it my duty, as the only man in the United States related to this extraordinary man through my father, his first assistant, — to study attentively not only all the works written by himself, but also the highly interesting contributions of worth on his life and work. I did this for my own edification, whilst making some comments on what I have read, which did me good service in occasional lectures I was invited to give by Professor Barnes to his class in Pedagogy at Stanford University."

These studies are found partly scattered throughout Krusi's Record, but especially in the *Miscellany*.

From Krüsi's intercourse with Agassiz and Guyot at the Institutes and elsewhere, he gleaned a large and interesting collection of reminiscences of these men, as also of the noted geologist Levereux, who was likewise a Swiss-American. These reminiscences were carefully gathered up, and preserved in connected form in his Record, combined with a full analysis of the character of each of the men.

Of longer manuscripts, Professor Krüsi especially notes:

I. Courses in Geometry (limited to its elementary parts, and

chiefly designed to indicate the method by which the pupils can solve the given problems for themselves).

- (a) Plane Geometry.
- (b) Solid Geometry.
- (c) Trigonometry.

To which is added,

(d) A collection of new geometrical problems or of old ones, solved in a different way from the one suggested in books.

II. A Course in Philosophy of Education (showing the method by which pupils can reflect on and discuss psychological questions).

### III. Sketch of Distinguished Educational Reformers.

This manuscript was accepted by an educational publisher, but owing to the failure of the latter to comply with some requirements, it was withdrawn, and has not been published. At Professor Krüsi's own suggestion, found in his notes, this and the Courses in Geometry and Philosophy of Education were presented by his heirs to the Oswego Normal School.

### IV. My Autobiography.

V. Reminiscences of Dr. Sheldon during my connection with him. [Published in the "Autobiography, Letters, and Memoirs of Dr. Edward A. Sheldon." — ED.]

VI. A Manuscript on Swiss History, consisting chiefly of comments I have made (according to my usual habit) in reading the chapters of Dändliker's History [consisting of 550 closely written pages in German, on large letter paper. — ED.]

### VII. Three historical dramas written half a century ago.

VIII. Struggles of different mountaineer populations for their political and religious liberty.

- (a) The Swiss.
- (b) The Waldenses.
- (c) The Hussites.
- (d) The Corsicans.

After thus cataloguing his manuscripts, Mr. Krüsi proceeds:

"The question now is, what disposition to make of them after my death, being well aware that, perhaps with the exception of the biographical portion, they present but little material that would interest my surviving relatives, the subjects described being outside of their sphere of observation, and in part presented in a foreign tongue. Hence it will not matter much whether, after having been imprisoned in a trunk for many years, they will ultimately be cremated or transferred to some other place."

Besides all the above, there remain what Mr. Krüsi designated as "Poetical Relics of an Old Man," of which he says; "Before passing in review the last productions of my muse, I will mention how it happened that I resorted to poetical flights in old age, which is generally supposed to be deprived of wings necessary for such an effort. Yet although the growing monotony of life in old age, combined with the weakening of the mental and active powers, seems to lend it a prosy character, there is yet some poetry in its longings, both retrospective and prospective.

"Ten or twelve years ago, when I was residing with my son and his wife, and, on account of the inability of my eyes to read by some lamplight, I sat on the sofa through the evenings, musing on past times, they brought among other things to my mind, many melodies sung in my youthful days, with the verses accompanying them. By way of mental exercise, I tried to translate these German verses into English. Succeeding in this, I mentally translated some other pieces of Salis, Schiller, etc., which in part, or as a whole, had remained on my memory, — even some longer poems, as for instance, 'Die Glocke,' which, set to music by Romberg, had made a deep impression on me, having once been a member of a chorus at Blochmann's Institute in Dresden, which produced that poetical and musical masterpiece before a large audience.

"I also remembered many verses of Byron's 'Childe Harold,' which, of course, I had to translate into German, at first mentally, but afterwards, in order to get the whole song translated, I had to

have recourse to the book. I became so fond of the metre used by Byron in this celebrated poem (which is by no means easily handled) that I applied it to a poem referring to a journey made in my youthful days, under the name of 'Des jungen Armins Wanderfahrt nach Italien,' and afterwards to others in which I passed in review some striking experiences of my life; for instance, recollections of interesting journeys, of home life, and of good and faithful friends in different parts of the world.

"After these subjects were exhausted, finding that my mind and my memory continued to do me good service and even required to be kept in constant activity, I translated some masterpieces of American and English literature, as, for instance, Longfellow's 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' Goldsmith's 'Traveller' and 'Deserted Village.'

"Now, in my eighty-fourth year, I pause for a while from poetical labours; although neither tired nor discouraged, still craving for congenial subjects to engage my thoughts and feelings, which in the life following the so-called death may possibly be satisfied better than ever before.

"The nine little volumes, the titles of which will show the character of their contents, have been written mostly at Alameda, between the years of 1889 and 1901, excepting perhaps No. 1, devoted to the memory of two departed daughters, and an epic poem on Pestalozzi, which was originally written for the one hundredth anniversary of his birth (1846), but was revised and much changed during the year 1901.

"The list of the nine little volumes (Bändchen) containing the above poems, arranged according to the order of their production in regard to time, is as follows:

I. Poetischer Tribut eines liebenden Vaters, seiner zwei früh verscheidenen Töchtern gewidmet. (Poetical tribute of a loving father dedicated to his two early departed daughters.)

[This forms a collection of various poems which appear scattered in the present publication. — ED.]

II. (a) Des jungen Armins<sup>1</sup> Wanderfahrt nach Mailand.  
(Young Armin's Journey to Milan.)

(b) Des alten Armins Wanderfarht von Oswego durch Schot-  
land, England, und den Rhein entlang nach seiner Schweizerischen  
Heimath. (Old Armin's Journey from Oswego through Scotland,  
England, and along the Rhine to his Swiss Home.)

III. Ruheplätze. (Resting-places.)

(a) In der Schweiz, Deutschland und England.

(b) In den Vereinigten Staaten.

(c) Erinnerung an edle und verdienstvolle Männer die ich  
kannte. (In memory of honoured and worthy men I have known.)

(d) Erinnerung an edle Frauen. (In memory of honoured  
women.)

IV. Des alten Armins Wanderungen in den Vereinigten  
Staaten. (Old Armin's Wanderings in the United States.)

V. (a) Gedichte die bei Anlass der in den früheren Bändchen  
gemachten Erinnerungen enstanden. (Poems growing out of the  
recollections occurring in the earlier Bändchen.)

(b) Poetische Betrachtungen über der Unsterblichkeit. (Poeti-  
cal Reflections on Immortality.)

(c) Episches Gedicht: Pestalozzi (Epic Poem: Pestalozzi)

#### *Uebersetzungen (Translations).*

VI. Aus Byron's Childe Harold.

VII. Goldsmith's Deserted Village; Goldsmith's Traveller.

VIII. Longfellow's Miles Standish, etc.

IX. Uebersetzung von einigen Meisterstücken im Gebiete der  
Dichtkunst. (Translations of some masterpieces in the realm of  
poetry.)

(a) Aus dem Deutschen in's English. (From German into  
English.)

(b) Aus dem Englischen in's Deutsche.

(c) Some wise sayings of Greek and Roman philosophers."

<sup>1</sup> Arminius; Hermann — Ed.

Both the Record and the Miscellany contain numerous quotations, longer or shorter (some very extended) of impressive passages from a wide range of authors.

Two interesting bits of research occur in the form of genealogical tables showing the descent of Krüsi's children from John and Priscilla Alden, and from John Adams, President of the United States.

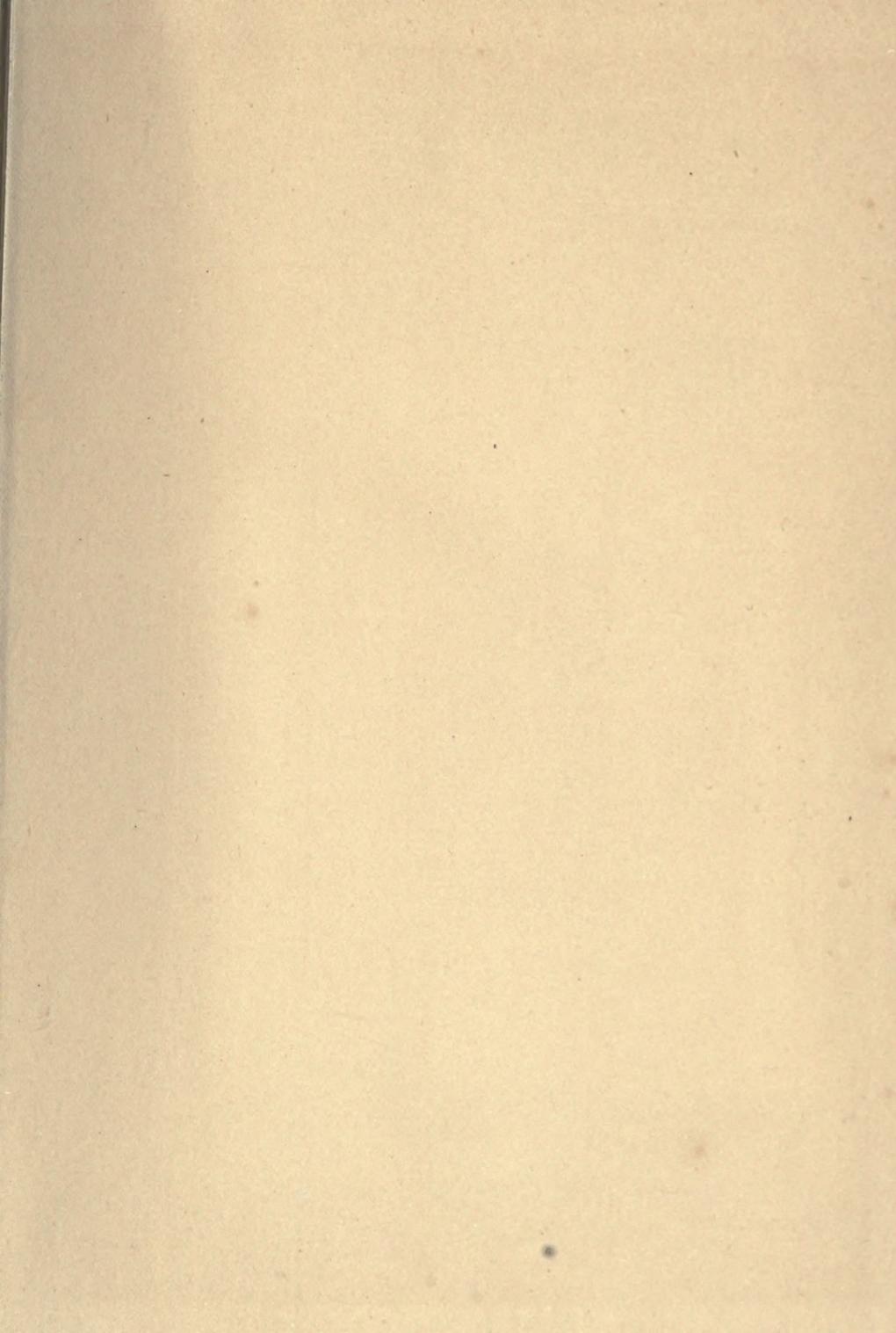






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